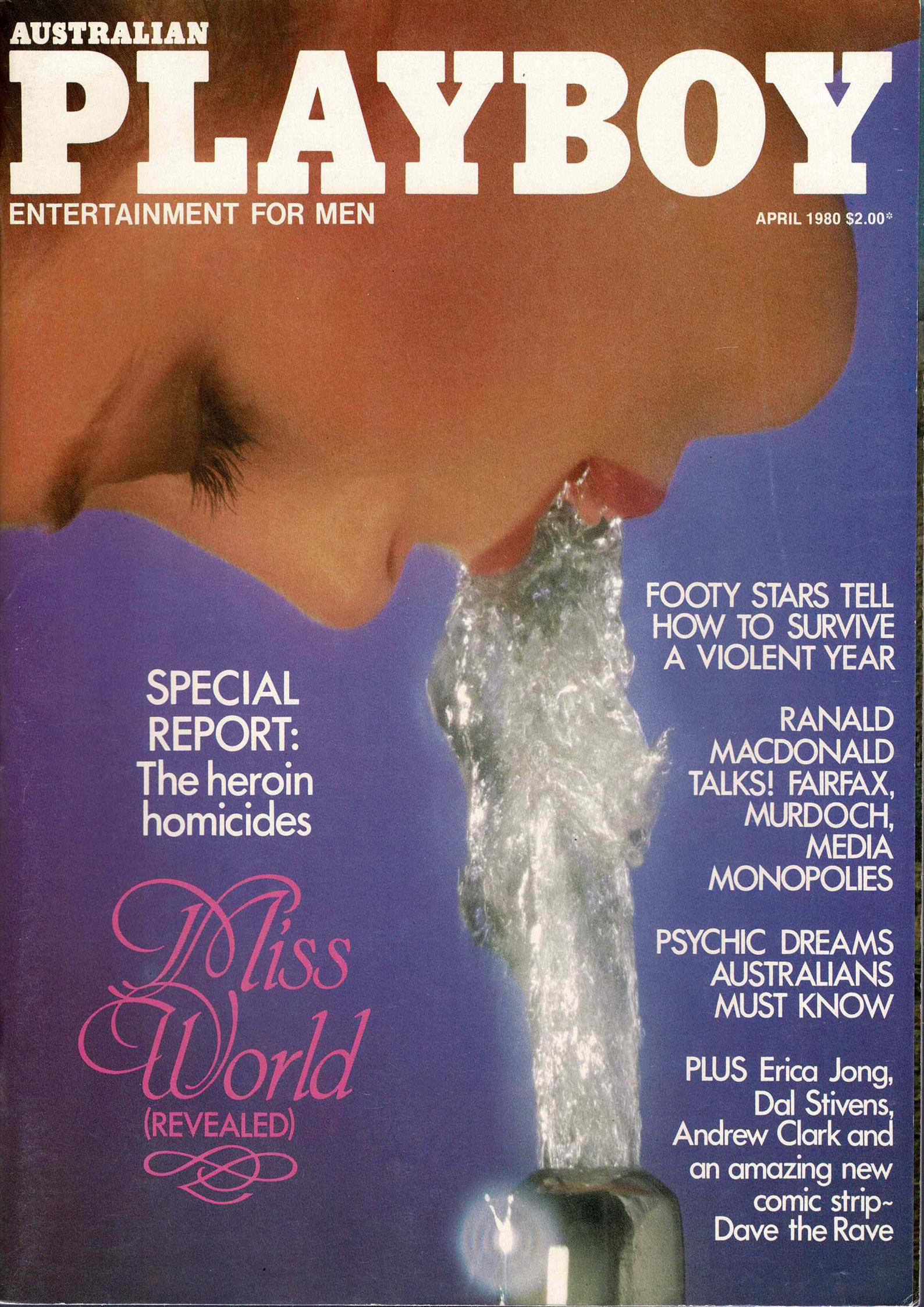
AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
APRIL 1980 $2.00*
FOOTY STARS TELL HOW TO SURVIVE A VIOLENT YEAR
SPECIAL REPORT: The heroin homicides
RANALD MACDONALD TALKS! FAIRFAX, MURDOCH, MEDIA MONOPOLIES
Miss World (REVEALED)
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PLAYBILL

Would you like to be told you were going to be involved in a car smash/plane crash? How would you feel? What could you do? Dreams of Disaster explores the controversial field of psychic premonitions by focusing particularly on two units that document and monitor early warnings. It poses questions about psychic phenomena and suggests some answers that could explain the futuristic time warp. This intriguing investigation by **Walter Lowe** in the United States and **Camilla Beach** in Australia comes at a time when more and more people are asking questions about projection, extra-sensory perception, and the possibility that man has an innate ability to predict.

And just what is **Ranald Macdonald,** the publisher of Australia's greatest paper, *The Age,* and managing director of David Syme & Co Ltd, up to? He is risking everything in a bid to oust the mighty Fairfax family interest from *The Age.* Macdonald has broken the traditional bond of silence that surrounds Australia's great newspaper families in a remarkable and historic interview with Australian PLAYBOY editor **John Jost.** He talks about press freedom, explains the lifestyle of a newspaper chief, and gives an insider's view on power and politics. The caricature is by Ward O'Neill.

Surreal and Magritte-like, the pictures of **Silvana Suarez,** one of the world's most beautiful women, are quite unique. Photographed by **Pierre Eggermont,** and painted by US PLAYBOY's Managing Art Director, Kerig Pope, who's joined us in Australia for a few months, the pictures combine classic female beauty with the bizarre perspective of an artist. Silvana, a former Miss Argentina, was crowned Miss World 1978 at The Royal Albert Hall in London.

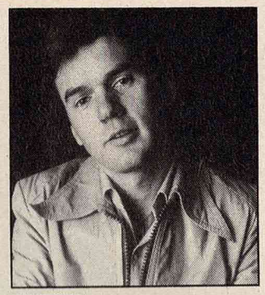
Okay, we all know the football season's here, but there's another game played by major league footballers. It's called "survival", and to win, you've got to tough out the winter weekend bombardment which sends star players to the football knackery. Staff writer **Neil Jameson** interviewed four champions of the survival game to find out their formulas for staying alive in the human minefield. Their stories tell just what makes **Peter Jones, Craig Young, Mark Loane** and **Jimmy Rooney** football's toughest nuts. **Frants Kantor** and **Mike Lodge** provided the illustrations.

Shortly after settling into the hot seat as chief crime buster for the reformed Federal Police, **Sir Colin Woods** identified the drug problem facing Australia as one of immense proportions. With Sir Colin's words ringing in our ears, we sent staffer **Russell Deiley** on an investigation that uncovered a tangled web of international crime and death. Life in the high-rolling stakes of the heroin trade is cheap. It's not only addicts who exist on the razor's edge between life and death, but also pedlars, who are executed to maintain the silence protecting the million-dollar racketeers.

In this issue, we proudly introduce a new contributor-artist, **Terrance Harrison,** the creator of an extremely funny, and possibly offensive, cartoon strip called *Dave the Rave.* It's about the life and times of a teenage maniac, his family and friends in, um, Newcastle. Words fail us.

We're also at a loss for words when we try to describe how much we'll miss artist **Robbylee Phelan,** pictured here with assistant fashion editor **Kim Dibley.** Robbie's off for a holiday in New Zealand before she settles back in Sydney in another field of artistic design.

This April edition is a racy amalgam of words, pictures, graphics, jokes, investigations, you name it. We've got **Dal Stivens** writing humor, the renowned **Erica Jong** on sexist comedy, part two of **Andrew Clark's** perceptive report on uranium and Aborigines, and also a remarkably eerie short story, Vengeance in Petersfield, by the talented **Graham McLeod.** You'd be a fool to miss out.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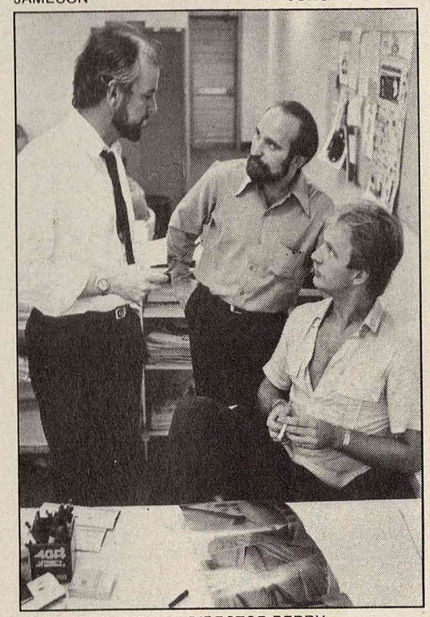
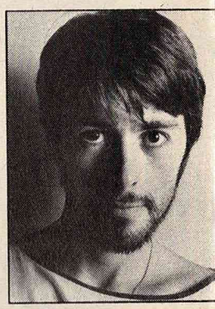
JONG


JOST, POPE AND ART DIRECTOR BERRY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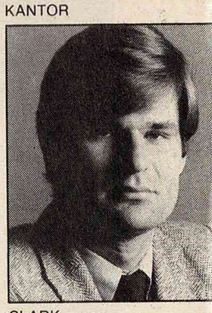
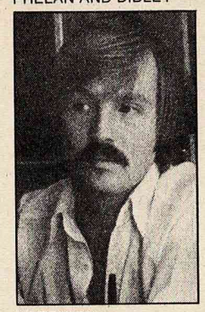

CLARK

PHELAN AND DIBLEY


HARRISON

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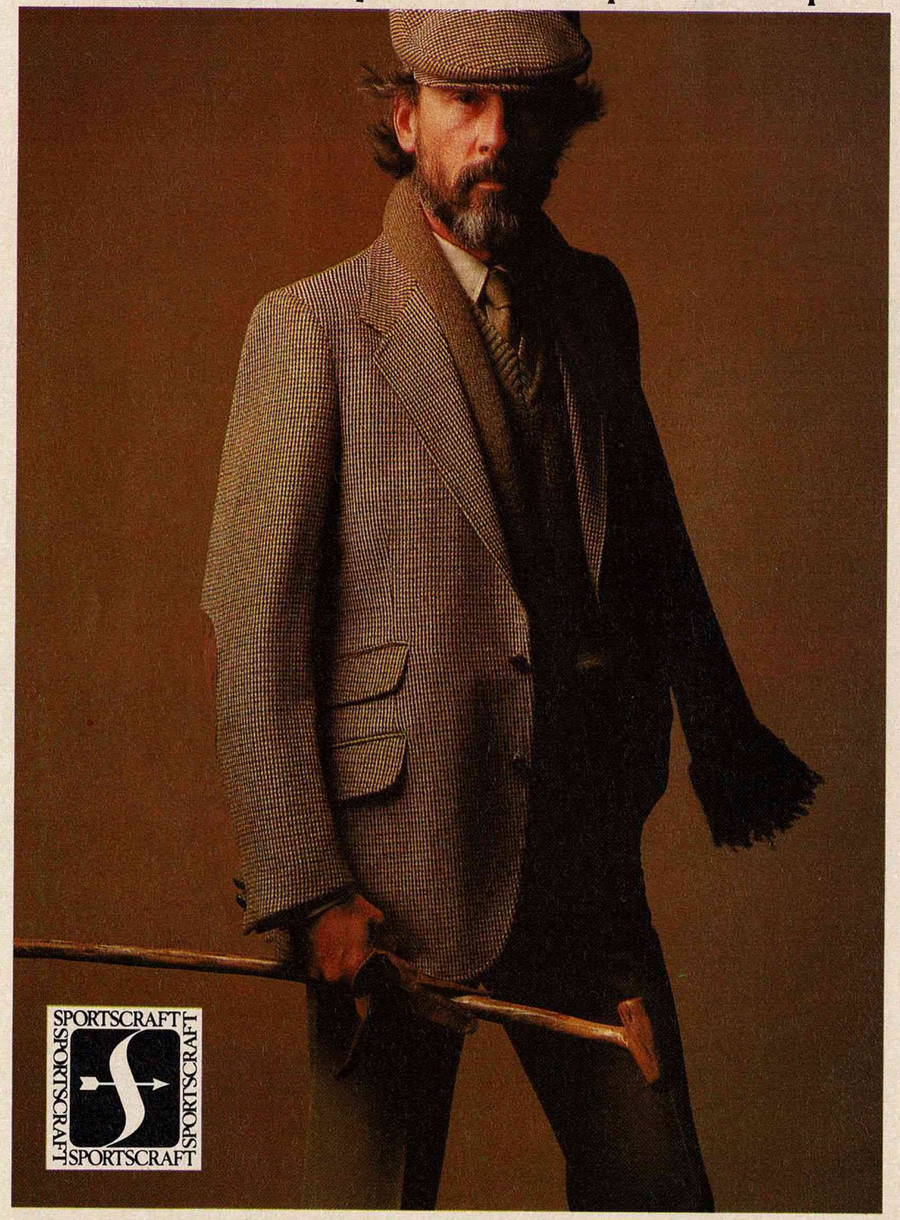

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE — APRIL, 1980

Cover: Susan M. Trapp
Photo by Corson Hirschfeld

PLAYBILL.....3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....7
AFTER HOURS.....9
WORLD OF PLAYBOY.....12
ADVISER.....21
FORUM.....28
PARTY JOKES.....94
PIPELINE.....155
POTPOURRI.....158
ON THE SCENE.....161
SHOWBIZ.....165
FILMS.....166
BOOKS.....173
MUSIC.....176

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RANALD MACDONALD 34
The MD of *The Age* newspaper breaks the press code of silence

DREAMS OF DISASTER — article .....CAMILLA BEACH, WALTER LOWE 54
Investigating the uncanny premonitions of the prophets of doom

OUT OF MISS WORLD — pictorial .....PIERRE EGGERMONT 60
A former Miss World, Silvana Suarez, expresses a love for surreal art

THE CROOKED STAFF — fiction .....DAL STIVENS 68
The undertaker was cuckolded, and even his revenge was short

THE REELS THING — rock.....RAY SUTTON 73
Out of Dubbo they come, heralding the uncaring music of the '80s

FEAR OF LAUGHING — article.....ERICA JONG 77
The liberated author of *Fear Of Flying* asks where has sexual humor gone?

FINE ART — Playboy's Playmate of the Month.....RICO METTBACH 82

FOOTBALL'S TOUGHEST NUTS — sport.....NEIL JAMESON 96
Four sporting stars talk about surviving the bruising game of football

JUST LESLEY — pictorial.....DENIS SCOTT 101

THE HEROIN HOMICIDES — article.....RUSSELL DEILEY 108
The drug bosses will stop at nothing to protect their millions

DAVE THE RAVE — cartoon.....TERRANCE HARRISON 117
Introducing the depraved antics of a likely lad from Newcastle

THE SAME HORROR OF DEATH — article.....ANDREW CLARK 122
Part 2: Arnhem Landers and the uranium boom

ROAD RUNNERS — motoring.....ROB LUCK 128
Playboy's guide to sporting cars — exotic and affordable

VEGEANCE IN PETERSFIELD — fiction.....GRAHAM McLEOD 140
The old house held a message — of sorrow, conspiracy and death

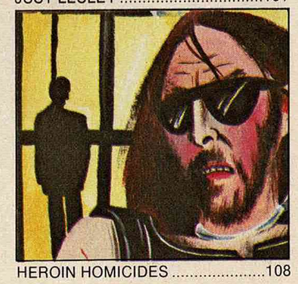
MINI INVERVIEW: SHELLEY HACK..... 152
Charlie's newest angel talks about being bright and beautiful

THE CROOKED STAFF.....68

FINE ART.....82

FOOTBALL'S TOUGH NUTS.....96

JUST LESLEY.....101



HEROIN HOMICIDES.....108

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

PIRATE TAPES

I would like to congratulate you on your great January issue and the photos of spunky Raquel. Great! I'd like to comment, too, on Neil Jameson's article, The Pirates of Pop. I think it is the record companies' fault that people tape albums, as the tapes they put out are really just junk. The sound is just not as good as the quality I get when I tape off an album. I'll admit that the blank tapes that I use cost $7, but if the record companies used quality tapes, nobody would have to pirate them.

J. Roseberry
Mt Isa, Queensland

HIDDEN TREASURE

I have been reading US PLAYBOY since I was 13, and now, at 17, I have been hooked on the pleasures of Australian PLAYBOY.

From the first edition on, I have been enthralled by stunning articles and beautiful women. Each issue has just got better, and January was just the greatest. I am really stoked on Deborah and Playmate Bronwyn.

However, what really caught my eye was the feature on Raquel. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever had the pleasure to see, and I thought that at last her mysterious treasures would be revealed. But alas, no. Still, she remains the most beautiful mystery ever. I congratulate PLAYBOY on being the only magazine to get even near the true Raquel. Yours for life . .

Wayne
Gosnells, WA

I saw Raquel Welsh only partly in the nude in your January issue, and I was very disappointed. I have been a fan of hers for some time now. Could you please get a photo of Raquel in the nude and make me very happy? I enjoy reading your fine magazine.

Graham – Rich
Thangool, Queensland

Raquel knows what effect she has. It was her decision – and a humane one, we've come to convince ourselves – to stop just short of driving us totally mad with desire.

TABLES TURNED

After reading your magazine for a year I have to write to commend you – it gets better and better with each new edition. Before the Aussie version, I used to read US PLAYBOY.

I've now switched to the Aussie version, and recently did a comparison between the two again. The tables have turned in my opinion, and now I buy only Aussie PLAYBOY. It's much better presented and the gals and articles are something else.

One complaint, though – not enough photos in the pictorials. Your January babe, Bronwyn Parker, must definitely have been your best yet.

Les Verby
RAAF Richmond, NSW

I VOTE BRONWYN

I've been reading your magazine for only a few months, but if you want my

vote for *Playmate of the Year*, put it on Bronwyn Parker. If you keep getting centrefolds like her in your magazine, I'll keep reading it.

Mark Harman
Dwellingup, WA

January Playmate Bronwyn Parker strengthens my belief that Aussie girls are the best in the world.

Jim Gleeson
Albert Park, Victoria

SECOND THOUGHTS

Hello! I'm still out here and, yes, I'm still buying American PLAYBOY since I wrote you a letter (*Dear Playboy*, January) criticising your magazine and saying the US version was superior. However, I decided to give Australian PLAYBOY a fair go and not just judge it on a couple of articles and photos.

Now, after buying a couple of issues, I have at last decided to keep buying Australian PLAYBOY too. It is just as good as the American version. It is a magazine that all who are involved in should be mighty proud of. So keep up the good work, and, if there is an award for the best magazine of the year, I would say that Australian PLAYBOY should win with flying colors.

D. Perkins
Townsville, Queensland

SATURATED

As I get both US and Australian PLAYBOY (too much of a good thing, I think I heard you say), I would like to know where to buy back copies of the American edition. Will I have to get them sent all the way from the US? Or can I get them in WA or other Australian States.

By the way, Deborah Leigh (Miss May) gets my vote for *Playmate of the Year*. She is the best looking chick to hit your pages for a long, long time.

M. Hall
Western Australia

Sorry, M. For US PLAYBOY you'll have to write to Playboy Enterprises Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NIPPLE FAN

Just a note to say how much I appreciated your feature in January's issue about the hot spots in Brisbane. Many Tasmanians travel to this city without knowing where to go. Now, thanks to you, we do. Keep up the good work. Being a nipple fan, I must say that was a beautiful set at the beginning of the feature.

Garry Chandler
Launceston, Tasmania

FAN CLUB?

Your first issue for 1980 is the first I've seen, as I have been in the US for 18 months. The US PLAYBOY is nothing like the Aussie version.

Your interview with Phillip Adams was outstanding. So were The Pirates of Pop and Bubbling Brisbane. Could you please tell me who owns the boobs on the first two pages? Deborah and Playmate Bronwyn were both knockouts, and Raquel was even more so. Could you tell me if you have a fan club established yet? If you have, I would be very pleased to join.

S. McC
Surfers Paradise

We seem to have a good number of fans, Mr McC, but no club as such. As for the boobs – the same ones were very prominent in our October issue.

ANOTHER CARLTON PRODUCT GB

The first and last words on table beer.
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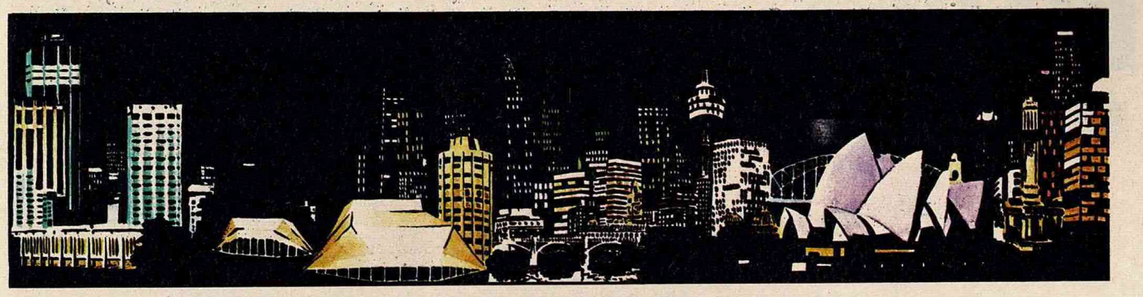
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



FLYING MIXER

For those people who would like to learn a colorful language, why not try pidgin English? But if you want to discuss helicopters with the natives, they won't understand what you mean 'til you mention something called "Kitchen Mixer him bilong God".

JOGGING TO RUIN?

A jogger has to have great faith in himself these days if he wants to rise above all the negative things people are saying about the sport. Dire warnings have been given about heart attacks if you're not fit, heat stroke, something called Joggers' Kidney and even, in the case of one jogger, incipient frostbite to the genitals from morning vigils.

Now, to add emotional upset to injury, the experts are saying jogging can ruin your marriage. "It worries me that it is such a lonely sport," says Dr Eric Trimmer, editor of *A Visual Dictionary of Sex*. "If the jogger wore bright clothes and went out twice a week just larking about with other joggers, that would be all right. But I never see anyone looking happy, just grimly determined. Those who fall so obsessively for a craze are shutting out their wives or taking their minds off marital problems. But their problems won't go away."

It seems four types of joggers fall into the danger category:

The escapist, who goes jogging to free himself of job and family ties. He could quickly find himself running into the divorce courts.

The disciplinarian, who may already have sex problems, and takes up the sport in the hope of looking more trim so he'll seem more virile. Although he punishes his body, his wife will probably ignore him, say the experts.

The health freak, who has a feminine interest in his body and is just a little too narcissistic for most women. To him, jogging is a necessary medicine.

The neurotic introvert – possibly the worst of all, because jogging has become an end in itself. His body has become a machine, jogging along with fanatical regularity. And anything to upset the routine could throw the machine out of balance, putting him in an even more unreasonable state.

Anyone for tennis?

NEW LEASE ON LIFE

"I used to have a bloody big house in Surrey with umpteen bathrooms and mirrors all over the place," said Alan Lancaster of the British rock group Status Quo. "Now I've just got a modest flat in Sydney and you wouldn't believe how I'm enjoying it."

The pop star was explaining over a glass of local white just how much his life has changed since he opted out of the UK for domestic bliss on the shores of Sydney Harbor. But why Australia? Why not follow the swarm to almost-as-sunny California?

"Well, my wife, Dayle, is Australian – not Californian," Lancaster said.

The decision to quit England and live in Sydney rocked the other members of the band, but jumbo jets and direct dialling have enabled connections on either side of the world to keep the recording and touring operation running quite smoothly.

After 17 years on the rock and roll cycle, Lancaster jumped at the chance to offload his mansion and the Jags.

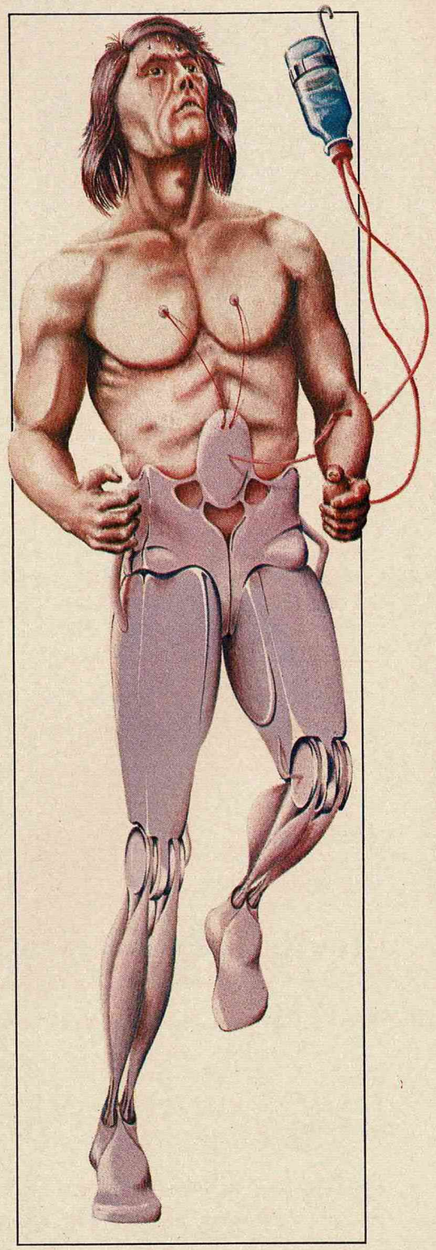
"I'd spend all my weekends at home in this bloody big house. For almost 10 years, my life was run by agents and managers and it got to the stage where I was frightened to do anything by myself," he said.

Lancaster is now working out the guitar chordings for "I love a sunburnt country . . ."

PLAYING THE GOAT

Before the wonderful age of plastic, creatively thinking chaps used nature to help them excite their lovers. Hong Kong shops still offer some of these aids, including the famed goat's eyelid.

This is carefully cut from the dead animal to form a neat elipse, complete with long, curling eyelashes. The idea



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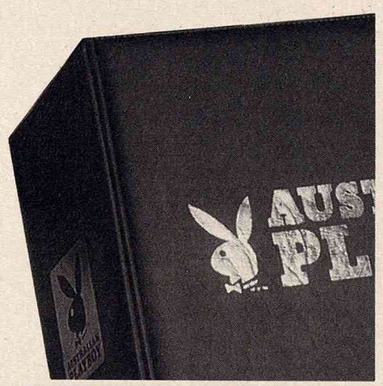

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is to soak it in boiling water to make it soft and pliable, then slip it over the penis with eyelashes pointing away from the wearer.

In action, the fleeting touch of these lashes on the outer labia and the clitoris are said to have a startling and exciting effect. But a recent Australian tourist to Hong Kong who brought an eyelid home is hesitant to try it. He said: "It says you dip it in boiling water to put it on, but can you get it off."

STICKY WICKET

A cricket freak thought he'd met the girl of his dreams at an after-the-match drinks session in Perth. She was tall, beautiful and a member of the State women's cricket squad.

He tried a bit of witty chat . . . "Do you have a special box for cricket?"

"No, I wear a man-hole cover to keep idiots like you out."

Bowled for a duck.

ONCE A LIFETIME . . .

In the endless labyrinths of academic research, the work on solving life's great mysteries goes remorselessly on. We tuned into the University of WA to find out what the $3.5 million plus spent on research in 1978 was unveiling. A few samples: One doctor was working on the patterns of sexual arousal in women during self-stimulation as reflected by changes in vaginal blood flow . . . a post-graduate student had written a paper on the menstrual cycle, personality and academic performance . . . But the big breakthrough was the discovery that we're a whole lot better off than the male West Australian mice, most of which die after their first glorious ejaculation.

Or, to put it scientifically, the plasma testosterone levels rise with breeding activity, and because these marsupials lack a plasma binding globulin for testosterone, the synthesis of another steroid-binding globulin, transcortin, is suppressed and blood levels of cortisol are effectively increased to enormous levels. This induces a variety of pathological symptoms, and the males usually die from resulting infections.

In layman's terms, that means only mighty mice shoot twice!

LOCK STOCK AND BARS

Bars do not a prison make, especially if your name is Semsettin Semsetting, a Turk serving an 18-month sentence for carrying an unlicensed gun. Semsetting heard that the prison where he is serving his sentence was up for sale – so he bought the place for $13,485. "Now I really feel at home," he told the Turkish daily, *Gunaydin*.

HOW TO GET THROUGH TO ALMOST ANYONE

There comes a time when you *must* get through on the telephone to someone who is far more important and busy than you. And that person's secretary will do everything possible to stop you. Here are some suggestions on how to get through.

Beginner Ploys: "I'm calling to pay back the $500 I owe him."

"I'm calling to find out what his intentions are toward my daughter."

"It's about his gambling debts."

"This is his computer dating service. We've a hot new referral."

"It's about our fender-bender occurrence last night. Would he rather settle for $50 or should I turn it over to my lawyer?"

"Belinda Green is dining at my house on Thursday night and wants to meet him."

"This is the bank. He asked us to call if the yen went over 230 and it's going through the roof today."

"He is named as co-respondent in a divorce suit being filed."

"I want to thank him for the favor he did me last week."

Meaner and Tougher: "I'll give him exactly two hours to call me back. Then I'm going to the police."

"We're on our way to his home. Does he want the 50 yards of cement in his front or back yard?"

"I have to ask him a few questions to determine if he's the missing heir to a million-dollar fortune."

"My daughter says he's the father of her baby."

"We're leaving in five minutes to fumigate his house. It's just a reminder that he can't come home for at least three days."

"His wife is here at the XYZ fur shop and I need his okay on her cheque for $15,000."

"It's about his taxes."

Desperate Tactics: Many secretaries will appear to be helping you by asking: "Can I tell him what this is about?" Answer by saying cheerfully: "Oh, by all means." Then let your story ramble. Fill it, if possible, with scientific or engineering gobbledygook, or obscure terms. Make it so dramatic, complicated and confusing that the secretary is bound to recognise its urgency.

One cautionary note: The mood your man is in when he returns your call may not be pleasant. It's then up to you to convince him of the legitimacy of your need to talk with him – and the fact that his secretary botched up the message.

And if that doesn't work, gracefully charm him out of his "lack of a sense of humor." Good luck.

Gentlemen, throw away your jockstraps.

At last, there's a brief for sports men that picks up where the jockstrap leaves off.

It's called Undersports.

Holeproof has specifically designed it for the sportsman to provide a comfort pouch that feels like nothing else you've worn.

If you play sport and want more comfort, you'll throw away your jockstrap and pick up some Undersports.

Holeproof Undersports.

WORLD OF PLAYBOY

top beauties from playboy editions world-wide

LIZ

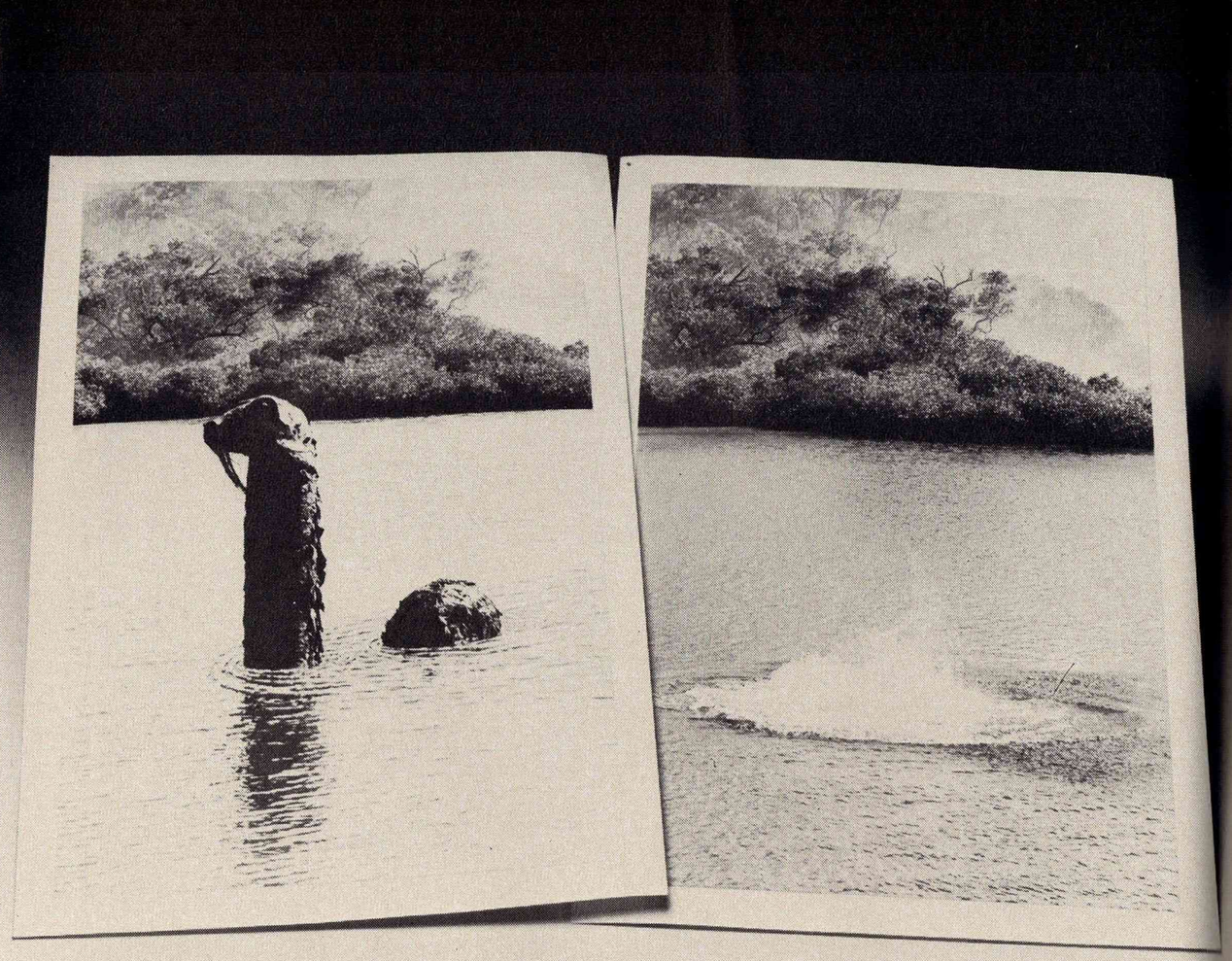
a liberated lady from the second biggest polish city in the world has her sights set on stardom

Chicago, the big, brash cattle town set in the mid-west of the United States, has the largest Polish population of any city outside Warsaw. It also has some of the most beautiful Polish women – like Liz Glazowski. She heard of US PLAYBOY'S Great Playmate Hunt for their 25th Anniversary, and thought she had the right qualities. Our US colleagues took no time at all to agree with the secretary, turned model. "I'm very well organised and a fast learner," says Liz. "I'm athletic. I loved playing basketball at school – now it's tennis. I want to stay in shape." Liz has her sights on Hollywood, and hopes to "get an offer I can't refuse". Her choice of a leading man? "It's John Travolta, of course."

Liz is unselfconscious about sex – she believes it's healthy and it doesn't have to be with someone she's madly in love with. "How do you know if you love someone? I have thought I've been in love many times, but obviously I haven't met the right person; that doesn't mean I can't enjoy going to bed with someone. People say men take advantage of women. Women can take advantage of men, as well."

Sex play comes in three varieties, says Liz – making love with the one you love, pure lust, and making babies. "I can tell you about the first two." She thinks Catholics, of which she is one, are "probably more guilt-ridden about sex than other people. But I'm not. Being away from home – from my family – gave me time to think about myself. I was able to resolve the problem and stay a Catholic."

Achieving the Level



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

My husband is a very active man and enjoys playing a lot of different sports – cricket, squash, tennis and football. His genitalia are quite large, and he complains that the underpants I buy him don't give him enough support. I've tried all the various brands but I think what he really needs is a good old-fashioned jockstrap. Where do I find one? – A.B., NSW.

According to the sports store we rang, what your husband needs is an athletic supporter. While you may be an avid sports fan yourself, what we really have in mind is a jockstrap – such as the German Grid Strap which stretches to a metre in width at the waist. You'll pay $6 for the plain elastic strap and about $10 for the cricket support model. No self-respecting cricketeer would ever appear on the pitch without his elasticised plastic box.

Last night I had a few friends over, and the conversation turned to current trends in popular music. A heated argument ensued, with two of my friends saying that new wave music developed from punk, and another saying that new wave is a rehashed '60s sound. I feel new wave is a separate style of music altogether. Can you set the record straight? – J.W., Victoria.

Pinpointing the exact origins of new wave is definitely a tricky business but the Stones might have been very close to the mark when they said: "It's only rock and roll." Where punk ends and new wave starts is a grey area, but there is a vast difference between the two schools. Your one friend could definitely build a strong case to support his claim that new wave is a "rehashed '60s sound" – many so-called new wave tunes are carbons of early Stones' and Easybeats' hits. It's worth remembering, however, that there is a second generation of rockers who missed all that, so perhaps there is a lot of relevance in recycling it under a new name. Obviously, the pitch for new names, faces, styles and trends just doesn't permit rock journalists, publicity types and hype peddlers to call it R and B, rock and roll or whatever, so it might be said that some new wave is an artistic retreat from the daring pursuits of punk. With any great force, there is always an anti, and this was so with disco. The hordes loved (and, sigh, still love) the dance music, but there existed an obvious market for reactionaries. The strongest rock reaction to the artificiality of the disco-aura and what it represented to the music game was stated in punk form. Unfortunately, many pretentious fakes and bad musicians have climbed on the wagon under the guise of getting rock and roll frustration out of their systems. Unlike the Sex Pistols, they never really meant what they were doing. The brave new bands of the past two years, some of which include classic new wavers, are not necessarily original. In fact, many comprise the pre-disco components that produced a rash of top groups which survived the '60s only to be squeezed out in the mid-'70s by the advent of disco. What is happening now is a regeneration of the whole process, albeit in a different form, and it is aptly named new wave. Hopefully, it will throw up some great new acts and show, as we enter the '80s, why there was so much fun to be had in the Swingin' '60s as opposed to the Sombre '70s. Whatever you want to call it – rock on!

Your January issue included an article on things that might happen in the '80s, one of which was headed "clap cures". I suffer from herpes simplex 2 and am interested in discovering a possible cure. Could you please give me a bit more information about the drug AIU? When will it be available to the public? – D.G., Queensland.

Our medicos say that, as far as their medical journals tell them, there is still no particularly hopeful development toward the prevention or the control of genital herpes. The drug AIU (mentioned in January PLAYBOY*) has apparently had some success in clearing herpes sores from the eyes, but it seems an ointment for the genitalia has not been as successful. You can rest assured that doctors won't keep the cure to themselves – if they find it. An American doctor who is himself a herpes sufferer has found some relief from re-occurring lesions by applying ether to the infected area. But there's no solution at the present – herpes is anything but simplex.*

Do people still use snuff? For that matter, is it still manufactured? My grandfather recently sent me some snuff boxes that have been in the family for years, and they started me wondering about the stuff. I know it used to be far more acceptable than smoking tobacco, so why has its use gone into a decline? – S.R., WA.

Snuff is still the right stuff among miners and motor industry workers; an estimated 32,000 tins have been sold within the past six months. Sol Levy, a Sydney snuff dealer, assures us that, in spite of the fact that snuff gets little publicity, there has been no decline in retail sales during the past decade. A prominent GP tells us that snuff has no medical benefits or harmful side-effects So, if you decide to indulge, here's how to go about it: holding the

snuff box in your left hand, tap it to gather the snuff together in a lump inside the box; open the box and strike the snuff with your forefinger; take a pinch in your fingers and hold it a moment or two before carrying it to your nose; bring the substance up to your nostril and sniff it with precision and without grimace; close box with a flourish. Just in case you're wondering – these rules date back to 1857!

I'm 23, healthy, and possess what I consider to be a normal sex drive. That's the problem. I'd like to have sex several times a week, but I can't get my wife to agree. She's as cold as a dead fish. We separated at one point, and, although we're back together now, things are no better. I have tried to talk things over with her, but she refuses – saying I'm the one with the problem. I have had sex with other women since I've been married, but they've only been one-night stands. I don't want to sleep around indiscriminately, but I do need sex more than once a fortnight. Which of us has a problem? I love my wife, but I feel her adamant refusal to have sex with me as often as I want is hastening the demise of our marriage. She won't go to a sex therapist – would it help anyway? – R.B., WA.

Both of you have a problem, but if it's any help, it's one common to most couples at some stage in their relationship. Have you ever considered the timing of your lovemaking? Nothing kills desire like the every-night-after-the-kids-are-in-bed routine, so try to introduce spontaneity into your sex life. It may catch your wife's inhibitions off-guard. Has it ever occurred to you that she's aware of your many one-night stands and refuses to see a sex therapist because she's reluctant to have your infidelity brought out in the open? An atmosphere of distrust is not instrumental in creating a positive sexual response – so why don't you and your wife make an attempt to discuss the problems you both have before seeking advice from an outsider. The organs between the legs can wait; try a little sex between the ears first.

During the 1979 Hardie Ferodo 1000 broadcast from Bathurst, and on the news the next night, Channel Seven played a catchy tune I've been trying to identify ever since. On the news program, it was teamed with photos of Peter Williamson's Celica, and the few times I've heard it since then have brought back visions of the great motor-sport event. Could you please tell me the name of the music, who performs it, and if it's available on record or cassette? – A.J., ACT.

If the tune you're thinking of sounds like the theme from 2001: A Space Odyssey, *it is. It's also a big-selling disco version of Richard Strauss'* La Nuit Blanche, *arranged by German-born disco king Giorgio Moroder.* La Nuit Blanche *was recorded by the Munich Machine on their album,* A Whiter Shade of Pale *($9, Festival Records) which is also available on cassette. Watch out for Moroder – he's credited with being the man behind most of Donna Summer's hit records.*

I'm 18 years old, and interested in a number of fields as potential careers, but I can't seem to find out much about how to get into them. How do I go about training to become a professional deep sea diver for salvage and construction work? What is the pay like? Also, what do I have to do to get a master's ticket for a ship, how do I get an explosives/demolition ticket, and

how should I go about becoming a Justice of the Peace? – F.I., Qld.

Wow, you certainly like to spread yourself around! Take a deep breath and prepare yourself for the plunge. First, professional diving. There is no prerequisite in taking a commercial diving course. However, people who already have a trade are preferred. Commercial divers in salvage and construction work lead a tough, isolated life, and therefore single men are preferred. Wages are, for that reason, very high. The cost of the course varies from State to State; in Brisbane, call the PADI Diving School for further information. NSW residents can enrol in an explosives and demolition course at Sydney Technical College which, upon completion, makes you eligible to apply to the Department of Mines to get an explosives and demolition certificate. Similarly, if you sign up for the master's and mate's course at Sydney Tech, at the end of each term you can sit an exam offered by the Department of Transport. Next, you join the Merchant Navy and work your way through the ranks until you reach the position of ship's master – most men usually make it by the time they get to their 30th birthday. The first thing you should do if you want to be a JP is to consult your nearest State member of parliament who will supply you with the necessary application form. For the complete story, call the Department of Justice. Who knows, maybe, if you follow up all your interests, you could become the first underwater justice of the peace to blow up sea-going vessels.

Why do women seem to want to have sex less often than men? My girlfriend and I never (well, almost never) seem to be horny at the same time any more. When we first started going to bed together, four or five times a day was not unusual, and I was thrilled to find a girl who enjoyed sexual relations as much as I did. Now, two years after we met, it seems like it has to be a special occasion to get her to bed. She says she loves me, and I know she doesn't mind my being turned on by other women – which I am, naturally. But she also tells me that, when she went to Europe for three months last summer, she didn't miss sex at all. I was practically off my head – it actually *hurt* not having a regular sex life. Is this what most guys feel? Why don't women feel the same? I just can't believe there are such differences in men's and women's sex urges. – B.J., NSW.

Neither can most women. In addition to having a physical need for sex, women also possess a complex emotional need that most men don't have. The pain that you experienced is easily explained. On reaching puberty, men produce fluid in their prostate, seminal vesicles and testicles that will just not be ignored! A healthy teenage boy's craving for sex (which he inevitably confuses with a need for a "relationship") is, in fact, the biological need to release an arsenal of sperm. If repressed, he experiences real physical pain in both the stomach and genitalia. But a woman's sex drive is partly determined by her libido – and one false move on your part, like falling off to sleep right after you climax, can turn her off sex for weeks. The quality of sex is a good barometer of the state of the relationship, but there are some interesting contradictions. Men can't understand why a woman goes cold in bed after a huge argument, and women find it equally difficult to comprehend a man's desire for sex with that sort of cloud hanging over the bedroom. Your girlfriend's apathy toward sex while away from you for three months is not

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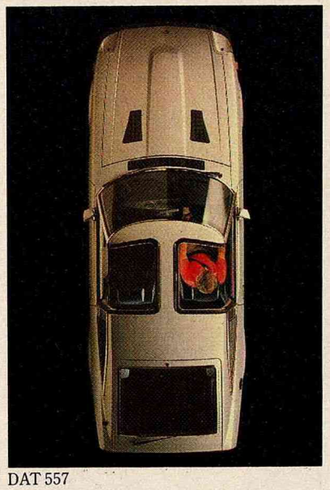

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surprising – most women need one particular man, one they really care about, to turn them on. Men can be aroused by almost any woman, at any time. It's all a question of libido, and you know what they say – those who can, do; those who can't, flirt.

Always intrigued with vintage cars, I find, now that my children are grown, I have the leisure time to restore an antique auto. Can you tell me how I can go about locating information on the subject? – J.P., Queensland.

It's a long, hard road to follow if you intend to restore an old car, but Floyd Clymer's Vintage Car Restoration Guide *will give you the insight into returning an automobile to its original glory. Green's Motorcade Museum at Leppington, NSW, has a large collection of vintage cars that will help you decide on the make you wish to restore. Join a vintage car club – the information you glean from fellow members will prove invaluable. Unrestored vintage cars vary greatly in price and condition. You may discover the model you decide upon is extremely rare or even completely unavailable. And, if you are lucky enough to find the model you're after, be prepared to part with about $5000 to restore the car to tip-top condition. Dedication and dollars are the two most important factors in being a successful vintage car freak.*

We've been fortunate enough to raise the money to bring Joe Haldeman, the science-fiction writer, to Australia this year, and we'd like to make a documentary film on his visit. Not surprisingly, we've hit the oldest problem in the world: finance. Who do we approach? The Australian Film Commission wasn't interested, but we're hoping to sell the show to a television network. Otherwise it will be distributed through science-fiction conventions in Australia and the USA. We're pretty confident that the film will make a profit, but if it doesn't, what are the possibilities of the backer claiming the loss on his tax under the present taxation laws? And what sort of percentage do we offer the financial backer in the first place? – J.F., WA.

Beg, borrow and steal! That's the advice from the freelance documentary makers we spoke to. Government money's tight on anything short of a clone of the block-buster Saturday Night Fever. *You're talking big money if you want backing from government agents like the Australian Film Commission. And freelance television pilots have particular difficulties getting funds, because the AFC is reluctant to fund something they have to sell for less than it costs to make. Not only do you need a superior program, it has to have a predetermined (if ambiguous) amount of "Australian content". Before you apply for grants or private loans, try to get a firm offer for part or all of your series from an Australian or overseas network. The creators of the highly successful television documentary* The Last Tasmanian *had already made plans with the BBC to televise it before they applied (and received) full backing from the AFC. Any investor wants some proof of a return on his investment. Australian tax laws allow an investor to claim losses incurred in funding approved films on his tax over a two-year period.*

The new girl in our office is driving every man in the place nuts trying to figure out a way to get her to go out

with him. I've tried, several times, with no success. With her night classes in T'ai Chi and her afternoon tennis, she's a hard one to catch. I have the feeling a weekend dinner date would be coming on a bit strong at first, so what do I do? – B.P., South Australia.

Catching the sporty type takes cunning. She'd probably welcome the chance to show you her T'ai Chi exercises, but you might fall flat on your face – literally and figuratively – if your muscular control isn't the best. What about an early-morning jog around a nearby park before going to work? Or, on a weekend morning, breakfast at a good restaurant might be nice – like sex, breakfast is often more romantic if it's leisurely.

Is it my New South Wales ignorance, or are there others out there who don't understand what "Up There, Cazaly" means? – R.W., NSW.

It would be pure blasphemy to ask that question south of the border where Roy Cazaly, who died in 1963, is still held in god-like reverence by supporters of Australian football. The great Cazaly played 199 games for St Kilda and South Melbourne in the Victoria Football League between 1910 and 1927. Cazaly was a great jumper for the ball, and whenever he went up for a mark or hit-out, his fellow ruckman, Nick Fleiter, would yell, "Up there, Cazaly". The fans got hold of the catch-cry and so it was applied to many situations where "having a go" or putting in the effort was required. During World War Two, Diggers (at least from Australian football States) used it as a war cry, and 20 years later it was an obvious tagline when Mike Brady inked out an emotive jingle about the highs and lows of being a footie supporter. The other codes don't appear to have a parallel, but the PLAYBOY *sentiment is probably closer to "In like Flynn".*

The girl I took out the other night was eager enough, but she had such a tight vagina that it was almost impossible for me to enter her. I have what I consider to be an average-sized penis (about 15 centimetres) and I took time arousing her, but we still had problems. She said she wasn't a virgin, which leaves me wondering: am I too big, or is she too small? – W.P., Queensland.

Sounds more like a lack of foreplay than anything else. Your partner might have seemed tight because of an absence of vaginal lubrication. We suggest that you concentrate on both emotional and physical foreplay, and perhaps even forgo penetration for a while. Whatever the cause of the failure of your encounter, we doubt that the size of either member of your group had anything to do with it.

I was quite impressed with the piano music accompanying the love scenes in the film *Emmanuelle L'Anti Vierge.* Has the soundtrack been recorded? – B.C., Victoria.

Francis Lai wrote the original score for this film, and is also credited with the music from Love Story. *Unfortunately, the* Emmanuelle *soundtrack you're after has been taken off retailers' shelves, but you may have some luck in finding it if you scour second-hand record stores.* Francis Lai's Best Film Scores *(RCA) features a track called Emmanuelle II which might keep you happy until you find the LP.*

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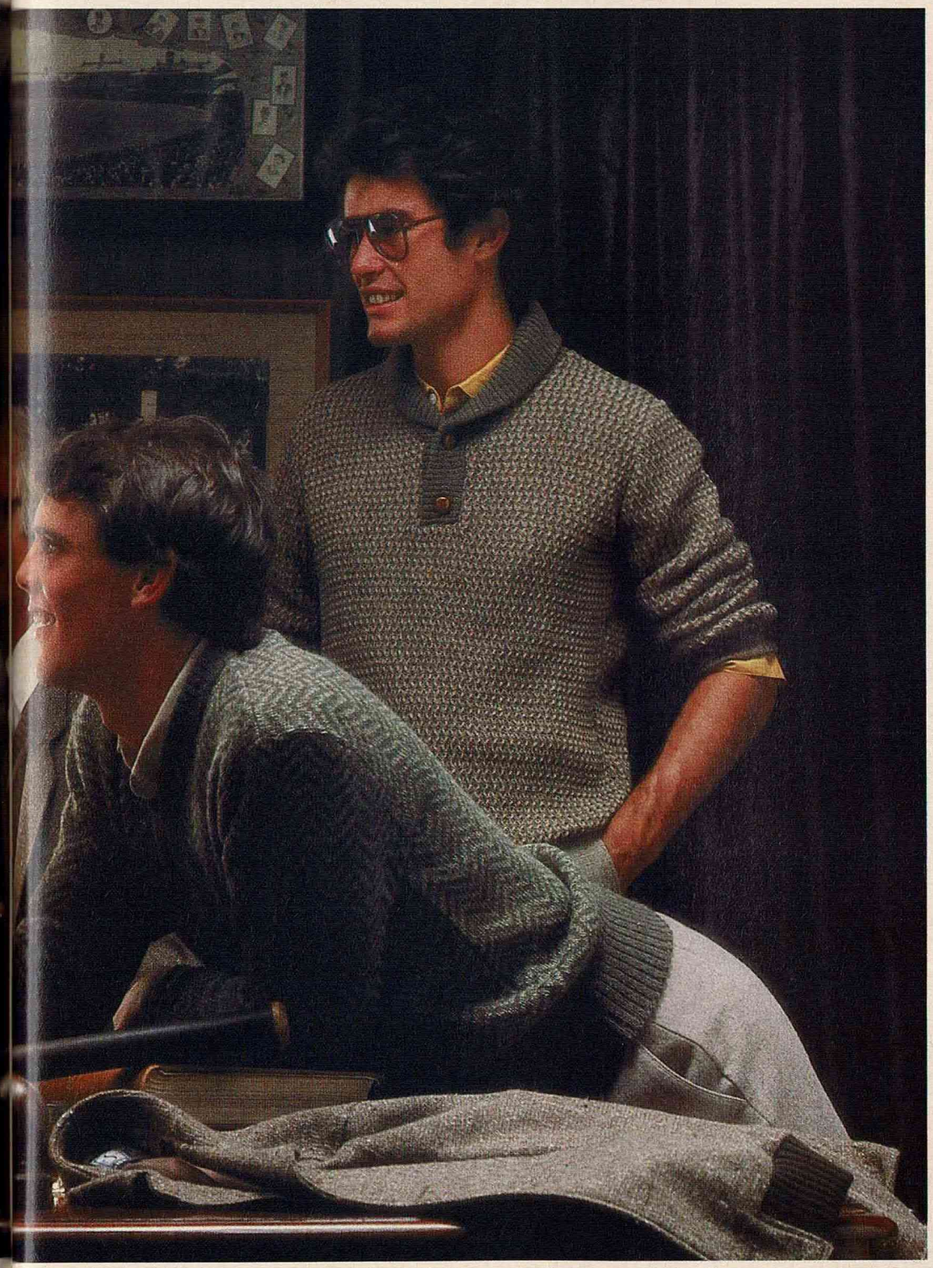

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

STUBBY LOVE

I really loved Kenneth Cook's short story, One Hundred Stubbies (PLAYBOY, December). In my experience, things get hilariously out of hand in the outback. The atmosphere breeds characters as cities breed automatons.

Many drinkers, too, wouldn't be seen dead with a glass. The golden fluid flows much better from the stubby.

I recall an incident in one "respectable" Darwin restaurant. A couple of bushies were debating whether to send back the glasses which the waiter had brought them and ask for stubby holders. "I can't drink out of this thing," one said, gazing bleakly at the glass. The waiter eventually agreed to let them drink *au naturel* and took the glasses away.

Tom Constable
Stirling, SA

GREAT UNVEILING

David Armstrong's observation that interest in boobs, like interest in other national occupations such as cricket, football, etc., is strongest among the spectators (*The Playboy Forum,* December), reminded me of an hilarious experience I had a few years ago. I had just left school and was employed in a dressing-gown factory, folding the garments. Also working there were a number of lovely creatures who kept me happily distracted from my boring job.

One superbly built beauty, however, stuck out (literally!). She had the most amazing set of boobs imaginable and, naturally, there was constant speculation as to whether they were real. (In those days, many girls were in the habit of wearing padded bras.) The girl heard about all this talk, and one day we got a mysterious message to meet in the staff canteen at a certain time.

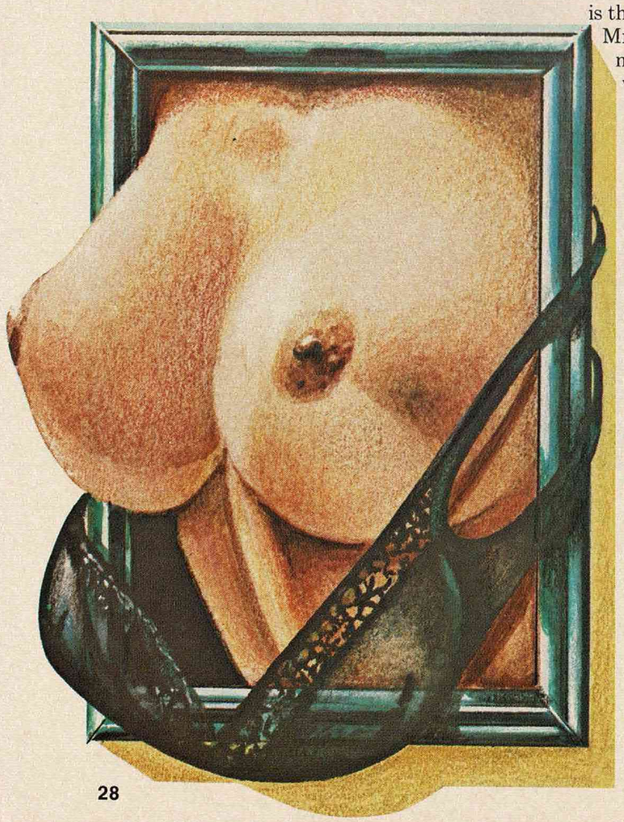
Miss Beautiful Boobs fronted up and, to the astonishment of the staff, unzipped her dress, slipped off her bra and let it all hang out!

Boy, were they real! And what a damned wonderful way to put our whispered speculation to rest.

R. Longerfield
Adelaide

BELLY EYESORE

I wonder if S. Fisk (*Dear Playboy,* January) has a "perfect" body (whatever that is . . .). For him to say, "Our bars, beaches and buses would be prettier places if women would trim a few inches off their bums and thighs" is the height of selfishness.



Mr Fisk obviously has not noticed the prevalence of beer bellies (on both young and aging males) in the places he mentioned, and doesn't consider the lack of such could also contribute to the attractiveness of our general surroundings. I nearly hit the roof when he spoke of FORCING women to shed extra kilos.

If you won't consider women's feelings, S.F., at least consider those of other men who may be turned on by our more curvaceous ladies. Haven't you heard of: "Where there's meat there's heat"?

Sue Hines
Croydon, NSW

I was considerably angered by S. Fisk's words, which, without becoming a militant feminist, I found to be strongly tainted by his narrow-minded chauvinism.

Certainly, a slim, well-proportioned body is great to look at, but surely you must realise that not all women care to look like a PLAYBOY centrefold.

Surely there is no greater turn-off than the "great Australian beer gut" that hangs grotesquely over and below the belt. To me, this is probably the worst self-inflicted form of abuse a man can reach. I can understand the attractiveness of a slim, lithe female body, but likewise, do we women have to be subjected to the anatomical distortion of a distended male stomach, a much more disagreeable sight than the few bulges and pounds Mr Fisk complains about?

Most women enjoy the sight of trim, muscled athletic men, but they do not demand it of every man in Australia, probably because variety is the spice of life. How many females do you really think would shed a few kilos and trim a few bulges simply because the S. Fisks of Australia dictate it so?

Strange as it may seem to you, Mr Fisk, females are people, too, and NOBODY is perfect, either.

Miss Carolyn Diamond
Guildford, NSW

BOOTLEG MYTHS

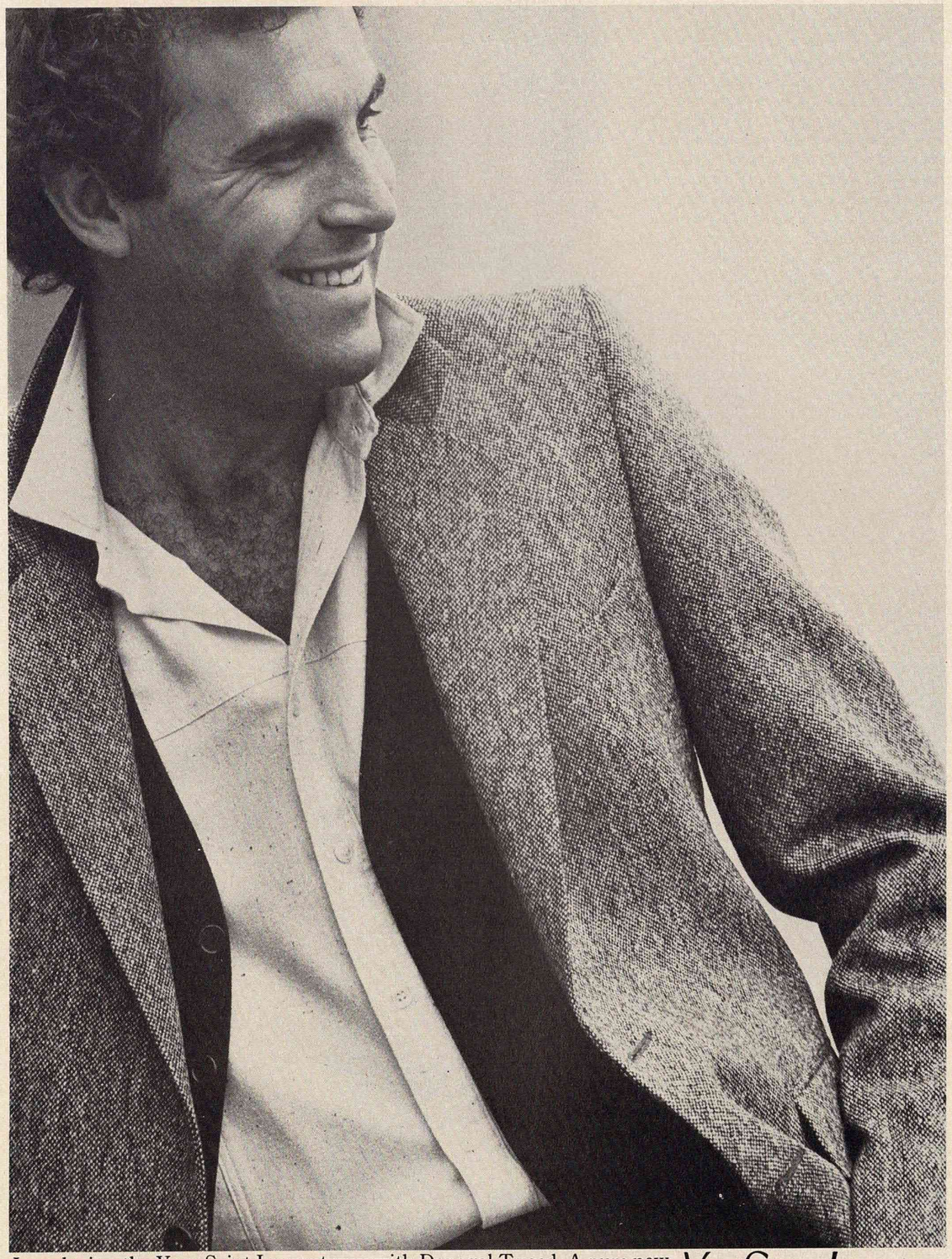
Neil Jameson's article, The Pirates of Pop (PLAYBOY, January), contains a lot of truth. Record piracy, both private and commercial, is big business. It does run into millions of dollars per year and the product is, for the most part, of poor quality.

The article also perpetuated a lot of myths. It is quite wrong to assume that the volume of the bootleg market represents a loss of revenue to the established record companies, particularly in the case of home recordings. For the most part, the home "pirate" is copying records that he otherwise wouldn't bother to buy. The music fan will still buy his favorite recordings on vinyl.

Even the commercial bootleg market doesn't make as big a hole in the established companies' profits as they would have us believe. Can John Hayes (executive director of the Australian Record Industry Association) show us the legitimate version of the Rod Stewart concert from which the bootleggers are stealing sales? Can he show me where I can buy a CBS recording of Bob Dylan's Adelaide concert?

The suggestion that a royalty be imposed on blank cassette tapes is

Tomorrow's French lesson.



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scurrilous and unfair. Such a royalty would have to double the price of an average UD C90 cassette, to bring it close to the price of an album.

Much of the whole piracy controversy rests on one point – the retail price of an album is grossly inflated compared with the actual cost of production. Why is it that Bob Dylan's *Freewheelin',* for example, recorded in 1962 and not having incurred a cent of recording expenses since then, still retails at 1980 prices! Why is it that 20c worth of vinyl encased in 5c worth of cardboard, retails for nearly $8? And why is it that other companies have substantially reduced the price of albums in America to boost sales?

Readers of PLAYBOY would do well to read again the words of Bruce Springsteen: " . . . And the kids who buy the bootlegs buy the real records, too; so it doesn't really bother me. I think the amount of money made on it isn't very substantial; it's more like a labor of love."

An honest man, that Bruce. Some record company executives would do well to follow his example.

Richard Arrowsmith
Parkside, South Australia

SICK (SIC)

Are sick jokes necessary? Do we need to laugh about the unacceptable to

make it tolerable? People who have trouble existing with their neighbors dream up jokes about them – hence you have Irish jokes. Disability is also joked about. You can be shocked by a sick joke, but have to laugh at the same time. It helps you to face what would otherwise be unacceptable. As illustration, I would like to try one example on your readers. This may be shocking to some, but I have seen more than a few people delight in telling it. A man, spastic since birth, was even in maturity dependent on his mother for almost everything. In the hope of teaching him to be self-reliant, she decided to promise rewards for actions well done. "Johnny," she told her spastic son, "if you can clap your hands together three times, I'll reward you with an icecream." With tremendous effort, Johnny co-ordinated himself so his hands came together. Over several minutes of painful effort, he did this three times.

Mother was delighted. "There's your reward," she told the delighted son, handing him the icecream.

In his glee, Johnny seized the icecream, forgot where his mouth was and planted it right on his forehead.

Sick, isn't it.

Ian R. Chamos,
Melbourne

KINDLING LOVE'S FIRE

Sometimes, when a woman is a ravishing beauty, she can scare men so much that she could end up with no one if she is not the instigator. A man's attraction to a beautiful woman can be full of doubt and misgiving, especially if he is rather shy, in which case, should she find *him* attractive, a little initiative on her part is essential, or the latent fire of love will never be kindled – more's the pity – and the beginning of a perfect friendship never happens. However, I feel that, once that initial step has been taken and the friendship firmly established, the woman should wait for the man to make the advances, which will benefit them both.

Some men, mostly the weak ones, like aggressive women – they can't be bothered chasing them – but if they are being chased, they succumb and don't question it.

In this age where more and more women are taking on executive and highly paid jobs, their nature is changing and their confidence is increasing, not making them afraid of rejection. They are taking their executive status into their relationships.

The gentle, non-aggressive woman who is controlled and waits patiently for her lover, as in many Victorian novels, is now mostly outdone by her aggressive sisters.

I think a compromise is the ideal solution – men and women should meet each other half way in this respect, as in all things. After all, we are finding out more and more that we are all equal human beings.

Joan Plumley
Double Bay, NSW

BADGES – UP-FRONT POINTS TO PERSONALITY

The painfully beautiful 17-year-old was having a remarkable effect on the men at the party – mainly because of an invitation pinned above her right nipple. "Let's do it together," the badge said. And she was getting plenty of offers . . .

Along with printed T-shirts, visible nipples and freer expression to the point of open proposition, badges have become an important part of the language of liberation – particularly in Australia.

Not only young girls and punks are declaring themselves through badge art. The variety of badges on the market today is enormous, as a quick stroll down any city street will reveal. From copulating elephants ("It's the biggest") to cosmic one-liners ("Nihilism means nothing to me"), the designers – there are at least four in the country – are catering for a wide range of human needs and IQs. Many are clever plays on well-known catch-phrases, such as "Gentlemen prefer bondage", "A bush in the hand means you've got the bird", "Life Be Out Of It", and "Life wasn't meant to be greasy". They can also be a sign of rebellion ("My guitar wants ta kill your mama") or desperation ("Leave me alone, I'm having a crisis").

According to Sydney designer Jon Puckeridge, button badges are an extension of one's true self. "I know it sounds a little overstated for a piece of tin and paper – but when I design a badge, I'm appealing to a very deep vein in the buyer's psyche, often with sexual connotations. A guy who wears Deborah Harry (of Blondie) on his lapel, or wherever, is obviously not going to settle for a boring female. Similarly, a girl who sports David Bowie or Bruce Springsteen is not going to be screwed by any pimply youth from Pyrmont.

In Australia badge self-advertising seems mainly concerned with sex, with marijuana, rock stars and philosophy running a distant second. What this says of our sexual maturity, or want of it, is ambiguous. However, it is to be noted with some pride that this form of self-expression is uniquely Australian. In America, buttons, as they are called, are rare and poorly made. In England, their use is almost entirely by punks.

– JOHN MACGREGOR

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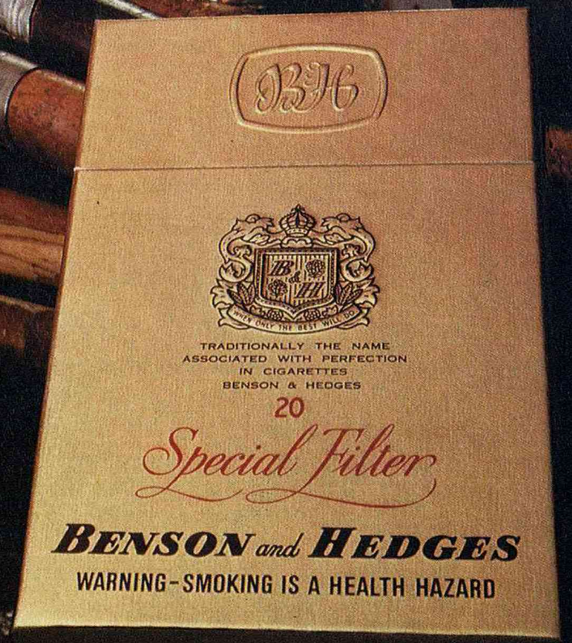

A touch of gold.

When only the best will do.

Illustration by Ward O'Neill

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

RANALD MACDONALD

the knight at the age assails the fairfax citadel

RANALD MACDONALD, 41 years of age, married to the Hon Patricia Macdonald, daughter of the late Lord Tryon (Keeper of the Privy Purse), father of two young children, chairman of the International Press Institute, managing director of David Syme & Co Limited, publisher of The Age *newspaper of Melbourne, wealthy, influential and well-liked, would appear to have it made . . .*

Since 1964, when the Syme board appointed him its managing director, Macdonald has presided over the most brilliant success story of the Australian media. In that year, the circulation of The Age *was 179,000 and falling; today it is 245,000 and still rising. Apart from being regarded as Australia's best newspaper, and possibly being the most influential,* The Age *is the most profitable paper, carrying more classified and display advertising than any other.*

A legendary newspaperman, the late editor of The Age, *Graham Perkin, was responsible for reviving the paper's editorial fortunes. Perkin's dynamism and charisma may possibly have caused many people to overlook Macdonald's role in events. Macdonald appointed Perkin — which involved engineering the departure of an established editor — and also restructured the Syme administration. The Macdonald-Perkin relationship (Perkin died in 1975) was a perfect union of editorial and newspaper management skills*

Although Macdonald is a member of the Syme family — David and Ebenezer Syme created The Age *in 1854 — neither he nor the Symes are proprietors of the company in the strict sense. They are minority shareholders, having formed, in 1966, a partnership with John Fairfax and Sons Ltd, the Sydney-based group which publishes* The Sydney Morning Herald *and other newspapers, and which, with the giant Herald and Weekly Times group, controls the Seven television network.*

Though the Fairfax group took up a majority shareholding, the minority Syme interest was promised an equal say in the conduct of The Age. *It has proved an astute investment by Fairfax because, under Macdonald's direction, the share price has doubled and dividends received represent the single largest contribution to Fairfax profits outside television. Yet Macdonald has never been popular among Fairfax's upper echelons. Fairfax has blocked his being appointed chairman of the Syme board (to replace his late stepfather, Colonel E. H. Neill), and he has never been invited to sit on the Fairfax board — a strange anomaly considering the great Syme contribution to Fairfax profits.*

This situation might have remained shrouded in secrecy but for Rupert Murdoch's bid for the H&WT, Australia's largest media group. The bid sent shivers down the spines of the Fairfax directors because, if successful, the profitable arrangements between Fairfax and the H&WT over the Seven network might have been thrown into jeopardy. The Fairfax group spent $50 million purchasing a 14.9 percent interest to protect the H&WT from Murdoch, thus making it the single biggest outside shareholder in the H&WT.

The Fairfax move appalled Macdonald who, perhaps more than most senior media executives, has a cerebral, even philosophical, rationale about the press. Macdonald sincerely believes in press independence, in competition between interests. He strongly disapproves of any further amalgamation of Australian media interests, arguing that this will ultimately end in action by governments to correct what might be construed as a monopolistic situation. Last December, Macdonald publicly challenged the Fairfax purchase of H&WT shares as being clearly against the competitive interests of David Syme, because the H&WT is Syme's direct competitor in Melbourne. After having failed to persuade the Trade Practices Commission to intervene, he urged Fairfax to divest itself either of H&WT shares or Syme shares. His offer to purchase the Syme interest of Fairfax was rejected by the Fairfax board.

PLAYBOY *Editor* ***John Jost*** *found Macdonald to be an unusual mixture of idealism and pragmatism. "Perhaps," writes Jost, "this idealism reflects Macdonald's years in America, where the role of the press, and its freedoms and purposes, could be said to be more respected than here in Australia, and the subject of considerably more philosophical analysis. Macdonald is youthful in style, buoyant, enthusiastic, but he has an underlying hard edge, and a pragmatism that should not be overlooked. Macdonald is a very serious man and deadly earnest about his ambitions."*

PLAYBOY: How did you get to become managing director of *The Age?*

MACDONALD: It was partly a misunderstanding. I came back after doing post-graduate studies in the US, where I went to Columbia University. I had been at the School of Journalism and the School of Business Administration. I saw the deputy chairman — my stepfather — and he asked me what I planned to do. I'd had a number of job offers from America, three in fact. So I talked about becoming promotions manager, and I talked about the organisation's need to have a managing director. So, at the end of quite a long discussion, he said he would tell the board that my only future with the paper was as its managing director. I nearly said: "No, I meant promotions manager." Then I realised that this was the time not to say anything. A week later, the chairman gave me the news that the board had approved of my becoming managing director.

PLAYBOY: Some misunderstanding!

MACDONALD: A misunderstanding; my realising that there was a misunderstanding, but also realising that the time was ripe for a managing director; the organisation needed one. And I was confident I could do it. The company had a general manager and an editor, but neither person was able to vote on the board. I believed that, with *The Australian* as a competitor, *The Age* needed new leadership.

PLAYBOY: What year was that?

MACDONALD: 1964. I was 26.

PLAYBOY: What sort of encouragement did your parents give you? Did they go out of their way to imbue you with the family's newspaper tradition?

MACDONALD: Oh, not at all. I went to Cambridge with the sole objective of

becoming a lawyer. My grandfather, Oswald Syme, who was the youngest son of David Syme, the founder, was keen for me to have a go, but never really openly encouraged it. He was chairman at the time.

PLAYBOY: Were you the only member of your family who was suitable?

MACDONALD: I think I was the only one of the right age, and perhaps with the education and closeness to the paper. I had kept some contact with it in my last few years at school.

PLAYBOY: *The Age* has always had a slightly radical tradition, like *The Bulletin*. Did the Symes ever pass any of these traditions on to you?

MACDONALD: I have to say that during and after World War Two, it wasn't a radical paper. In fact, when I came in, it had become very conservative. There was a real hardening of the arteries. We supported every single thing that Menzies did, and pontificated from the pulpit editorially. We had dropped our early radicalism.

Our family was very conservative. But because I had spent many years at boarding school, from the age of six, I had developed certain questioning thoughts. I don't accept *The Age* today as radical, but the paper is prepared to be different editorially, expressing different views, allowing different views to be put. In many ways, it could be considered anti-establishment.

PLAYBOY: What sort of profile did David Syme have in the family?

MACDONALD: He was a distant figure, having died 30 years before I was born. I had an impression of a very strong, very humorless and dour Scot with feelings for Australia which were ahead of his time, and a man who didn't mind being disliked. Perhaps that was the major feeling I had about him: a man prepared to do things which were unpopular – or costly – because he believed in them. He wasn't a person who presented himself publicly; he did everything through the paper.

PLAYBOY: How many Symes and related families are there?

MACDONALD: There would be at least a hundred in the family now. There were five sons, of whom my grandfather was the youngest. He was aiming at being a sheep farmer and running a property at Macedon. The irony is that my father would have carried on the tradition after the war if he'd lived. Presumably I would have remained up there on the land. The other half of the property was sold to Rupert Murdoch's father. It's also ironical that Rupert Murdoch and I are related on the Macdonald side, because my father and Rupert's mother were cousins.

PLAYBOY: So, are you second cousins?

MACDONALD: Yes. We were actually brought up together, even though he was slightly older than I. We had Wantabadgery West and they had Wantabadgery East, which Sir Keith Murdoch had bought from my grandfather. I lived there until 1946.

PLAYBOY: And did you know Rupert quite well?

MACDONALD: Yes. I knew his younger sister better because she was my age, but yes, we used to go on picnics with the family a lot.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever discuss newspapers with Rupert?

MACDONALD: Not really. I did see Keith Murdoch once, for a serious talk, just before he died. I said I was thinking of going into newspapers – this was at the end of my school life – and he told me that was not a good career for me. That was the single piece of advice he gave me!

PLAYBOY: How old were you when your future became established in your mind? Was it when you spoke with your stepfather in 1964?

MACDONALD: Oh no. That was after I had come back from Columbia University. Previously, I had been to Cambridge and had returned to do some reporting before getting into law. I had three years' reporting, which I enjoyed more and more. But I really enjoyed the stimulus of being associated with the business side – making it happen. And I then won a scholarship to the School of Journalism and the School of Business Administration at Columbia. It wasn't really until I had finished that course that I absolutely knew I was going to be in newspapers.

"It would be a problem to be called a Fairfax or a Murdoch. It seems there's an advantage in not carrying your father's name."

I didn't mind whether it was going to be newspapers in Australia or in America. I was quite happy, in fact, to work at my first choice, which was the *Louisville Courier Journal*. If the board had decided against my becoming promotions manager, then I would have been on the next plane to Louisville, where I had been offered a job. I also had the option of becoming a lecturer at Columbia, but I thought I was more suited to being a practical newspaper person.

PLAYBOY: How did the Columbia experience come about?

MACDONALD: Because I happened to play golf! I was the club champion at Royal Melbourne. They rang me and asked if I'd play a round with some people visiting Melbourne for Coral Sea Week. One of the golfers was the captain of a US ship. He had been to Columbia University. I told him how I wanted to do a course which combined newspapers and business, but I didn't know where there was one. He told me about Columbia, how it planned the next year, for the first time, to combine the business school and the journalism school as a sort of newspaper management course. An experimental thing. He took my details and promised to follow it through. He was as good as his word. I received a letter from the dean, was awarded a scholarship and began the course five months later.

PLAYBOY: And at Cambridge?

MACDONALD: Master of Arts.

PLAYBOY: What sort of influence did the masters of Geelong Grammar have over you?

MACDONALD: Plenty. I still see Sir James Darling, who was my headmaster. I had some very good masters, too, most of whom seem to have gone out to run other schools. My first year at Timbertop was a very significant chapter in my school career.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

MACDONALD: I was a boarder at a very early age. By the time I got to the Timbertop year, I had been at school as a boarder for more than seven years. I was more interested in sport than study, but Timbertop, funnily enough, stimulated me to work voluntarily, early in the morning and weekends and whatever, and I moved up, I think, 24 places in the class that year.

PLAYBOY: At school, what subjects were you good at?

MACDONALD: Maths, English and history. My worst by far were languages, particularly Latin, which I had to struggle with to get to Cambridge.

PLAYBOY: What sort of student would you say you were at Geelong? Average, above average, brilliant?

MACDONALD: Like many students, above average in potential and below average in application.

PLAYBOY: Were your school friends aware of your family connections with *The Age*?

MACDONALD: No, because I carried the name Macdonald – one of the advantages I've had all through life, really.

PLAYBOY: You would consider that aspect a big advantage?

MACDONALD: Oh yes. I think it would be a problem to be called a Fairfax or a Murdoch. It's a serious point. A man could very easily develop a feeling of infallibility, destiny, an overwhelming sense of importance if people kept talking to him about his future power. It seems that there's an advantage in not carrying your father's name,

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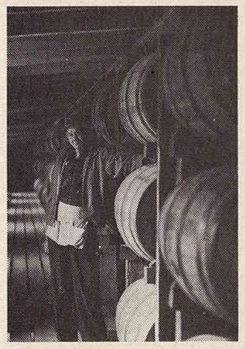

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particularly in the newspaper business, which is a sort of daily thing. I genuinely feel there is a problem for the young Fairfaxes, as there is for the young Murdochs and Packers.

PLAYBOY: Did anything happen at Cambridge to change your views, or did you leave university determined to become a lawyer?

MACDONALD: I came back by ship, and spent some time thinking about what I would do, whether I was ready to make my fortune in the law. I'm certain it was the easiest fortune one could have made; more profitable than the life I have led since. But I realised that I had a chance in the newspaper business to do something which would be more fulfilling. I had a sense of destiny and a sense of purpose about it. I have always felt I have known where *The Age* should be heading and where its responsibilities lie, and how one should use people to achieve that.

PLAYBOY: During that period in the reporters' room, did you make friends who have stuck?

MACDONALD: Yes, certainly. And I think even in my first year I recognised that Graham Perkin was the person around whom the future of *The Age* should be built. He was so stimulating and so exciting, able to show leadership in a manner which brought the best out of people. He had a basic understanding about people and the community. I felt that Keith Sinclair, who was editor at the time, had lost touch with the community. It was only when Graham got in that we began to get back on the public wavelength.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone in *The Age* think at that stage that you might become managing director? Were you regarded as something special because your stepfather was deputy chairman?

MACDONALD: I don't believe anyone thought I was going to get very far. When the news editor interviewed me on my first day as a reporter, he remarked that he wasn't in favor of those who had university degrees, and much preferred those who came up the hard way. He felt I would have been better starting as a reporter working from the Trades Hall, developing an empathy with the people whose activities I was going to report. As far as my stepfather went, I don't think he even considered that the board would accept me as chief executive. On the other hand, he recognised that both the independence of the newspaper and the Syme family influence were at risk unless something happened dramatically and quickly.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea of the turmoil the proposition caused in the Syme family?

MACDONALD: At the beginning, it did cause certain jealousies. But, funnily enough, I think the recent contretemps with Fairfax and the 125th Anniversary of *The Age* have finally brought the family together again. I would say the family is closer to unanimity than it has ever been. But the turmoil 15 years ago was really quite intensive. It was only my grandfather, a very mild man with complete integrity, who could have provided the leadership and paved the way for my getting in.

There is quite an amusing story about that. When I was offered the job of managing director, my grandfather called me up from the promotions department and told me the board was meeting next door. "They are waiting to hear your answer; they would like you to be managing director of the company," he said. I asked if this meant that I had responsibility over the editor as well as the general manager. He agreed that I had day-to-day control over both. And so I asked what salary I would be paid. Would I be paid more than the editor? He said: "Oh no, of course not: the editor has been here many years and he is a very senior figure." And I said: "Well, I'm not prepared to take the job unless I get one dollar more than he does." I wanted at least the same kind of car as the editor, too – he had a Humber. Oswald Syme was absolutely shattered by my demands.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the money, you wanted to make a point?

MACDONALD: I felt that my cousin, Hugh Syme, who was one of the heroes of World War Two (George Cross, George Medal and Bar) was not treated properly. When he was general manager, he was paid only half as much as his deputy.

PLAYBOY: Members of the family were expected to work for nothing?

MACDONALD: That's right. And I also wanted to have authority. I knew there were going to be battles. I knew this would be unpopular with the editor, Keith Sinclair, who for many years, I think, regarded me as just a jumped-up reporter – there because of a silver spoon. It wasn't the level of the money that mattered; it was simply to know the board thought me important.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you were aware of all the responsibilities implicit in that job when you got it – at 26?

MACDONALD: I think I had thought it through, yes. The first years were difficult. I used to call meetings that people would ignore, particularly the editor. But eventually it sorted itself out amicably.

PLAYBOY: What was the editor's reaction when he heard that you had become managing director?

MACDONALD: Well, outwardly Keith Sinclair was all very proper and reasonable and all that, swore undying fealty, etc., but he adopted Gandhi's methods of negative co-operation and passive resistance.

PLAYBOY: When you became managing director, were you aware that the Syme shareholding was fragmented among numerous people?

MACDONALD: Oh yes. We were ripe for a takeover from the beginning. The only chance was to try to pull something together. The shares were at takeover prices, and the Syme family trust was going to break up as soon as my grandfather died. Therefore, I really had to move quickly. I worked with my stepfather. We examined 108 schemes, 108 possible ways of holding on to the company. It took ages. I spent many nights in the office. I had no spare time at all. I worked my way through all aspects of the Syme operation.

PLAYBOY: What sort of schemes did you look at?

MACDONALD: All sorts of things – borrowing money, making a reverse takeover or finding partners to put money in ... there were so many schemes – I mean, 108 is a pretty broad range. We talked with a tremendous number of people: insurance companies, other major companies, some interstate, some overseas. In Victoria, one scheme that may have worked was a reverse takeover of a television station, but unfortunately that didn't come through. I think the main memory I have of that period is that I learned very quickly that no one was impartial about the media. Almost everybody I met wanted to have a complete say in what happened editorially in *The Age*. So, in many cases, schemes or partners were rejected because they wanted to impose their beliefs. Some of those who wanted to get in would have damaged the paper.

"One felt Fairfax would have a belief in The Age, *in what it stood for, in what it aimed to do, which would allow the paper to continue."*

PLAYBOY: Did you feel a sense of urgency? Were you worried about Oswald Syme dying?

MACDONALD: Well, it was done before he died. Once it came to the stage of saying: 'Well, we have to be linked with a newspaper group,' then it was relatively easy to determine that it should be the Fairfax group. I still think this was the most logical move because the Fairfax family had the sort of papers and the sort of ideals that made them the most likely partner for *The Age*.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember getting a bid from Frank Packer?

MACDONALD: Yes. That was on the day of the announcement about Fairfax.

PLAYBOY: It came down the teleprinter – the reporters' room knew about it.

MACDONALD: Well, Packer deliberately sent it by telex to try to stymie the bid. Meanwhile, Rupert Murdoch was circling the block in his car. He sent up a representative to serve an offer on the board, but the man didn't know who the board members were, so he served it on one of the executives, who talked with him for a while. At that time the directors were meeting in the boardroom and had finalised the Fairfax deal. If Murdoch had served his offer on the directors, we would then have had to consider it at the board.

PLAYBOY: What was Murdoch's offer?

MACDONALD: I have never seen the piece of paper, but I think it simply said Murdoch would top any other offer. I think it was along those lines that Packer made his telex bid, too.

PLAYBOY: Packer's bid, as I recall the rumors in the reporters' room, was for $18 million.

MACDONALD: It could have been.

PLAYBOY: Well?

MACDONALD: I thought the telex said he would top the Fairfax bid.

PLAYBOY: Why was it so obvious – the Fairfax choice?

MACDONALD: Firstly, they were a Sydney-based company without the interests they now have in Melbourne. Secondly, the sort of newspaper they had in *The Sydney Morning Herald* was closest to *The Age*. There was, I think, a feeling, a concern, for newspapers within their family. One felt Fairfax would have a belief in *The Age,* in what it stood for, in what it aimed to do, which would allow the paper to continue.

PLAYBOY: So you were looking for a similarity in background?

MACDONALD: Certainly. People often talk to me about who should be on boards, and who should own newspapers. One thing is clear: if you have a family who has been brought up to understand how a newspaper operates, who knows what are its intentions and motives, it is less likely to interfere than a person who comes in later in life and who sees the paper as being a means of influencing the community and expressing his own views editorially. In fact, the type I refer to is usually a member of clubs. He goes to his club and someone criticises the paper or asks for support for a particular thing. What happens? Well, he doesn't have the humility to admit he does not or cannot have any influence on editorial policy. Or that he would just pass the

thoughts on to the chief executive or whatever. Instead, he often commits himself. It happens all around the world. I have talked it over with Kay Graham of *The Washington Post,* with Denis Hamilton of *The Times,* many similar people. They all speak of the difficulty in appointing outside directors because so many find themselves, in the end, either trying to influence editorial policy or being critical of journalists and feeling that their own ego is involved. In the end, it is best to be with a family.

PLAYBOY: When did you first meet Graham Perkin?

MACDONALD: The day I started as a reporter at *The Age.*

PLAYBOY: Did you regard it as inevitable that he would become editor?

MACDONALD: Yes. I think most of the reporters, though they all liked Harold Austin, the associate editor, thought of Perkin as the man of the future.

PLAYBOY: Were you around when Sinclair had the first great fight with the board over capital punishment?

MACDONALD: Yes, I was. That was over the Tait case. [Robert Peter Tait, the Hawthorn Vicarage murderer, had his original death sentence commuted to life imprisonment in 1962.]

PLAYBOY: Did you fight in the family about it?

MACDONALD: We talked about it. It was my first illustration of a board not understanding a social issue or a moral issue, if you like. It was not up to them to have any say whatsoever. The paper should have had complete freedom, the editor should have had the complete freedom to follow through, as long as he argued logically and not emotionally. On moral issues, it is vital to ensure that the paper is fair and professional. Those are two important words that boards should remember.

PLAYBOY: Was Sinclair's resignation the first executive blood you drew after becoming managing director?

MACDONALD: Oh no. Unfortunately, there were a couple of other changes that had to be made. For instance, there was a general manager in charge of 90 percent of the staff and an editor in charge of 10 percent. It was an idiotic structure. Immediately I came in as managing director, I made the general manager my assistant, then divided the company into departments. I was very lucky to inherit a lot of people who were very good, but who were in the wrong positions. There were a number of resignations, changes and firings. No one likes it, but they're inevitable. Sinclair was the biggest, and let me be quite open about it: his resignation was a major step because it really became a trial of strength between me and the board. A number of directors didn't want to lose him. In the final analysis, those directors decided they wanted me more than him.

PLAYBOY: From that time on, you and Perkin had a partnership?

MACDONALD: Well, I knew *The Age* was heading in the wrong direction, so I established a position paper for where it should head. This included a number of appointments and changes which I asked the board to accept as a totality, and they did. Interestingly enough, the plan also included Adrian Deamer coming from *The Australian* to *The Age,* but that never happened. We weren't able to get him. The whole thing revolved around attracting talent to *The Age,* and forcing change to make *The Age* more relevant, and a real competitor to *The Australian.* The plan carried through for about eight years, certainly for the remainder of the '60s, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Sometime in the late '60s, *The Age* started to become steadily smaller "l" liberal. Some people may even have thought the paper was getting a bit radical. Was this part of the position paper you mentioned?

"I have never had any tie or loyalty to any party; my views involved questioning, and a sense of unease with what was being done."

MACDONALD: Well, it was partly the position paper. I mean, there was a clear commitment to *The Age* being an independent and pragmatic paper. It didn't matter if we took an opposite line to previous editorials. From that day on, *The Age* was not bound by history. I had wanted this, so did Graham. It is what the staff wanted. We introduced bylines; some very good reporters really changed the paper quite dramatically over a number of years. And when I say we, the relationship between us was close. We started off working together, with myself as editor-in-chief and he as editor. Once the course was settled, I moved back and started to develop other areas, such as moving to Spencer Street, diversification, whatever.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever resent the high profile Perkin developed?

MACDONALD: No, it was my deliberate and planned policy that he should. I encouraged it. Part of that position involved Graham's and my speaking in public. We didn't, like the Herald and Weekly Times, operate a television station. We therefore had to try to get on the ABC and on other stations whenever we could. We sought feedback from universities and schools and other groups. We wanted to explain our intentions, and as Graham became an effective performer on television, I encouraged him to do as much as he could. The aim was simply to personalise the paper. We even had a list of staff people whom we wanted to encourage to appear on television.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever try to get a TV station in this period?

MACDONALD: No. We had lost Channel Nine, and there was no way to get Channel O. We also tied ourselves up financially with the move from Collins Street to Spencer Street, and with some of the other developments we had undertaken: suburbans and magazines and so on.

PLAYBOY: What were your political views at that time?

MACDONALD: I have never had any tie or loyalty to any party, but I suppose my political views involved questioning, and a sense of unease with what was being done.

PLAYBOY: *The Age* supported Labor in 1972. What is your reaction to the claims that you were responsible for Labor's victory?

MACDONALD: I think we had some influence, in that we legitimised, in the eyes of many Victorians, the Labor vote. But as they said, it was time.

PLAYBOY: What was it like within the family, within the board, within your own social group?

MACDONALD: Well, tough. It was all right in the family, or most of the family. It was difficult with the board, because obviously most of them voted Liberal, but I think I persuaded them by then that they didn't need to agree with the editorial policy; it was more the impact the paper was having and how it was going in advertising volume, in circulation. All the indicators were our way. It would have been impossible, though, to have supported Labor editorially if our circulation had been heading downhill. Success allowed us to become increasingly liberal.

PLAYBOY: Did you have Whitlam or other powerful Labor figures to lunch or to meet the board?

MACDONALD: We had each side in, but there was no negotiation . . . we simply heard policies and views.

PLAYBOY: Under your leadership, *The Age* has been a great success. Why do you think it has done so well?

MACDONALD: I think that, very early, we were prepared to spend money to attract talent, to give people the opportunity to develop themselves. We did a lot of researching and a lot of marketing. I really think that we have been fortunate because, unlike other papers, we were not slow in responding

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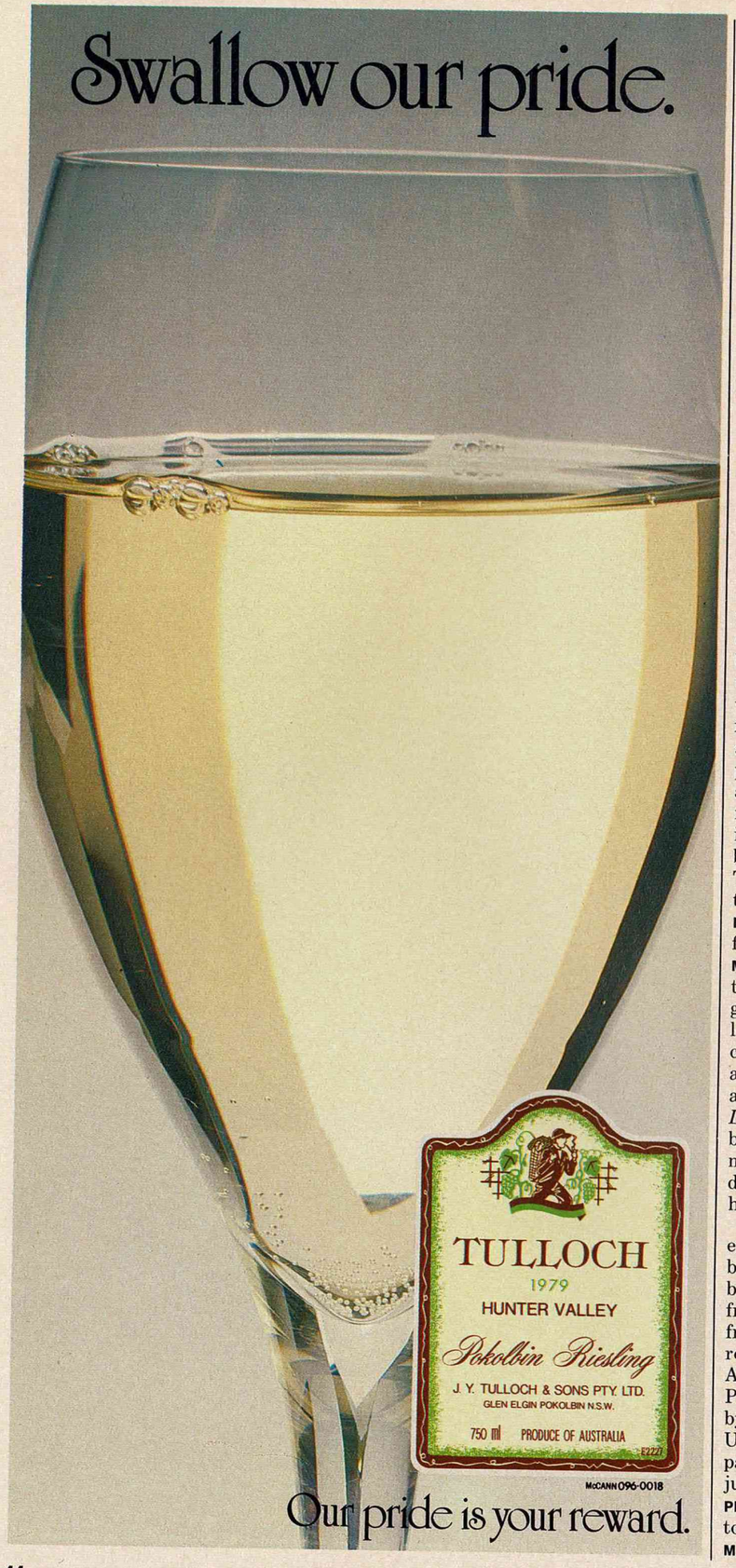

to changing attitudes in the community. It is not possible any longer to pretend that items of the news are just produced by an amorphous group of people who're called the newspaper. Individuals write stories, individuals have opinions, individuals interpret. And individuals, even in groups, also write editorials. We let the readers know our reporters, allowed them to make their own judgments on those reporters' abilities, their track records and whatever. We had diverse interpretation, different views, access, expanded letters to the editor, telegrams to the paper, and editorials were well argued. It doesn't matter whether you agreed with them, as long as they were logical. We wanted a professional and fair paper. I think that it's an insult to run a newspaper, either as an editor or a publisher, and not present your reporters to the community as being the people who make the paper.

PLAYBOY: Did *The Australian* inspire a lot of the changes?

MACDONALD: I don't think it inspired the changes; they evolved independently. The grand plan we put to the board reflected many of the changes that had taken place overseas, and which were slow in coming to Australia. So it wasn't just *The Australian,* although *The Australian* was important for *The Age.* To be really blunt and honest about it, *The Australian* made us recognise that the existing course was wrong. But it didn't bring about the changes and the ideas. They were not from *The Australian* — they were brought from overseas.

PLAYBOY: How much of that evolved from your American experiences?

MACDONALD: At Columbia, I did a major thesis on newspaper mechanisation. I'd gone to about nine or 10 newspapers to look at particular aspects. After the course, I went back to those papers, and other papers, and took a close look at operations. For instance, at the *Louisville Courier Journal,* I worked in both the editorial and accounts departments. The accounts experience produced the form of budgeting which we have at *The Age* today.

I went to the Miami *Herald* to examine its classified system, then the best. So you see, I was able to bring back a range of ideas gained not only from firsthand experience, but also from discussions with people who were reassessing their own attitudes in America. A year or so after Graham Perkin became editor, we were voted by journalism school professors in the US as being one of the top 10 newspapers in the world. *The Times* also judged us one of the world's top 10.

PLAYBOY: You carry more classified ads today than any other national paper.

MACDONALD: Oh, in the world. For a

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six-day newspaper, we are ahead of the world. Some years ago, we were 400 columns a week behind *The Sydney Morning Herald.* We are presently 300 columns ahead.

PLAYBOY: What's that worth in dollars?

MACDONALD: Well, you're talking about $300-plus per column. So that's a lot.

PLAYBOY: That's $90,000 a week.

MACDONALD: The rates are higher in Sydney – you can't quite work it out that way. But anyway, it's a significant amount. In national advertising, in six years, we went from sixth to first. In consecutive years: sixth, fifth, fourth, third, second, first. In circulation we've had a three percent growth rate for the past 10 years. When *The Australian* came in, we were 179,000 heading down, and we should hit 250,000 this year. We averaged 244,000 last year, 8000 up on 1978. And then in retail advertising, we've doubled it twice.

PLAYBOY: Would *The Age* be the most profitable paper in Australia?

MACDONALD: Yes, I think it would have to be that.

PLAYBOY: In contrast with *The Age's* success is *Newsday.* Tell me about that paper's failure.

MACDONALD: We planned it as a Sunday paper but we were not, and never have been, good at lobbying governments. I say that with pride, because I genuinely think it's not the role of newspapers to owe anything to politicians, and therefore it is a great mistake for those who run newspapers to go to politicians and ask them to help them in certain circumstances. In the end, as they say, there is no such thing as a free lunch. We could not get the law against Sunday newspapers in Victoria changed. The Herald and Weekly Times beat us in the lobbying department. It was not possible, therefore, to produce a Sunday paper.

PLAYBOY: So the H&WT lobbied to prevent any change in the law against Sunday papers?

MACDONALD: All one can do is look at the evidence. Both the unions and the government had initially indicated that there wasn't any problem with Sunday newspapers. In the end – though there was no problem with the newsagents – they rejected it. We found ourselves with a staff, with an editor, with dummies being prepared by both us and the H&WT, which was also planning a *Sunday Sun News-Pictorial.* We either had to make a decision to get rid of everybody who was associated with our Sunday paper, *Newsday,* or take a punt and go for the evening newspaper. We took the punt. The board agreed that we commit ourselves up to the level of one year's net cash flow – about $1,250,000.

We did it on that basis, and by the end we were losing more than $40,000 a week and selling fewer than 40,000 copies a day. We failed because we misjudged the H&WT's ability to defend – perhaps as Rupert Murdoch also has recently. And secondly, we under-estimated the power of habit. Looking at *Newsday* now, there were many very good things about it. There were many things we broke new ground on. But it's interesting to note the prevailing attitudes. For instance, we might report a rape on page nine, the *Herald* on page one; yet we would look cheap and nasty. The image of the *Herald* enabled it to do a lot of things which in *Newsday* would have been regarded as cheap and nasty. I think Rupert Murdoch will find the evening field difficult to get into in Melbourne – if that's what he wants to do. It's best to establish a Sunday first, then move back.

PLAYBOY: You don't think he'd convert *Truth* into a daily?

MACDONALD: No, I think he'd go for a Sunday, and then move it back, if

"I think The Age *has performed, on all indicators, better than any other newspaper in Australia over the past 15 years."*

successful, into a daily, as we originally planned. But he could well be so enthused by his purchase of Ansett, Channel O and all the other things he's doing that he might attempt a cheap evening newspaper. I really don't think he'd be successful against the *Herald.*

PLAYBOY: Regarding your comments about newspaper proprietors being beholden to politicians, would Murdoch be an example of that?

MACDONALD: Although he's been active, even appearing with Gough Whitlam on the platform, I would have thought that the other two groups are perhaps more beholden to politicians. I think they've both made a great mistake in doing so.

PLAYBOY: What was the reaction of the board in Melbourne, as opposed to the Fairfax board, to *Newsday's* failure?

MACDONALD: The board regretted it, but they were pretty loyal. They knew it was a risk from the beginning.

PLAYBOY: No one came after you with a hatchet in hand?

MACDONALD: No.

PLAYBOY: Would you say *Newsday* was your greatest failure?

MACDONALD: The Computicket case is *sub judice,* so I can't comment about it, except perhaps to say that it's been an overstated failure in the community's eyes. The idea was brilliant. It should have worked. It would have worked but for certain circumstances which I can't discuss at this time.

PLAYBOY: What areas of expansion have really been profitable for the Symes?

MACDONALD: When I came in, there was no profit and no revenue outside *The Age,* with the exception of a very small percentage of 3AW. We now receive very close to 40 percent of our revenues from outside activities. We have moved successfully into country newspapers, into provincial and suburban newspapers, into magazines or specialist publications, into audio-video. We're moving into Asia. In these things you have to look at, at least, a three- to five-year loss situation. It is interesting that the *Peking People's Daily* has asked *The Age* to be associated with producing an English-language newspaper in China.

PLAYBOY: At what stage is that?

MACDONALD: It's reasonably advanced. Hopefully we can assist them and, on a partnership basis, have a daily which will be under their editorial control. We will be in partnership on profits, we'll handle the advertising, and we'll generally promote it, develop it.

PLAYBOY: How would you compare Syme performance with Fairfax performance during your administration?

MACDONALD: That's a very difficult question to answer . . .

PLAYBOY: Let's say *The Age* with *The Sydney Morning Herald?*

MACDONALD: I'll put this as a quite fair assessment. In my view, I think that *The Age* has performed, on all indicators, better than any other newspaper in Australia over the past 15 years – 14 years since Graham Perkin came in. *The Sydney Morning Herald* has weakened in circulation and is now relatively static around 260,000. It was once 300,000. Its news coverage is excellent, but it has a problem of identifying with the public, and an aversion to exposing itself to public gaze and discussion. This inhibits its chance of becoming a great paper. I think the closest newspaper to being a great paper, with the modest exception of ourselves, is *The National Times* on its best days, and perhaps *The Australian Financial Review,* although that's a specialist newspaper. I don't really believe there's any other paper in Australia that could hold its head up overseas as being a top newspaper.

PLAYBOY: I'll have to ask you about Australian PLAYBOY.

MACDONALD: PLAYBOY is better than *Penthouse.* PLAYBOY genuinely is an important addition to the scene. It's a very shrewd move because there aren't enough magazines in Australia that appeal to the male market. This is not because you are from his organisation – I admire Kerry Packer and his group for their ability to establish a spirit in their staff which is built around each particular magazine. People become incredibly possessive and enthusiastic and proud of the magazine for which they work. I believe the *Women's Weekly* is the best example of this. It must be really something to be part of the *Women's Weekly* team. Obviously they've beaten the other women's magazines six love, six love, six love. And as far as PLAYBOY is concerned, some people may laugh at you if you say you read it for its editorial content or for its interviews, but I genuinely think that it has contributed a great deal, that some outstanding interviews and stories have been broken.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever friends with Warwick Fairfax?

MACDONALD: I'm certainly closer to him than anyone else in the Fairfax company. I always had an uncertainty about his belief in the righteousness of the decisions taken by the Fairfax board and executives. But he has been an important influence in Fairfax as an organisation, and he was impeccable on our board. I miss him greatly.

PLAYBOY: What about James Fairfax?

MACDONALD: It's too early for me to pass opinion on him. He was successful as chairman of a television station. I think one really has to determine whether he has a feeling for newspapers and for the people who create them. Perhaps history will show that.

PLAYBOY: It's very well known in the newspaper business that the Fairfaxes don't like you very much. Why do you think this is so?

MACDONALD: I think it's probably true, perhaps because they don't understand me. Maybe this is the normal plea from anybody who is unpopular, but there's a big difference between Sydney and Melbourne. I feel that the Fairfaxes don't recognise my commitment to both what I've been doing recently at *The Age* or on the International Press Institute. And they might think I'm weak in terms of my leadership without, perhaps, understanding my side of the argument. Also, they've listened to their own executives, who have chosen to criticise me, or people in *The Age* or within the Syme organisation, to safeguard their own professional performance.

I have no doubt that *The Sun News-Pictorial* in Melbourne is twice the competition for *The Age* that *The Daily Telegraph* is for *The Sydney Morning Herald* in Sydney. *The Sun* is more attuned to Melbourne. Those who put the argument that *The Age* had an easy run don't understand the operation, the competition and the pressure. One of the things that has always worried me about the Fairfaxes is the fact that I haven't been able to be in Sydney to talk to them or to their board. I've never been able to really exchange ideas and views, or answer questions about what's happening in Melbourne. Communication has been secondhand much of the time.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you gone on the board of John Fairfax and Sons when you have been managing director and *de facto* chairman of one of the largest sources of profit that company has?

MACDONALD: Outside television, certainly the largest source of profit by a long way. It is a pity. I've made it clear to everybody at Fairfax that I don't want to move to Sydney or play any role in their organisation. Melbourne has always been the area for me. But I have always thought that there was something to be gained both ways by a link connecting me with their board, whether I was a director, or whether I was just attending board meetings. But I don't suppose that will happen now.

PLAYBOY: Could the differences perhaps relate to politics? The Fairfax group is conservative, though the editors of *The National Times* and the *Financial Review* are allowed a lot of latitude.

MACDONALD: They have a paternalistic approach. Of course, *The National*

Times and the *Financial Review* have been allowed considerable freedom. But every now and again the crunch comes, and no one is in any doubt about his position and the authority that can be exercised from the top. I believe that this is the wrong way to run a newspaper. It is a bad thing for people to rely on a proprietor's goodwill; there's no guarantee that the goodwill will continue.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's wrong that those of a conservative persuasion should really dominate the media?

MACDONALD: I don't see that it's wrong. It simply depends on who's prepared to develop a media organisation, or to develop newspapers.

PLAYBOY: In other words, do you agree that we need more plurality?

MACDONALD: I certainly agree with that. Absolutely. And, say, during its best period, *Nation Review* in Victoria was important. But I'm not sure how you can encourage something that doesn't develop naturally.

PLAYBOY: *Nation Review* never got support from advertisers.

MACDONALD: Yes, but advertisers are not likely to support anything radical. But what is radical in Victoria or NSW terms is slightly left of centre or even in the centre in the eyes of many other people. The great Australian business community and those of the persuasion of the right are inclined to regard even objective or pragmatic positions as being a short step away from socialism. And socialism they equate with communism, which is such a misunderstanding.

My wife was absolutely staggered to come to this country and meet a Titan of Melbourne society who commented that not only was Ranald Macdonald a communist, but obviously his wife was just as much a communist as he.

PLAYBOY: And she the daughter of a well-known peer!

MACDONALD: Yes. (Laughs). Her father [Lord Tryon] was keeper of the Privy Purse for the Queen, so it would have been a terrible shock for them to think of her as a communist.

PLAYBOY: Oh I don't know – don't forget Anthony Blunt ... [a former British security chief and Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures exposed last year as a spy.]

MACDONALD: Well, I daren't move into that sensitive area, but certainly her father wasn't a communist, or even close to the centre.

PLAYBOY: Has it ever occurred to you that the Fairfax-Syme deal, a contract you made, is a contradiction of the activity that you're presently involved in – namely, trying to undo the deal and win control of *The Age* ?

MACDONALD: I'm not trying to undo the deal. I am trying to right a situation that's gone wrong. My arguments, which I might hasten to add, are not accepted by our Sydney friends, are simply that the community has great distrust of media monopolies and the way in which the media is run in this country. The recent share dealings, the mutual bedding of Fairfax and the H&WT, might appear as ultimate proof of all public fears about media groupings. *The Age* depends on being seen as independent. The public belief in *The Age's* carrying different views and having legitimate editorial views not influenced by any particular person is the big sufferer in this. The Fairfax group has gone into the newsprint business with the H&WT. They are together in the Seven network. This feeds public fear about lack of competition. I say they must have damaged *The Age* and the Syme company by what they've done. They ought to do something now to right it. They could do one of two things: sell their Syme shares back to Victorian interests – perhaps returning to a 15 percent holding – or get out of the H&WT group. It's terribly hard for anyone to believe that *The Age* is in vigorous competition with the Herald group when Fairfax has invested $50 million in that group. We compete with Channel Seven, with 3DB, with the *Herald* and the *Sun*.

"If a break occurs, being the managing director of The Age *isn't the be-all and end-all. I'd be absolutely devastated for* The Age *itself."*

PLAYBOY: Have the Fairfaxes ever behaved in a way which was prejudicial to *The Age's* independence? I'm thinking in terms of editorial policy. Have they ever leaned on you?

MACDONALD: There have been times when they have introduced restrictions or discussed editorial policies. But to do that, they've had to have Syme directors support them. I'm certainly not complaining about the managerial side, but the editorial side has had problems – of course, the Syme people are basically Liberal voters. In 1974, they were unhappy about the suggestion that we should support Whitlam over Snedden. That was a bad period.

PLAYBOY: Did you and Perkin threaten to resign over the board's attempt to influence your editorial line?

MACDONALD: Yes. I put in my resignation first, then Perkin followed, though I tried to talk him out of it. Almost all the senior executives were prepared to back us up. The board wouldn't accept my resignation and, after a series of discussions between the chairman, Perkin and me, the final editorial thrust was approved, to take a neutral line. Five of the six directors wanted a change of government, so it was a compromise.

PLAYBOY: Haven't both Fairfax and the H&WT been enormously weakened financially by the whole of the off-Murdoch exercise?

MACDONALD: The one that's lost out is Fairfax, because it has outlayed $50 million – less what it will get for selling its television stations. Whatever it gets for its television stations, and whatever the net cost of those H&WT shares are, this certainly was not a well-reasoned investment. Plus, Fairfax has lost two good profit earners in television stations. The great price it has had to pay is a very serious matter. The market value of Fairfax and H&WT shares already indicates that.

PLAYBOY: What would you be willing to pay for, say, 42 percent of Syme shares? [Fairfax holds 57 percent.]

MACDONALD: It's not a question of what I'd be prepared to pay. The Victorian interests would be prepared to pay whatever an arbiter said was a fair price. They'd pay substantially above the current market price, which incidentally has gone up since my debating the problem in public, so they're now $1.70, which, as we made a one-for-one bonus, is $3.40 by the old standards. Most of the Fairfaxes' shares were probably bought around $1.25 by current standards. There's no way the company will lose. *The Age* has been a very good investment for the Fairfax group.

PLAYBOY: You've said the funds would come from a Melbourne consortium with overseas links.

MACDONALD: No. I said there's one foreign investor which would be happy to be in it – it's a newspaper group.

PLAYBOY: Which group is that?

MACDONALD: *The Washington Post.* But there is enough money being volunteered in Melbourne to buy out the Fairfax holding several time over.

PLAYBOY: What will you do if it becomes perfectly obvious that the situation existing between the Symes and the Fairfaxes is going to continue?

MACDONALD: Well, particularly after 15 years, I hope I am seen as a professional manager. As long as I make the right decisions, operate rationally and retain the confidence of the board, there should be no problems. But if a break occurs, well, frankly, being the managing director of *The Age* isn't the be-all and end-all. I'd be absolutely devastated for *The Age* itself and for those people I'd brought in or encouraged, or for people I'd worked with, but I see the issue as much bigger than me. I see the issue as being clearly the credibility of the paper itself and its future role in Victoria and, indeed, throughout all Australia.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be getting plenty of support ...

MACDONALD: Yes, fantastic. We've had many, many letters and telephone calls. We've had petitions by staff, not only journalists, but also other areas – marketing, production, whatever.

PLAYBOY: It seems that *The Age* has thrived and developed in a certain way that practically contradicts the way the Fairfax newspaper interests have developed in Sydney. If Syme were allowed to expand naturally, it could become a powerful paper force. Haven't you really reached the point at which David Syme & Co cannot thrive while it has an ongoing relationship with Fairfax? Doesn't the relationship stop real expansion?

MACDONALD: That's true in the electronic media; not true in print. There are things we can do and will be doing very soon in the print media. But on the electronic side, we're stuck by the limitation of 4.9 percent for television and 15 percent for radio. The irony of the whole situation is that we are limited partly because of the Fairfax holding in radio and television, and partly because of its holding in the H&WT, with its stake in Channel Seven Melbourne. Therefore, the two major city stations which limit our moving into television are Channel Seven in Sydney, owned by Fairfax, and Channel Seven in Melbourne.

PLAYBOY: But, remembering the $50 million Fairfax investment in H&WT, what happens if you want to start another afternoon newspaper?

MACDONALD: Well, that's where the conflict or potential conflict arises. It's a situation some of our directors (three are from Fairfax) will have to consider very closely from now on. Are they acting entirely as directors of David Syme & Co or are they really being inhibited because they're from Fairfax with its holding in *The Herald?* That's a very severe problem for them.

PLAYBOY: There's talk of your starting a national Sunday newspaper. Would it be Symes, or Symes-Fairfax?

MACDONALD: Whether we do women's magazines, financial papers, anything, I suppose that is always the first question. Another question arises: will it be acceptable if it inhibits a Fairfax area of operation?

PLAYBOY: Does Fairfax let you circulate *The Age* freely in Sydney?

MACDONALD: There's never been any problem, because we haven't competed in a business sense. I suppose the only real competition was with 3XY, when we competed against Fairfax's 3AW. I'm not sure the Fairfaxes regarded this as important. It might have been different had we competed against one of their newspapers.

PLAYBOY: What do you think will happen in the wash-up?

MACDONALD: In the short term it's most likely to end up as being a continuing, if uneasy, partnership, with everyone conscious of his obligations. It may well assist the continued independence of *The Age* and the company, and perhaps will mean a better deal for shareholders. Where it ends up in the longer term, I'm not sure. The position is quite serious. I wonder what the attitudes of future governments and paths of future anti-trust legislation and future attitudes of other groupings within society, are going to be toward the incredible media cross-fertilisation and cross-ownerships that now exist all over Australia?

PLAYBOY: Is there any other country in the world with a similar situation?

MACDONALD: No, none I can think of. There are some areas in America where there is one printing plant and a couple of newspapers producing from that one plant. Or even one person with domination of that city. But in terms of cross-ownership of the media and

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between media groupings, I don't know of any other country like Australia.

I'd make two points. There's the ABC, which has about 57 percent of the outlets on the electronic side – obviously an important counter-balance to the other media groupings. Second, apart from the Fairfax, Murdoch and H&WT companies, you're talking about the Packer group in television and its big investment in magazines. You're also talking, I would think, in the next five or 10 years, about more specialist magazines. It's going to be easier to produce small newspapers or even pamphlets which will provide a diversity of opinion. So perhaps we are at the worst now, but I just wonder whether the community will allow the media to move gently and quietly into the next stage. The next five years are going to be very difficult because the community is greatly opposed to the sort of display of incestuous behavior that occurred recently. And that's not just Fairfax and the H&WT. It's also Murdoch who, after all, has ended up buying Channel O and Ansett. All parties are involved: every grouping in the country. I think it's made the community feel that something needs to be done. I would say anti-trust legislation is just around the corner.

PLAYBOY: On the personal level, do you have the feeling Fairfax people are always looking over your shoulder?

MACDONALD: Look, I can express many statements of confidence in what they've done. I don't want to appear to be unhappy or bitchy or affected by what's happened recently. My worry about the Fairfax approach is its paternalism – the attitude of: "We know – we've had the experience – we're the successful ones – we're right and therefore, if you disagree, you're wrong." In the areas where the evidence is quite strongly to the contrary, the Fairfaxes still believe in their own righteousness. I always remember Sir Warwick Fairfax saying: "Look, we'll send down someone who'll give you a bit of help with your retail advertising, because, after all, we've always been very close to David Jones, and we've always had David Jones' advertising and you haven't got Myer's advertising." Fortunately, I had the figures with me and I was able to show that our retail advertising was more than double *The Sydney Morning Herald's* retail advertising. If they see that you are able to do something they haven't been able to do, they assume that conditions outside their control have thwarted them.

For instance, they have argued that *The Sun* in Sydney really is a very good newspaper. They'd cleaned it up, they said. Murdoch was producing the dirty newspaper in the *Daily Mirror*. But to any normal observer, including me, *The Sun* and the *Mirror* seem to be exactly the same breed of newspaper.

PLAYBOY: Do you envy the independence of Kerry Packer or of Rupert Murdoch? Do you look at James Fairfax and then at yourself and say: "Well, there but for the lack of a little bit more luck, perhaps, go I?"

MACDONALD: No, it's not envy. I've done a bit of soul searching about this. It's more a case of wishing that one had the same opportunity. I believe Kerry Packer and Rupert Murdoch have the edge over the H&WT and John Fairfax simply because they have the ability to make decisions. And maybe to take a gamble. They back their staff and their ability more, and by not being bogged down by bureaucracy they perhaps start off with a 10-yard break. I admire both Packer and Murdoch for their ability to make decisions under pressure. Also, they have the ability to recognise when an adverse situation has occurred out of a bad decision, and they get out of it. Both Fairfax and H&WT are bureaucratic. And bureaucracy, when it finally grinds itself into making a decision, is unable to undo it quickly if it's wrong.

"In Australia, we have a healthy cynicism about people in power. It's justified by the lacklustre performance of our politicians."

PLAYBOY: What about the high-flying aspect of their lives?

MACDONALD: It doesn't worry me. My concentration has been with David Syme, *The Age*, and with the journalistic areas that have not concerned the other organisations, like the International Press Institute, the fight against harassment of journalists or the restrictions on freedom to publish – some of the terrible problems the media has around the world.

PLAYBOY: You started off as chairman of the Australian section of the International Press Institute in 1971.

MACDONALD: Yes. Then I became vice-chairman for Asia and the Pacific, which meant I moved around a lot into areas like the Philippines, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, Sri Lanka, Japan, South Korea ...

PLAYBOY: Which are pretty hot points for journalists.

MACDONALD: I agree. I travelled to the Philippines, I suppose, at least six times, following Marcos' introduction of martial law, the closure of newspapers and jailing of journalists.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet Marcos?

MACDONALD: I didn't see Marcos the first time. I saw his attorney-general. I was with Sir Denis Hamilton, editor-in-chief and chairman of *The Sunday Times*. We tried to take care of some journalists and of the outstanding editors who were in jail or under house arrest. I think we achieved something. They were conscious at that time of the international image. I've been back a number of times. It's important to recognise that a dictator or a strong leader has his own image and pride to consider. Therefore you allow him full credit for any removal or lessening of restrictions, or release of prisoners. You don't rush back and claim that IPI has achieved something. If tact is exercised, you can accomplish a great deal, because almost every leader is conscious of his international image.

PLAYBOY: What's it like being a proprietor? Do you enjoy the power?

MACDONALD: First of all, I don't like the word proprietor. I think that one is a publisher or a chief executive, and the old proprietorial notion of Sir Frank Packer and others has gone, with the exception of Rupert Murdoch. Why do you say "enjoy the power"? I am stimulated but, at the same time, am conscious of the responsibilities – and this is true – of being a publisher. I really try to keep at arm's length from people who are seeking to put me in their debt or to lean on me in the community. The important thing is to be on terms which allow one to contact people or see them quickly, know who they are, but get no closer than that. I also don't believe that a chief executive has great power. One has the power of selection of people, one has the power of generally directing where the organisation or newspaper is going. But the real power is the power of exposure within the newspaper. It's not editorial pronouncement; it's the material that actually gets published.

PLAYBOY: As the politicians come and go, and you remain, have you ever thought that perhaps you know more about the world than some politicians? Has time eroded your respect for people in political positions?

MACDONALD: Time has eroded my respect for people at the top of the tree in every area, whether on boards or holding elected positions in parliament. In Australia, we have a healthy cynicism about people in power. It's been justified by the lacklustre performance of our politicians. There are very few politicians I respect.

PLAYBOY: What's your view of the establishment – the Old Boy network?

MACDONALD: I think the establishment is a problem because it believes it's got a lot of power. It tries to do deals behind the scenes using a network of friendship and contact. But, frequently, it finds that its decisions are wrong or out of touch or not acceptable to the great body of the community.

PLAYBOY: Every editor of *The Age* this century, I think, was a member of the Melbourne Club – except Perkin.

MACDONALD: It's probably true, because the earlier editors were members of the Syme family.

PLAYBOY: But why not Perkin?

MACDONALD: Well, he said he wouldn't have felt comfortable there, and I said I could see absolutely no reason for him to join, though the chairman wanted him in. I'm still a member partly because, having taken part in a hiatus there a few years ago, I felt it was a sign of weakness to get out. I attend very infrequently.

PLAYBOY: That was the question of Jewish membership. You won that battle, didn't you?

MACDONALD: Not just me, but the younger people in the organisation played a leading role in that. It was to excise some of the mythology about the Melbourne Club, to ensure that it was more democratic, that it had a broader base. There was a change in the numbers related to blackballing. The whole structure was altered to allow people who were not of the traditional mould to be put up. And I think the club has become better, though it does not have the impact on Melbourne that some like to think it has. Some members have an arrogance which is out of touch. I think one of the great lines in history came from Groucho Marx, referring to his election to a club. "Well," he said, "I immediately resigned because I don't care to belong to any club that will have me as a member." The Melbourne Club was a major point of disagreement between me and my stepfather, who was a very enthusiastic member. He misjudged, as others did, its importance.

PLAYBOY: Are there any Jews in the Melbourne Club now?

MACDONALD: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Are you rich?

MACDONALD: I would be classed as well-off in terms of assets. But not at the top level in terms of income, because people such as doctors and dentists and lawyers and others are far more highly paid than executives. Also, I have a rather old-fashioned view about my position in the company in terms of what should be paid for by me and what should be paid for by the company. I believe that integrity and credibility within the company are important. This is why top executives, including both myself and the finance editor, do not own shares outside *The Age*. Also, if there is any news about us, it is always overplayed in the paper. If it's good news, it's understated in other papers because they won't print it, and if it's bad news then you lose credibility unless the paper highlights it. This was brought very strongly to my attention when a former senior executive was up for drink driving. He managed to keep it out of both *The Age* – this is before I came – and the opposition newspapers. This would not happen now.

PLAYBOY: About your own income out of *The Age* – how would that relate to the salary paid to, say, the managing director of a similar size company?

MACDONALD: I would think it is less. I really have had very few increases. On the other hand, I've travelled a lot, but that's been IPI and work, though some people look on it as a holiday – to my great annoyance.

PLAYBOY: How did your interest in the Press Council and the Media Council first develop?

MACDONALD: I have always believed in industry responsibility and self-regulation, backed up in the last resort by some legal framework which supports the individual, such as libel or privacy laws. So I'd been pushing and pushing to establish a press council. There was a special sub-committee set up by the

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Australian Newspapers Council – I was its president – which kept close contact with overseas press councils. Then Moss Cass came in under the Labor Government and made some threats against the press. We were able to use that as a lever to foster support from other papers for a press council. The Australian Journalists' Association supported the concept and so we set up this industry body.

PLAYBOY: Before Moss Cass, what were the main areas of opposition?

MACDONALD: No one wanted any regulation within the newspaper industry. There were, however, some notable exceptions, and one of the important people in this final move was Lyle Turnbull, the editor-in-chief of the H&WT. Another was David McNicoll of Packer's Consolidated Press. It was important that we started the Press Council, because we were inviting legislation against us. As I've said, I think newspapers and media groups have been basically insensitive to public interest and concern about newspaper groupings, media groupings and monopolies. When I became chairman of the Media Council, a body comprising all the groupings in Australia of radio, television, newspapers, magazines and everything else, we found that we had to fight the Trade Practices Act.

The Trade Practices Commission argued that the Media Council was a restrictive agreement. The case had begun before I got in, and it went on, via appeal, during nearly three years that I was chairman. We finally won, which enabled the Media Council to set its own standards, to have self-regulation and to set up their own advertising standards.

PLAYBOY: It seems to me that the media in Australia have never really tried to have the restrictive libel laws changed – or chastened.

MACDONALD: Yes, this is an astonishing thing. The media are incredibly slow in getting together on matters really affecting them. We've allowed limitations to be imposed and restrictions to creep in without doing anything.

PLAYBOY: Has the libel situation developed partly because newspapers are unwilling to resist in the courts?

MACDONALD: Partly that, and partly because people at the top have not perceived this as being important. They have not always understood the issue. Also, and this is absolutely central to many of our problems, the individual groupings often believe they're so powerful that they should operate by themselves and not work with the others. There is distrust between some of the groupings. They allow this distrust, and the personality differences, to affect the whole scene, and to affect their attitudes toward issues which are of much greater importance than personal questions.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the level of damages that courts award now in libel cases?

MACDONALD: Idiotic. But there is some hope if we ever get ourselves together with the Law Reform Commission's recommendations. Damages should be imposed only when there clearly has been a damage brought about either by professional incompetence of a severe level, or malice.

PLAYBOY: Were you happy with the way *The Age* covered Sir John Kerr's dismissal of the Labor Government?

MACDONALD: Yes, certainly. It's always been put forward by David Combe, former national secretary of the ALP, as the ultimate proof of the conspiracy that all of the major and serious newspapers came out the same day saying Whitlam should go. It happened to be the day after Connor admitted misleading parliament, the third major minister to do so. The point about it was that newspapers were more in touch with the community than the Labor Party was, and they reacted.

It's a bit like criticising newspapers in Melbourne for reporting and writing editorials about drinking at the cricket the day after 40 arrests at the MCG. It was a parallel circumstance. It was in no way a conspiracy. I was entirely happy about our editorial line, and I was also entirely happy about Les Carlyon's editorials after the Whitlam sacking. In fact, there are very few editorials that *The Age* has published in the past 15 years that I haven't been happy about. When I have not been happy, it has been because I believe they've either been petty or, in the worst instances, superior and precious, which I suppose has been my major criticism of the paper at times. *The Age* has erred on the side of being pompous and precious, or some of its reporters have, because they have suddenly thought that they were tremendously important. The *Washington Post* had similar problems after Watergate.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any similarities between Whitlam and Fraser?

MACDONALD: Yes. Possibly arrogance and aloofness sometimes go together with size. So much of the program that Whitlam put forward and managed to sell so effectively to the community and to his party was valid then, and it is valid now. His contribution was enormous, but he really did lack the ability to carry it through – to make the tough decisions, to manage the economy and his ministers. But his intellectual contribution was just enormous. Malcolm Fraser? Surely, in many ways, a potentially great Prime Minister having again, perhaps, a weakness in communication, and in empathy and understanding.

PLAYBOY: What about Bob Hawke?

MACDONALD: I hope he gets a chance very quickly to demonstrate his talents, but you don't know how he'll perform until he's actually in the top position. And Canberra, with its different challenges and pressures, is a vast change from the life he's lived until now.

PLAYBOY: What kind of life have *you* lived until now? How do you relax?

MACDONALD: I do love playing golf for money. It's the one game I really bet on. I don't go to horse races at all. I used to be a very keen bridge player but I don't play it for stakes. I've never played poker. I like roulette, but don't go in Australia – except for a couple of times in Tasmania – because I think I probably could get too enthusiastic about that. I'm a relatively disciplined gambler in roulette because I don't change the level of my stake. But golf remains the one game I wouldn't mind playing for any amount of money.

PLAYBOY: A grand a hole?

MACDONALD: Not as much as that. But if the conditions were right, I wouldn't mind playing in the four-figure area.

PLAYBOY: That's interesting. Are there any other sports that you're into? Do you jog?

MACDONALD: Not any more. I used to, I tried for a while.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that the act of love is the best form of exercise?

MACDONALD: It's quite the most enjoyable form of exercise in every way. Definitely. And I don't particularly want to leave a warm bed and my beloved wife at six in the morning to do an hour's jogging before breakfast.

PLAYBOY: You spoke of not envying people like Packer and Murdoch, who have lived in the shadow of great and dominating fathers. What about your own son and daughter?

MACDONALD: Oh, I won't be great and dominating. I'll finish up as chairman of IPI in May, and I've done my dash in a number of areas. I'm absolutely certain the name of Macdonald won't be remembered at all.

PLAYBOY: What are your aspirations for your childen?

MACDONALD: Aspirations? Well, I'm not trying to leave anything to anybody. They've got to have freedom of choice, and I would have no feeling that I should lead, guide or push my son into newspapers, or the media. I just hope that both he and my daughter lead fulfilling and interesting, worthwhile, valuable lives.

PLAYBOY: You wouldn't ever advise them not to go into journalism?

MACDONALD: Oh no, no!

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DREAMS OF DISASTER

a plane falls out of the sky, killing hundreds of people; he reads the reports and feels a chill of recognition — he knew that it was going to happen

By Camilla Beach and Walter Lowe

ON A three-blanket night in January, 1972, a middle-aged woman in New York had a dream about the then Alabama Governor, George Wallace. It is not clear whether this woman was sympathetic to Wallace, disliked him, or even thought about him. What is important is that, in her dream, she saw him walk up on a stage in a brown suit, surrounded by an enormous crowd. Suddenly, she sensed danger and heard her own voice say: "George Wallace will be shot." On May 15 that year, George Wallace could have used that information. But then, even if he had known he was to be shot, what would he have done?

What would any of us do with such information coming, as it does, from beyond left field, so to speak? Without the precise details to isolate where, when and how disaster might strike, who would want to live with the foreboding that they would one day be injured, perhaps paralysed? Or, quite simply, die?

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A 52-year-old Victorian housewife, who understandably wants to remain anonymous, claims to have accurately predicted 25 deaths. While some were relatives and friends, most were total strangers. Six were pre-recorded with the Premonitions Unit at the Caulfield Institute of Technology in Melbourne. The first time she phoned Dr Charles Osborne, founder and monitor of the unit, he thought she might possibly be mentally unhinged.

She had just seen her neighbor, she said, floating in a cloud.

Osborne kindly suggested that the woman — let's call her Pat, — was consulting the wrong person.

"No," she said firmly. "First listen to my story."

So Osborne listened intently as she recounted her history of psychic premonitions, beginning at her home in Ireland when, aged eight, helping her mother in the kitchen, she imagined hearing the siren that sounds for a mining disaster. Pat felt agitated, and suddenly overcome with sadness. Her uncle worked down a mine. "Something's happened to Uncle Jimmy," she said. "I just know it." Her mother merely scolded Pat for being so silly; Uncle Jimmy hadn't even left for work. Later that day, however, the bus taking him to work jolted rounding a bend. Uncle Jimmy was thrown out, right into the path of an oncoming car. He died instantly.

Years later, after the family had migrated to Australia, Pat's father caught pneumonia and, one night while praying for his recovery, she unexpectedly saw herself in a hospital corridor, wearing a nightgown and peering into a room where her father lay in bed, surrounded by doctors. "He'll be all right," they were saying. "He's going to live." And Pat heard herself saying: "No, he isn't. I know he

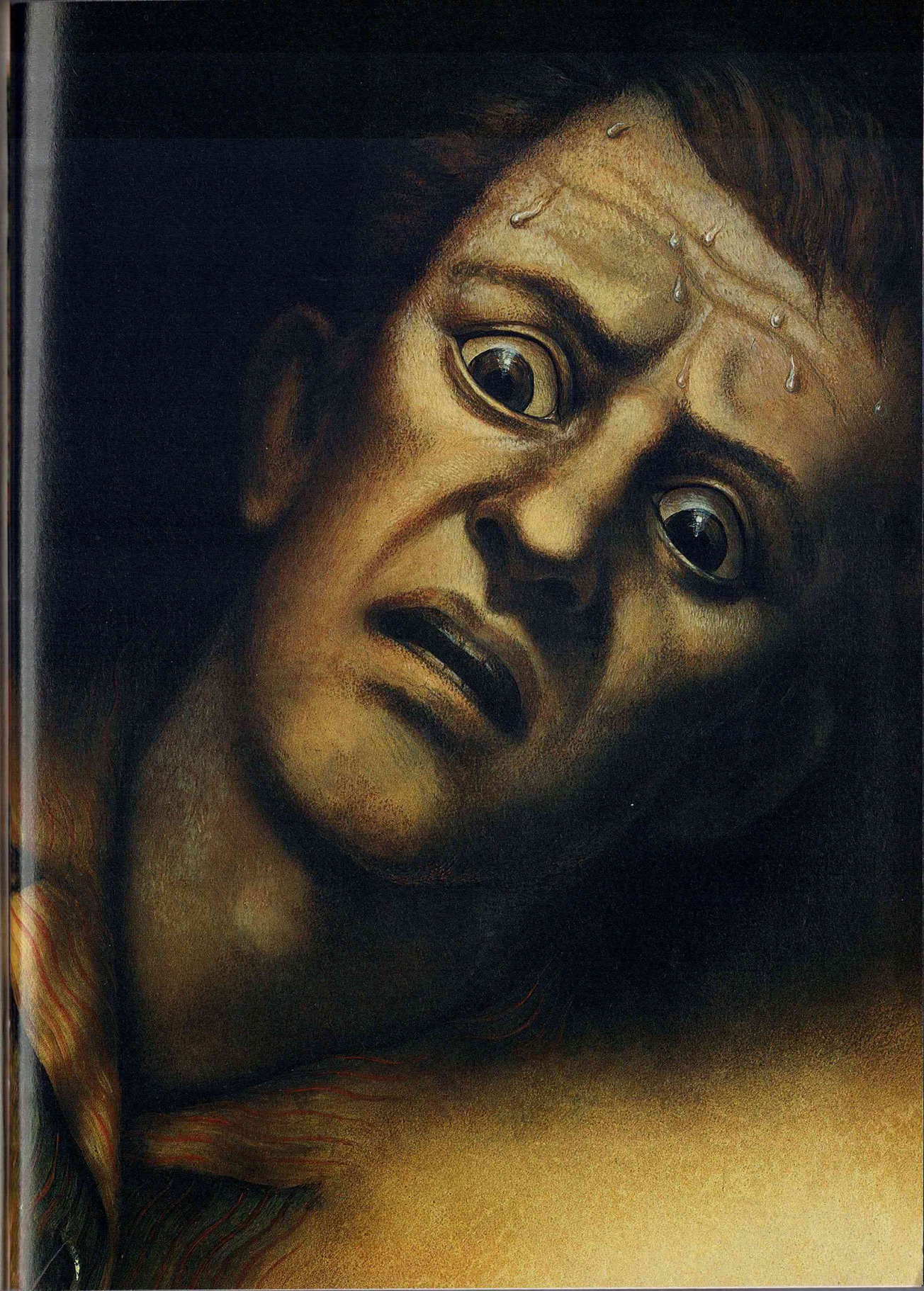
isn't." Her father's face was very grey and still. Her mother was there, sobbing. Shaking herself out of the dream, Pat rushed to her father's side, where, with obvious relief, she found he was alive. He recovered from that illness but, two years later, had to undergo an operation in hospital. The doctors said he would pull through. When he died about 12 hours later, they couldn't understand why.

For Pat, those were the beginnings of what must be a harrowing existence. Between her father's death and her phone call to Osborne, she said she had predicted another 17 deaths. Each was heralded by dreams and/or strong urges to telephone the person concerned. Those people had generally died about three days later.

Now, she told Osborne, she had that same urge to telephone her neighbor. "I saw her floating in a cloud, looking very peaceful, and I know I have to ring her." Osborne remonstrated, but without success. He settled for the neighbor's name and age. She was 31. Pat hung up, made contact with her neighbor and rang Osborne back later on that night. "I'm feeling a lot happier," she said. "I think that I was wrong about it."

Two nights later, Osborne received another telephone call. The neighbor had committed suicide.

Pat has since forecast another four deaths; each was pre-recorded with Osborne. Three died from cancer, and the fourth had an unexpected heart attack. He was fit, and had no previous



history of heart problems. A religious woman, Pat rationalises her unhappy dreams as God-given information she can use to comfort people as best she can when their time has come. She never tells the unwitting victims of her premonitions, only Osborne, her husband and four children.

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Greywolf doesn't want to be identified, but for a different reason. He's not fussed that people know he's a New Yorker, 52 years old, 1.8 metres tall, with grey hair he dyes dark, and weighs about 102kg. "I'm Puerto Rican, but I look Jewish. I'm ugly as hell. And I'm hiding out from my ex-wife." It's a paradox that such a bulk of a man could possess such a delicate ability as precognitive clairvoyance. But then, if things were always what they appear, life would have no mystery. And Greywolf is a mystery compounded. He has recorded five accurate predictions with the Central Premonitions Registry, New York, which makes him their number one amateur "hitter".

Greywolf specialises in air disasters. His first clairvoyance occurred in 1962, concurrent with the Cuban missile crisis. He was working out with weights in a gym one day when he began to feel unusually tired, lay down and passed out. He woke in a semi-conscious state and, first thing he knew, he believed he was piloting a plane. "I was cold, very cold. I thought to myself: 'I can't breathe. If I don't get oxygen, I'm going to pass out.' There were two oxygen bottles, one on either side of the cockpit. I began hitting the one on the right, slamming it with my fist, trying to get it to work. But I couldn't. I hit the other one with my elbow. I couldn't get that to work either. My heart was pounding and I remember thinking: 'My God, I'm dying.' "

Two days later, Greywolf heard a radio report that a U-2 photographic spy plane had disappeared while flying a mission over Cuba. Two weeks later he found a small newspaper report saying the U-2 had been found, crashed in the Andes. An autopsy on the pilot revealed that he died, before the plane crashed, from lack of oxygen.

The moment he saw the article, Greywolf experienced a peculiar rush known only to those who have seen premonitions come true: a jolt of immediate recognition, followed by a moment of slipping into a void, because the rational mind refuses to compute what has just happened. And then a surge of excitement which borders on the sexual, the desire to let others, someone, anyone who'll listen, know there's more here than meets the eye.

He sat down and wrote to an Air Force commander, documenting the parallels between his "vision", as he then termed it, and the U-2 crash. But, as he reread the letter, Greywolf experienced a downer also familiar to those who've had premonitions: the realisation that, once you tell people of your experience, 99 percent of them will begin to wonder if you're all there. He destroyed the letter.

Greywolf didn't tell anyone of his experience for six years, during which time he absorbed every scrap of information he could find on psychic phenomena. During those years, he also developed an interest in karate and discovered a related form of meditation in which one sits in front of a blank white wall until one goes into a complete dissolution of ego-consciousness that allows spontaneous images to appear. The first few weeks that he tried such experiments, Greywolf saw nothing breaking through on to the wall that he couldn't attribute to his own thought processes. Again and again, nothing.

Then, late in the evening of May 5, 1969, as he sat focusing on his mental screen, he saw something that felt alien, that wasn't a part of his own subconscious at all.

"I saw a small civilian aircraft with a long, blue stripe and large numbers on the side flying through thick fog, coming in for a landing over rough terrain. As it came down, one wheel hit the ground and the plane flipped over and hit a tree with tremendous force. When the plane stopped moving, I could see the numbers clearly along its side. They started with the letter N, and then there were four numbers, followed by another letter. Then I saw a man lying down on the ground, half propped up by a tree. His head was falling forward on to his chest, so I couldn't see his face, but I had the distinct impression that he was a fighter, a boxer. I seemed to be aware of his thoughts, and he was thinking something like this: "So this is what it's like to die.' "

When the series of images stopped, Greywolf, still uncertain that what he'd experienced was a premonition, nonetheless wrote down a detailed description of it, including the numbers painted on the side of the aircraft. Having recently learned of the Central Premonitions Registry, he mailed off this description in a letter that Robert Nelson, the registry's founder and director, received on May 9, 1969.

About 10pm on August 31 that year, a Piper aircraft carrying boxer Rocky Marciano, another passenger and a pilot crashed in a heavily wooded area near Des Moines, Iowa. The letters and numbers on the side of the plane — N3149Y — corresponded with the letters and numbers Greywolf had

Future shocks

What is in store for the '80s? Some of the most reliable psychics in the United States and Australia have sent detailed predictions to Robert Nelson, founder of New York's Central Premonitions Registry and Dr Charles Osborne of the Premonitions Unit, Caulfield Institute of Technology in Melbourne. Here are some for the next 10 years:

1. There will be a new Israeli leader during the current year.
2. The Ayatollah Khomeini will be deposed by the end of the year.
3. There will be a tragedy at the London air show this summer when a vintage Moth biplane will hit a jet.
4. There will be a new agreement reached by Israel's Prime Minister Begin, the Palestine Liberation Organisation leader Arafat and Egypt's President Sadat early this year. A few months later, Arafat will be assassinated.
5. The Soviet Union will launch the first space station in 1985.
6. Sometime during the '80s, there will be an explosion at an atomic plant near Albuquerque, New Mexico. Nine people will be killed, and the fallout will make the area unsafe for years.
7. Labor will win the next Australian Federal election on the second Saturday of November.

The best from the rest include several contradictory predictions, particularly pertaining to the Democratic nominations for this year's presidential election in the United States. Jimmy Carter will be re-nominated, with a black vice-president. Edward Kennedy will lose the nomination owing to a scandal and family troubles involving a suicide. Edward Kennedy will be nominated but will never become president, as a result of a fatal accident. George Wallace will be elected president, but will be assassinated before the year is out. Whoever wins, the president will be shot in 1981.

Perhaps the most extraordinary prediction, however, comes from Tom Wards, a contributor to the Osborne Premonitions Unit. He sees a Federal election this May. "I see Hayden winning and, before he is replaced by Hawke, I feel he will make Whitlam Governor General. The Labor Government could then negotiate, through referendum, to break away from Britain and the Commonwealth, and Whitlam could become the first President of the Australian Republic."

seen, save one. Greywolf saw a two instead of a three. But the details of Greywolf's premonition were sufficient to earn him his first citation for a "hit" from the CPR, and Robert Nelson's deep respect. "Let me put it this way," he says, "many a professional psychic could predict that something bad will happen to me in the next week and I wouldn't worry. But if Greywolf predicted it, I'd be a little nervous."

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Nerves play a big part in the world of premonitions. Take, for example, the woman who foresaw the assassination attempt on George Wallace. When Nelson called to ask if she would fill out the questionnaire he uses to compile information on the personal characteristics of hitters, she told him she had sunk into a deep depression since the event happened. She felt somehow responsible for Wallace's injury. Nelson tried to convince her she wasn't, but she insisted she wanted nothing more to do with psychic phenomena and refused to co-operate. "This whole thing has made me a nervous wreck," she said, and hung up. He has not heard from her again.

Even for Greywolf, by most people's standards a relatively unshakeable soul, the burden of his frightening visions has sometimes been more than he could carry. "Do you know the frustration of seeing disasters before they happen and trying to get somebody to listen to you, and nobody – nobody – can help you? What makes you crazy is wanting to warn people, knowing that no person in power to do anything will listen. Bob Nelson has saved a lot of folks' sanity. He can't do much, but at least he can give them credit for experiencing something that most people wouldn't believe."

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While some predictions are trivial, others forecast catastrophes. Two Australians experienced premonitions of air disasters that related to the Air New Zealand crash in Antarctica last November, which claimed 257 lives.

One came from a woman who rang Dr Osborne in Melbourne forecasting that a plane would crash in the snow. However, two details, one of them vital, were inaccurate. She had seen herself on the plane, sitting beside a woman dressed in blue and white; the attendant hostesses wore orange and black. In fact, all Air New Zealand hostesses wear blue and white. The vital error was the location: Sweden.

Professional clairvoyant and business consultant Tom Wards also claims to have predicted the Antarctic crash. When interviewed by Jimmy Hannan on Radio 2GB last August 23, Wards said he saw a plane crashing into snow in October or November. The tape of that interview has unaccountably vanished, but program producer Annette Purvis remembers that Hannan asked Wards for a location. "Wards said he saw the letter A. Jimmy wanted him to be more specific. Under pressure, he said Alaska but, afterwards, he told me he had meant to say Antarctica." Alaska is where Wards' mother was born.

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David Booth woke up crying on the night of May 24 last year at his home in

Cincinnati, Ohio. He'd just had the same nightmare for the 10th night in succession. He was the helpless witness to a plane crash. Each dream had been exactly the same. "I looked up in the air and there was an American Airlines jet, a great big thing, and it struck me that it just wasn't making the right noise it should for being so close. Then it started to bank off to the right, and the left wing went up. It was going very slowly. And then it just turned on its back and plunged straight down into the ground and exploded . . . "

After the seventh dream, Booth called the local American Airlines office, but nobody was available to listen. So he then called the Federal Aviation Administration and spoke to Ray Pinkerton who took notes that would later verify Booth's premonition. "What could I do?" Pinkerton asks with hindsight. His assistant called the regional FAA offices in Atlanta and reported details of the dream to Jack Barker, public affairs officer. "What could we do?" Barker also asks. "We didn't have a date, a time or a city."

By Friday, May 22, Booth was teetering on the edge of madness, an emotional wreck. He went home early from work and began to cry. Later, pulling himself together, he ate dinner with his wife and turned on the television. Pictures of a plane crash flashed on the screen. That afternoon, at Chicago's O'Hare Airport, American Airlines Flight 191, bound for Los Angeles with 274 passengers, including three PLAYBOY employees and one PLAYBOY contributor, lost an engine shortly after take-off, turned belly up and plummeted to Earth, exploding on impact. It was the worst domestic crash in the history of US aviation. Booth was stunned by an aerial photo which showed the wrecked DC-10 aircraft virtually atomised by the explosion. "I'd seen that crash and that explosion," says Booth.

Later, an American Airlines vice-president for public relations was asked what he might do the next time he received a report of a dream like Booth's. "Absolutely nothing," he told reporters. "I'd ignore it. We discount the occult. It goes against everything scientific and logical to even discuss such a damn-fool thing as a dream."

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David Booth had never been interested in the occult, unlike Shawn Robbins, a 34-year-old former model turned New York psychic. Robbins predicted the O'Hare DC-10 crash on three talk shows – the first four months before the crash. She didn't dream the sharp details that Booth saw, but she did specify that the crash would involve an American Airlines plane flying out of O'Hare bound for the West Coast. Like Booth, Robbins hadn't heard of the Central Premonitions Registry. "If both of them had written to me, it would have been the first time in the registry's history that I had the same prediction on file from two different people," says Robert Nelson. "And you can bet I'd have been on the phone to American Airlines as soon as I had received the second prediction. The registry is basically a research organisation, and originally we had no intentions of being a disaster deferral agency. But with two or more premonitions from different parts of the country describing what appears to be the same event, I can get to people who can prevent, say, a plane crash."

It's true that Nelson can't do much. Assistant to the vice-president of the

New York Times, he finances the registry out of his pocket with lecture fees he earns from various colleges and community organisations interested in paranormal phenomena. For 11 years, he and his wife Nanci have managed to handle the daily flow of predictions, filing each one with its own index card. The cards – 12,000 of them – are stored in the basement of the Nelsons' eight-room suburban house, along with original letters, copies of Nelson's replies and the questionnaires he sends to the thousands of people who submit predictions to the Central Premonitions Registry. Each day, the Nelsons and an occasional volunteer scrutinise dozens of newspapers, checking each story against their backlog of predictions. It's a tedious job that requires a computer but, as Nelson is neither subsidised nor computerised, one wonders how he can prevent disasters. An example of the letters he receives daily reads: "Dear Sir, Please note that the following events will take place within the next three years: 1) General Haig will become the 40th President of the United States. 2) Queen Elizabeth of England will die suddenly of a heart attack. There will be a downpour of rain that will seem to symbolise the sadness of the people. 3) President Sadat of Egypt will be assassinated and his body will be made almost unrecognisable."

"Now this is a damn good bunch of shots," he says. "Good detail. Like Sadat's body being mutilated, specifying a heart attack for the Queen and the downpour of rain. Good stuff, key details. A lot of professional psychics avoid giving those kinds of details. They'll say something like: 'If Sadat isn't careful in the forthcoming year, misfortune could befall him.' If he is assassinated, they can say they had a hit. Also, if he breaks his leg or loses his wallet, they claim success. Of course, if nothing happens to him, they can then justify the prediction by saying that he must have been careful. I may earn a lot of enmity from well-known psychics, but I think I can stand the vibes."

Of the 47 hits Nelson has registered since launching his registry in 1968, several are particularly remarkable. Among them: the difficulties encountered on the Apollo 14 space mission, the 1976 Guatemalan earthquake that killed thousands, the deaths of Abdul Nasser, Igor Stravinsky, Nikita Kruschev, Rocky Marciano and the shooting of George Wallace at a rally.

Osborne's precognators deal with less important world figures, though one of his three main hitters first contacted him about a newspaper headline she saw in a dream in December of 1977. It read: Australia's Most Famous Statesman Dies. It was datelined May 15. When the headline dissolved, she saw a grey, wet day and sombre-faced people marching through the streets of a city she was sure was Melbourne. Sir Robert Menzies died the following May 15 and was buried on a drizzly Friday.

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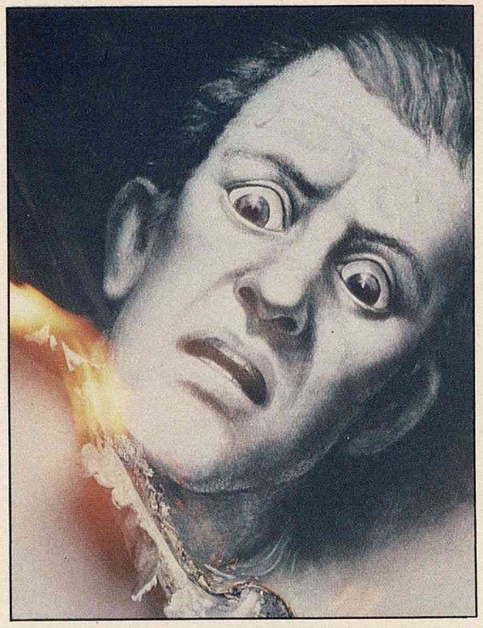
Every night, more than 14 million Australians hit the sack to sleep, perchance to dream. Odds are, sooner or later, somebody you know is going to



see tomorrow before it gets here. It might be you. So what can you do if you wake up one morning, certain that you've looked into the future? The first thing is to write down your dream immediately and send it to Dr Charles Osborne at the Caulfield Institute of Technology in Dandenong Road, Caulfield East 3145.

"We like to hear about dreams, even if there's no obvious interpretation," says Osborne. "Sometimes coincidences appear among a group. Twenty people from all over Australia, for instance, wrote in about the rugby league draw."

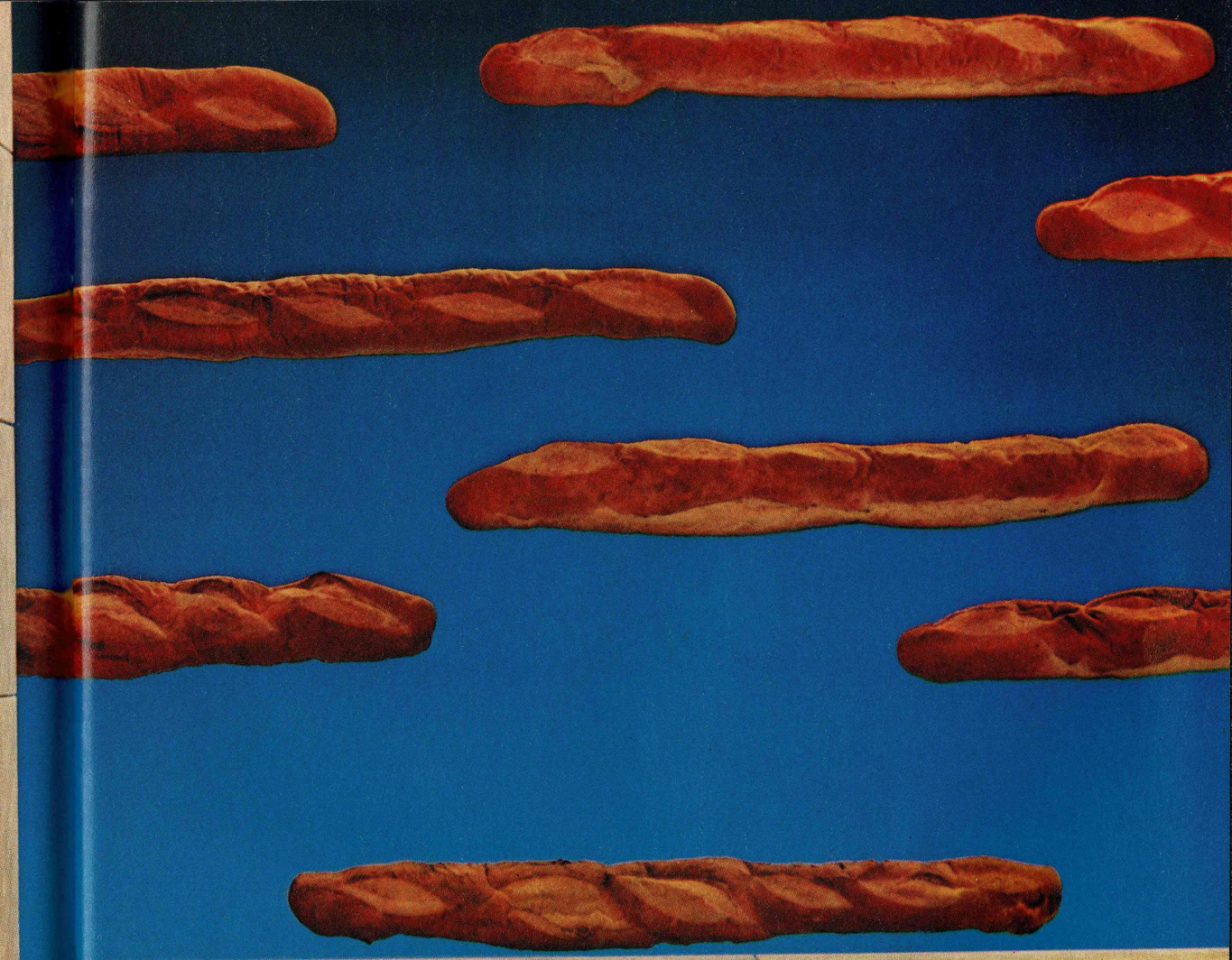
Dr Osborne is a large, genial and bearded bear of a man who works as a theoretical physicist and a senior lecturer at the Caulfield Institute of Technology. His days are spent carrying out physics duties, preparing experiments and answering the telephone to psychic callers. By night he scours through the newspapers for verification of their predictions. His obvious enthusiasm for his research is mixed with some scientific scepticism. "I'm a sheep that walks the tightrope between sheepery and goatery," he says, referring to the parapsychological definitions of sheep as people who believe human beings are capable of supersensory awareness and goats who think it's all a lot of nonsense.

Osborne intends continuing his research for at least another couple of years, by which time he hopes to clarify the conclusions he has drawn, namely that very few people get premonitions more than once, that professional psychics are very good psychologists, that the people most likely to get interesting results are at the extremes of the norm (for example, highly neurotic, or with a history of epilepsy or hyperthalmic disorders), and that premonitions perhaps can be explained in a number of ways. "First, there's the consensus theory," Osborne says. "Someone dreams an event and the other people involved in that event agree telepathically to make that event occur. Second, they could just be coincidences, lucky guesses. That theory would perhaps satisfy 99.99 percent of the scientific population. Thirdly, they could be explained by an assymmetry between the past and the future.

"On most of the physics laws, however, there appears to be no way this can be true unless the universe is like an oscillating egg, expanding to the maximum size and then contracting. If that happens, it is possible to show that time can travel backwards in the contraction phase. I'm not very fond of the fourth theory of parallel universes, with precognators seeing possible futures. But this might explain why the premonition rate is not high, because each future link occurs only if a chain of events actually happens. For example, a professional psychic told me she had seen a set of twins walking across a narrow lane, with one of them being knocked down by a truck. She told the twins, and they decided to take different routes to work. Five days later, the twin who walked the normal route was standing on the corner of the lane when a car went through a red light. One could say her twin might have been knocked down if they'd been together. And the parallel universe theory would explain that, because they decided to change their mode of operation, the possibility which the precognator saw didn't come to pass."

OUT OF MISS WORLD

Silvana Suarez, the beauty from Argentina crowned Miss World in 1978, turned out to be no sweet, innocent production line lovely. For one thing, she smokes a pipe. Beautiful Silvana is certainly bent on doing her own thing, and when she met Belgian fashion photographer Pierre Eggermont, she got her chance. It turned out that they both like surreal art — the work of Belgian surrealist Rene Magritte (1898-1967) in particular. Eggermont wanted to incorporate a real woman into Magritte-style photographs, and Silvana liked the idea. The result is definitely out of this world.



Silvana was quite hesitant to pose nude," said PLAYBOY'S *Managing Art Director Kerig Pope. "But she told me that, somehow, she didn't feel nude after I painted her body."*

With remarkable control, Silvana sometimes stood still for three hours while artist Pope applied the brushwork. Said Pope: "It's hard to paint on soft, curved surfaces."

Soft and curvaceous Silvana is, but she is nobody's fool. "There are plenty of men who want me. But they cannot buy me. Marriage needs to have a contract just like everything else."

Illustration by Davis/Farrell

THE CROOKED STAFF

the pilgrim's talisman was a two-edged sword after the undertaker's treatment

fiction By DAL STIVENS

AN undertaker living in the city of Tours in the early 16th century was the unwitting instrument of the founding of the noble house of the Sieurs of Bourdon Tortu, which won renown in the service of French kings – and queens. This undertaker of Tours was an ugly, bow-legged fellow, pock-marked and smelling always of the spices with which he salted his corpses. He had, moreover, a defective tear duct which caused water to stream continuously from a codfish right eye even at those moments of supreme pleasure which should have participants but never onlookers.

He was called Pierre Espoir (whose name in English means hope) and was the peg of many jests such as "Where there's no life there's Hope!" Master Espoir took it in good part. Such jokes kept his name on everyone's lips and were good for business. In consequence he was kept so busy that the citizens of Tours continually exclaimed as corpses were carried into the stone house on

the banks of the Loire: "There goes another stiff!"

He was very rich by the time he was 35. He had remained single, but now saw how he might use some of his gold to advance himself socially and found a noble line. He made a deal with a penniless nobleman who had an ancient title, no estate and no children save one daughter. To him, the undertaker offered a domain for his daughter's hand in marriage.

"You provide the title and I will provide the estate – and the heir," proposed the undertaker, winking as he thought of the daughter, Berthe, who was indeed a swift prompter of voluptuous visions. She was 18, dark and comely, furnished with four splendid round cushions of nature and thighs curved deliciously to hold a cavalier in that most pleasurable of all gallops. Moreover, she was merry with an "I-know-what-you'd-like-and-so-would-I!" look in her eyes.

So it was settled, though Berthe exclaimed: "What! Marry that ugly, bow-legged fellow? Never! He smells of the charnel house!"

"You'll do as you're told," said her father. "His gold does not smell and will buy a fine estate."

"Very well," said Berthe. "I'll marry him. But remember that, although you can lead a mare to water, you can't make her drink."

The undertaker married the merry girl and took her to his bed on the first floor just above the room where he stored the corpses before he disposed of them. There Berthe did decide to drink a little because, as she told herself: "I must keep the fool happy if I'm to plant horns on his head. I must look out for someone to help me get out of my plight."

She did not have to search far. There were many gallants in Tours willing to assist in such delicious gardening while the undertaker was busy about his tasks. Before long, the citizens of Tours were remarking even more frequently: "There goes another stiff!" and were referring more to the quick than the dead.

One morning, when the undertaker had taken himself up to Blois on profitable business, a handsome pilgrim with a springing black beard and red corsair lips followed Berthe to her home and there accosted the sweet young woman.

"What do you want with me, sir pilgrim?" she asked.

"I seek only to bring you comfort because you are without Hope," he told her boldly, for the pilgrim had learned her name.

This neat speech pleased Berthe, who now asked: "With what would you give me this comfort? Have you a holy relic which you have brought back with you from Rome?"

"It is no relic," said the pilgrim, who was of noble birth but impoverished. "Some might account it holy though it is not more than necessarily so." Here he shook the staff he carried. "Some might liken it to this bourdon which I bear. It is a talisman with which my dear parents endowed me at birth. It cures melancholy in maids and ill-temper in matrons."

The pilgrim warmed to his subject. "It is the greatest bringer of joy, a worker of miracles, a master tool. It is a staff which is always ready and never doubles up beneath me. It never wilts in the forge but executes all manner of wonders there. It is an instrument which, in the galleries of pleasure, evokes the most heavenly music."

"I should dearly like to behold this miraculous talisman," said Berthe, gaily. "Look to it, sir pilgrim, that your words do not outrun your performance." And she gestured the bold fellow to mount the steps to the undertaker's house with her.

"Where is he, you harlot? Where is he, trollop? I'll slit his gullet, this pilgrim who has antlered me! I'll break his staff."

"It will more than achieve what it undertakes," said the pilgrim, and went inside. There he was able to demonstrate all the powers of his talisman to her full satisfaction. He played fine tunes in which you may be sure the merry girl was not content to provide just the obligatos.

The duo continued for some hours and was broken off only reluctantly by fear of the undertaker's return. The lovers parted, determined to resume after as short an interval as possible. They resumed their tuneful recital on the following day and on each of the mornings after that for a month. During this time the undertaker went about his duties unaware of what was sprouting underneath his greasy curls.

One morning, he returned home much earlier than expected. Perhaps a little bird had whispered something to him or he might even have heard some distant reverberations of the music-making. It was, indeed, often almost loud enough to do the work of Gabriel's trumpet with the cadavers below. The undertaker rushed into his house and scurried like a demented crab from room to room. First, he went to a large chest, lifted the lid and found it empty. Then he went to his stock of coffins and peered into each empty one, pursing his lips the while and saying not a word. He found nothing because the pilgrim, Jean de Baune, had escaped down the back stairs.

"We must take care," the lovers counselled each other. But care will not merely kill cats. It also kills joy. All too soon – within the week – the lovers were helter skelter, up-tails all, and cared not a louse for the undertaker. They forgot the time while they tilted in that course where both are finally vanquished at the same moment if all goes as it should, and does so when the opponents are properly matched. After some strenuous jousts in which both were sprawled on the field of love, the undertaker returned home unexpectedly.

Jean ran swiftly to the back stairs, but he drew back with a gasp. The undertaker's assistant was coming up. At the same time Berthe, at the front windows, espied Espoir approaching the house, sword in hand and about to assault the front door.

"We are undone!" cried Jean. "My talisman is not proof against his cold, sharp steel."

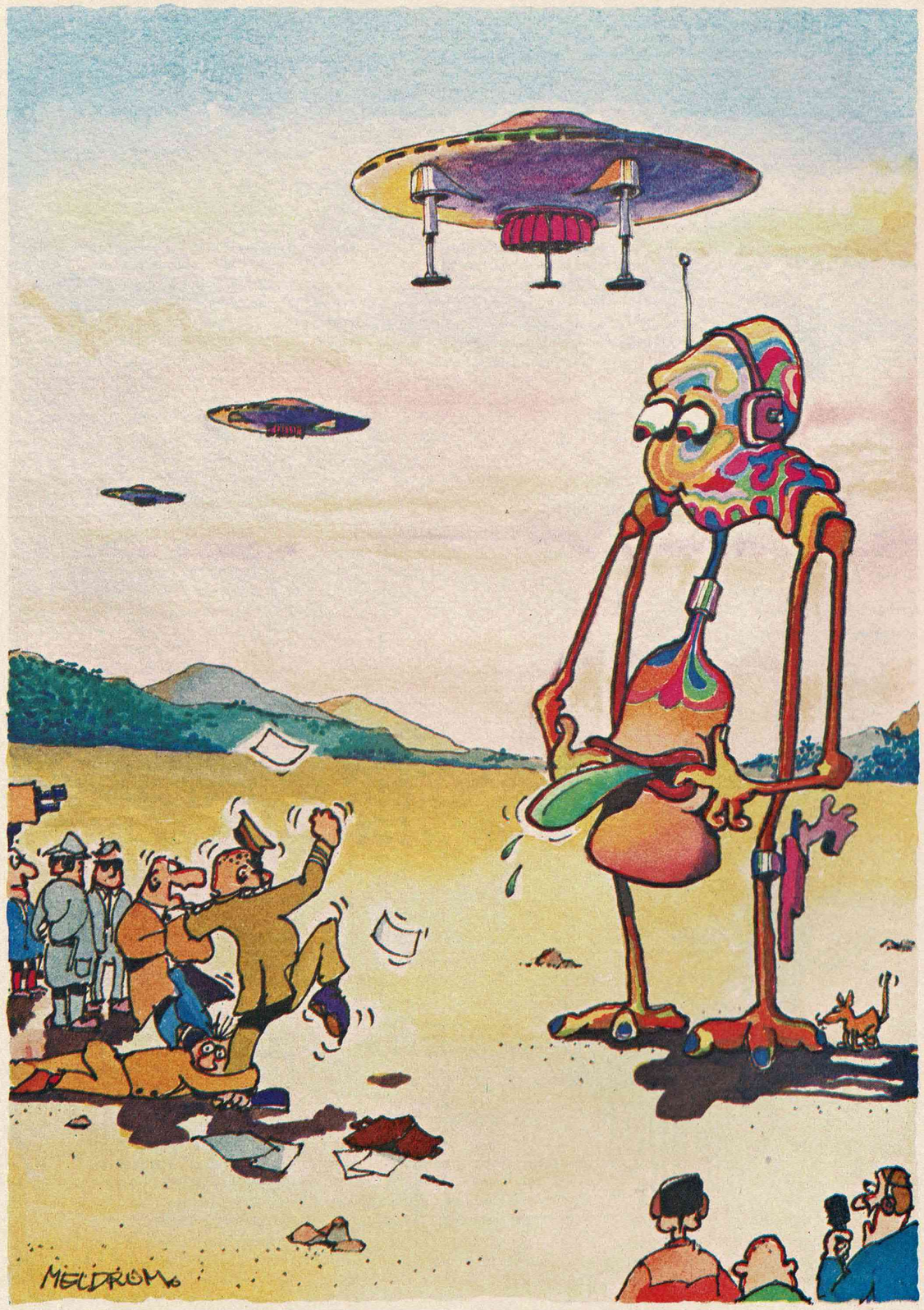
"No!" cried the quick-witted girl. "Get you down the stairs and put yourself on a slab. I'll tell my husband that you have just been hanged and brought here for burial."

This Jean did, just in time. Berthe, meanwhile, dressed quickly. Espoir burst into the house shouting: "Where is he, you harlot? Where is he, trollop? I'll slit his gullet, this pilgrim who has antlered me! I'll break his staff. I'll bury it certain fathoms in the Earth!" And more besides.

"What are you talking about, husband dear?" his wife calmly greeted him. "What's all this wild talk? Tell me calmly what it's all about."

After calling Berthe a strumpet, whore, adulteress, drab, horn-nurturer and other endearments, the undertaker cooled down sufficiently to say he had been informed that a pilgrim had been observed to enter the nuptial nest on a number of occasions, and beyond doubt there had emulated the cuckoo and laid a fine alien clutch. "What is more," added the undertaker, "the guilty bird is still somewhere about this smuggery!"

"Oh, how funny!" cried Berthe, simulating a gay, innocent laugh. "How foolish can people be?" And not wishing to lie unduly added, almost truthfully: "It is true a pilgrim is here, but this fellow did not penetrate upright on his two legs. He was helped on his back. He has been hanged and awaits burial." But the husband was



"Take it easy, General – it could mean anything."

still suspicious. "I will look at this gallows bird," he said, and ran down the stairs.

His exertions had made the pilgrim pale; he held his breath when Espoir entered, waving his sword, his wife at his heels, and contrived to look like a passable corpse. The undertaker looked him over keenly and appeared to be satisfied.

"I'll do a good job on him," he said, chuckling. Then the wily fellow added: "It does not seem to me that he has been hanged. He does not assert his manhood, which is usual." Espoir flourished his sword. Berthe saw this was so, and trembled for Jean. She wished devoutly that he bore his formidable weapon before him as her husband did.

"Perhaps, dear heart, it is cloaked by the heavy smock he wears," she faltered, blushing delicately and clutching the undertaker by the arm to delay him.

"We'll see," said the undertaker, taking a step toward the pilgrim.

"See what, dearest?"

"See if he's been hanged. Lift the smock. Investigate," said the doubtful Espoir shortly. "That'll settle it – and him." This last threat the shrewd cuckold added under his breath.

While his mistress stalled, Jean strove desperately to simulate the requisite post-hanging state which two hours, an hour, even half an hour ago, he could have done on his head – or in any other of 36 positions. But he had put many loaves in the oven and only with difficulty filled his mind with voluptuous visions and slowly achieved for the husband what he had achieved effortlessly for the wife.

The undertaker lifted the smock, and Berthe shuddered in what her husband hoped was womanly modesty and exclaimed: "How big it is – and it grows even larger in death!"

"To much more than life size, the physicians say," said the undertaker, not wishing his wife to have standards too exacting. He was growing uncertain and almost ready to credit his wife's story, because no man wants to know for certain that the foliage grows on his head.

"Bigger than life, you say?"

"More than double life size in my experience," added the undertaker firmly. "It's unseemly for the women relatives to discern it before rigor mortis can set in. Fortunately we undertakers have a way of dealing with such matters."

"How clever you are in your craft, Pierre!" cried his wife. "You must show me your secrets some day."

"There's no time like the present," said the undertaker, in whose mind a cunning scheme had formed. He told himself, "I'll do it! If he's a real stiff of another kind, I'll teach him a lesson."

He whipped out a little wooden mallet and dealt the pilgrim's flesh a sharp blow. The pilgrim yelled with pain, clasped himself, sat up groaning, and then, recalling the part he was playing, cried; "I live! Where am I? I live! I'm not on the gallows!"

"A miracle!" cried Berthe. "Oh! The poor young man. Let me bring you some wine."

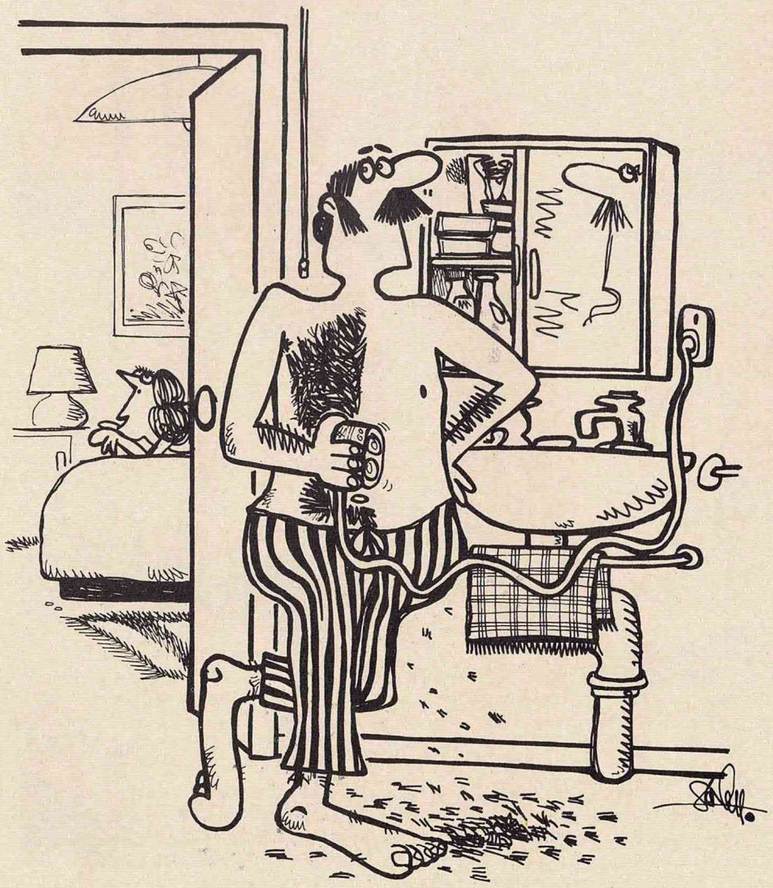
But Jean de Baune, groaning, declined her offer and ran out of the house lest the undertaker be minded to practise more aid on him.

Pierre Espoir contemplated this last emission of the pilgrim with happy calm and told himself; "It may be that I've not been antlered. But, if I have, there goes one pilgrim with a broken staff who'll no longer be able to amble at will in the fair meadows inhabited by we honest men."

And the foolish fellow chuckled, and later that night slept well after a brisk trot of inspection to assure himself of his rights of husbandry. If sweet conscience makes soft pillows, likewise it is true when a man has a well-formed wife with a bad conscience.

Master Espoir prospered exceedingly in the months that followed. The account of his reputed success in reviving the hanged brought him much business. Relatives brought him their high-steppers from the gibbet to undertake the same treatment as Jean de Baune and, because the executioner of Tours was a bungler, Espoir was many times successful performing "miracles" with his hammer.

What he did not know was that broken members mend, and that fiddlers strike their liveliest tunes and their strongest chords with bent bows. Jean de Baune afterwards took many brisk walks in Espoir's meadow where he was preferred now to all others. He sowed a lusty son there, and when the undertaker died in his 38th year, Jean married his merry mistress. With the cuckold's crown he bought a title from the king, and mindful of how his good fortune had been gained, he elected to be called the Sieur du Bourdon Tortu, and to use the emblem of a malformed staff as his crest.



"Second thoughts . . . perhaps body hair is a turn-on after all."

they're pop, or new wave, the next generation of music, and they don't care

THE Reels THING

rock By RAY SUTTON

DUBBO is a name that has passed into the language. A Dubbo is a dill, an idiot, a clown. The Reels, a group from the NSW town of Dubbo, would seem good for a giggle, but now these disenchanted Dubbo defectors have moved to Sydney, and Sydney is beginning to realise there is nothing Dubbo about them at all.

Nobody quite knows what to call the music The Reels are playing. The boys themselves have settled tentatively on second generation new wave, and while they're not really happy about it, they don't care either. They just go on playing it. "We're into melody," says Colin "Polly" Newham, the keyboard and sax player, "but we've exaggerated the bass line out of all proportion. You have to give the headbangers heaps of beat." At French's disco, the headbangers are in evidence. Down front, the crowd is bouncing up and down to the band on the grimy stage. It's the usual French's melange of

kids – grooving, pissed, even some straight (if anyone can stay straight after a couple of sets of this).

It could be the pharmaceutical '50s again. The dress is much the same: small collars, narrow ties and tight pants. Even hair is short. The music is more sophisticated than it was then, but there is a lot of the energy of the early rockers. "It's time for a bit of spastic calypso," announces Dave Mason, the singer. "Manic music" he calls it later.

It's easy to understand everybody's confusion. Sometimes their songs sound like a symbiosis of new wave and reggae; some are very electronic and spacy. Euro rock, Reels-style, sounds like neuro rock. Other numbers rock along. They don't play ballads. On some songs, they drop the tempo back a notch or two, but mostly everything is up. The curious beat rolls on, becomes compulsive and your body moves as erratically as a puppet on strings. Your limbs twitch, move in hypnotic answer to the chugging, rolling line.

I watch the crowd. I haven't seen involvement like this in a long time. They move to the rhythm, but it is a disjointed, robotic twitch, as if the smooth synapses of their nervous systems are being jammed by electronic interference. The '60s introduced the Twist – are the '80s going to usher in the Twitch?

The vocals are chopped, staccato. Who can hear the words? Who cares? The message is working on another level. Dave writes most of the lyrics and he refuses to attach very much significance to them. Later, he admits he feels some may have something to say. He dedicated his song "Apathy" to Tamie Fraser.

**Johnny took to sleeping late,*
Watched TV, put on weight.
Julie took to tranquillisers,
Filled her mind with game show prizes.

"We are the media generation," he says. "Coming from Dubbo, most of our influences are TV or records."

Johnny's bedsores finally kill,
Julie ODs from the pill.
Baby ends up real unstable,
Hangs herself with the TV cable.

Dave doesn't look for answers or meanings. "There are no conclusions, no answers," he says. Even their name means nothing. "We sat down to think of a name for the group, and I said The Reels. Everyone said yeah and left it at that. I don't know where it came from. The name just sounded right, but it means nothing."

Watching the band, you can see there is something there, something that is marketable. They say they are a pop band and don't like being called a rock and roll band. Craig Hooper, the lead guitarist, says: "We are trying to make pop music respectable again. It hasn't been respectable since the days of the Beatles, and they really invented it anyway."

There is a pop-band look to them. Dave has the androgynous quality of Bowie or Lou Reed. He is thin, almost wistful in appearance and his voice has little-boy undertones in its slight huskiness. There is a trace of a sneer, an underlying irony in his stage manner. He bounces up and down with the rest of the band, but his on-stage movements are restrained. He spreads imploring hands or raises the didactic finger. Paul Abrahams, the bass guitarist, is the mover. He prowls about restlessly, trying to keep the group moving. His dark good looks are no handicap to the band.

Polly snarls and chortles over his keyboards. According to the others, his moods are mercurial. He has bouts of elation and depression. When he's elated, he swoops and pounds, throws back his head and laughs a lot. When he's depressed, he takes it out on the music, and, as a result, there is a more than usual edge to the neurotic intensity of their sound.

"I remember thinking: 'This is what the music of the '80s is going to sound like.' I didn't know what to call their sound. I still don't."

Craig is an incipient teeny-bopper idol. He is pale, thin, studious looking in his wire-framed glasses, and is very young. He joined the group straight from school.

John Bliss pounds powerfully at his drums. He is thickset, and strong and the strength and sublety of his drumming is the foundation of the band. The others say he has perfect teeth.

Looking at them, you know they will soon be centrefolds in the pop magazines. They have already acquired that unity of image which makes a pop group. "Suddenly, the group has become an entity of its own," Paul says. "We aren't sure how or when it happened. But, all of a sudden the Reels has become bigger than the individuals in it."

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I first heard of them back in '77. They were the Brucelanders then, and I never got around to hearing them. A band from Dubbo? They say I didn't miss much. The Brucelanders, according to them, were a pretty nebulous band. They weren't sure what they were doing, except that it was different from what they're doing now.

They were doing it hard, scuffling around the gigs, getting ripped off. The usual story. There were personnel changes. The bass player who preceded John found God and went home to a pig farm in Dubbo. They changed their name, and I started to hear rumors of The Reels blowing established groups off the stage, of a record contract. I thought Polygram was hardly the company for the kind of group that they were supposed to be. Suddenly, money didn't seem to matter. They were given an inordinate amount of studio time for a virtually unknown group. That was strange, I thought.

"I really went out on a limb for them," said Peter Plavsic, A and R for Polygram and ex-member of Sebastian Hardie. "I heard them for the first time at the Civic back about 18 months ago, and I remember thinking: 'This is what the music of the '80s is going to sound like.' I hear a lot of bands and they're mostly just variations on the same thing. They were doing something entirely new. I didn't know what to call their sound. I still don't.

"I knew they had to be recorded right, and I had to find the right producer and studios, and they had to have the right material. That's why I gave them so much studio time. I booked them into studios all over town to let them get the feel of things. They weren't ready then. When they said they wanted to record in Dubbo, I wasn't game to tell anybody in the company. I just went ahead and did it."

Peter hired a $150,000 mobile studio housed in a Mercedes 408 truck, one of three in Australia that is normally used for recording live concerts and TV specials. The Reels laid down the rhythm tracks and overdubs in nine days on the verandah of a property in Dubbo under the supervision of their sound man, a guy called Harley "Deadperson" Richardson.

"The rhythm tracks are the most important part of a record," Peter said. "They give the feel to the whole thing." They finished the mixing and the rest of the overdubs at Albert's in Sydney, the studio in which they'd felt most comfortable. Peter hired Mark Opitz, who'd done The Angels' records, as their producer.

"I took the finished recording to the company as a fait accompli," he said. "There were a few baffled looks, but they all knew we had something. And I still don't know whether Australia is ready for them yet."

Regardless of whether Australia is ready for them, Britain and Europe

"Can I have a print for my passport?"

seem to have no doubts. Last October, Peter Plavsic gave some Reels tapes to Nigel Grange, the head of Ensign Records, who was out here setting up the Boomtown Rats tour.

"I gave him the tapes as he was boarding the plane," Plavsic said. "All I said was: 'Have a listen to these.' Two weeks later, the telex started clicking. He said they were 'absolutely brilliant' and thought they were better than anything they had over there."

Grange tried to buy the British and European rights, but missed out. In a three-way contest between Ensign, RSO and Polygram London, Polygram emerged the winners.

But nobody in Australia knows what to make of The Reels. The smell of money is in the air, and the rock industry is lifting inquisitive nostrils, testing the wind for the sweet odor of the long green. Could The Reels be the new thing? Everybody knows they have something. Exactly what, they don't know, but they're damned sure they're going to be in on it, whatever it is.

Why The Reels? Listen to rock radio and check out the music being played. Over the past 12 months, there has been a considerable incursion by Euro-rock groups into the playlists, even on commercial stations — music that was thought unplayable on commercial stations. Craig pointed out that there were only two songs on their first LP that are theoretically playable on the pop stations, but strange, quirky songs with a minimum of promotion have forced their way into the charts. It seems to be the seasonal generation change that appears in pop music.

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Dave caused a minor bombshell last year when he revealed in a Sydney newspaper interview that he smokes marijuana. The reaction in the music world was ho-bloody-hum. What made his confession newsworthy is that he is the son of John Mason, leader of the NSW Liberal Opposition.

"I set it up," confessed Robert Du Rose, The Reels' manager. "They had had it pretty easy up until then. They'd been exposed only to the rock press. Articles there are really just free ads. You get a few more people to the gigs, that's all.

"It was Dave's baptism by fire. He's very open; he doesn't know how to lie. He's going to have to learn."

Robert is unrepentent. "I did what had to be done," he said, claiming that, far from being an embarrassment to his father, Dave is really an embarrassment to the band. His image as a Liberal leader's son had associations which detracted from what the band was about. "The separation had to be made some time," Robert said. "I told you guys it was going to be different when we had product."

Robert has learned the lessons of the city well. He slept on the floor when he first came to town. He worked with Dragon for a while, and must have learned fast, because he saw something in The Reels and grabbed it with both hands.

Since he took them over, things have moved quickly. There is something machine-like about him. You can almost hear a whirr, a click of computer cards. Click: discard. Click: accept. Click: where's the angle? There is a tension inside him, a gleaming avidity in his eyes.

I spoke to John Mason about the group before the *Daily Mirror* interview, and he was fairly aglow with paternal pride. "I think David has a great gift," he said. "I have great confidence in him and the band. I admire their dedication. They've been through some really tough times, but they never gave up. They deserve all the success they get."

I said I thought The Reels' songs were at variance with the accepted idea of a Liberal leader's son. "David is representative of the youth of today," he said. "They are confused and groping. They think we've lost the way, but I think his songs are positive. Love will find a way. Surely that's positive?"

Dave smiled when I told him what his father had said. "That's just the way Dad would look at it." He wasn't happy that the interview may have produced dissension with his father or affected his political career. The Masons are a close family. Dave shares a flat with his sister Bizzy (Katharine), who is a feminist working as a driver delivering spare parts for Repco. Paul and Mark, two other brothers, share a house in Glebe. Paul is a roadie with the band, and Mark, who has just finished a secretarial course, handles their correspondence. They have a younger brother, Pippi (Phillip), 16, at home in Dubbo, who is starting his own band. "Pippi's weird," said Dave. "Even I don't understand him."

John Mason is a believer in personal integrity and freedom. "Dad wouldn't even have us confirmed," Dave said. "He believes that our religions should be our own choice. We used to get 'heavied' by other Methodist ministers, never by Dad."

A Dubbo friend of the Masons confirmed this. "They're a family of very strong individuals," he said. "I used to believe that they were rebelling against a father who started out as a Methodist minister and ended as the leading Liberal in the State, but they're still very close."

There are political differences, but there are in most families. Dave said he is not political, nor is he a radical. "When I voted Communist, it was Jack Mundey for the Senate. I voted for Mundey, not the party."

Dave is attracted to causes rather than political parties, and the causes can cut across political divisions. He is disillusioned with all the established parties, and polls show that it is a feeling shared by a large section of the Australian people.

There is a contagion of conversion around The Reels. "Everyone around them seems to have a feeling of destiny," said Plavsic.

John Mason said: "I had my fortune told in the street in Tokyo. That woman told me some incredible things. Never mind what, but she did tell me I had sons who were musicians and they would go overseas and become tremendously successful. What do you think of that?"

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It might be the dark, cavernous womb of French's, but as I watch them, I remember those first film clips I had seen of the Beatles at the Cavern in Liverpool. I have the same feeling of innovation and freshness. The Reels have embraced technology and made it their thing. The media is their sea and they move as naturally in it as fish. They are the media generation and it holds no terrors for them.

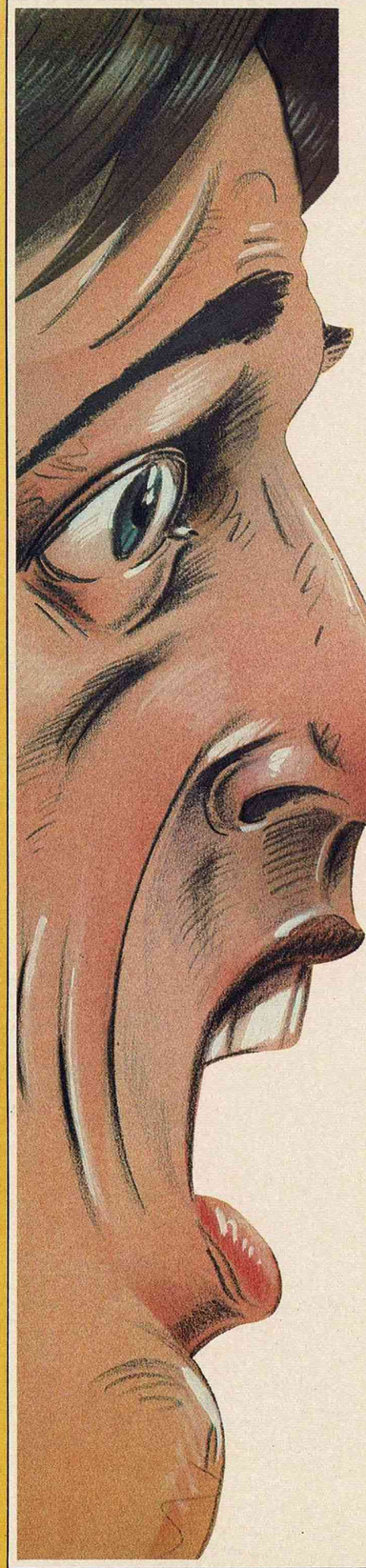
"We're not trying to say anything," says Dave. "What is there to say? We all know life is miserable. We're sick of being told how screwed up we are and how screwed up the world is. What the hell, let's dance."

The cigarette smoke and the thick air of too many bodies too close together oppress me. The bouncing bodies down the front seem to be jerking in a dance of death.

**Hey, pin on your polka-dot slacks*
real tight.
Hey, cake on your make-up ultra
bright.
Hey, hey, hey, hey, pin on your
badges of the current pops.
Hey, hey, hey, hey, jump up and
down and never stop.
Oh, oh, oh, and when we jump
higher and higher
We feel like the Reichstag fire.
Dance, lovers of plastic pop.

Echoes, ominous echoes. Is there the sound of Berlin in there? The barrel organ sound of German jazz? Is it the fire again? Beside me at the bar, a youth sinks gracefully to the floor, cradles his head in his hands and nods off, curled foetus-like, in amiable sleep. And outside on the footpath, a girl and two boys lie, settling into the same euphoria. The police van draws up.

*(C) Edensongs 1979. David Mason, lyricist



FEAR OF LAUGHING

sex has always been fun — so why can't it be funny

article **By ERICA JONG**

I KNOW about a young man who claims he can judge the horniness of a woman by her *shoes* (i.e., a high-heeled, naked-looking, sling-back connotes readier availability than a clog). While this method of assessing female willingness is not to be guaranteed for its infallibility, it has at least the distinction of being the most amusing thing I've heard about sex in a long time. Alas, it did seem that much of the humor and whimsy went out of sex in the sullen '70s. The young man with the incipient shoe-fetish — which he finds as funny as anyone — is one of the few people still liberated enough to laugh about sex. What hath sexual liberation wrought? How did sex get grim and the '70s sullen? The screaming '60s did not give way to the sullen '70s all at once, of course. In fact, that frenetic period we usually refer to as "The '60s" is really the *late* '60s and the sullen '70s are really the *late* '70s — as if we were not sure what the flavor of a particular decade was until it was almost over. But now it does indeed seem clear that, since 1975 or so, the decade turned sullener and sullener, sexually speaking, and a sense of humor between the sexes began to go the way of the myth of vaginal orgasm and condoms under the pharmacy counter.

Is there any reason to believe this will change in the '80s? I hope so, but the signs hardly look promising. The women's movement, for all its vital work, seems to have left a legacy of male nervousness about offending "new" women; the "sexual revolution" (which, to my mind, has hardly even begun) seems to have unleashed a mammoth backlash among the ever-present guardians of our morality; reproductive freedom seems once again under attack; book-banning, if not

Illustration by Lou Reiser

burning, is still going strong; and, while grim female separatists argue whether women who sleep with men are "really feminists", even grimmer Right-to-Lifers argue about the civil rights of foetuses our daughters aren't even old enough to gestate. Not a situation designed to tickle the funny-bone – assuming that we still have one.

Whence this sexual grimness? To say "puritanism" and leave it at that explains nothing, although, in essence, that may be the answer. Most sexually terrified cultures seem to be subject to periods of feast and periods of famine.

The feast only just gets going (and people taste the *hors d'oeuvres* without feeling too guilty) when the protectors of public morality march in again, deploring that very "licence" and "moral depravity" which, in fact, have scarcely surfaced. Suddenly we are in the midst of another backlash, and the moral guardians – those people who busy themselves removing public temptation so they will not be tempted themselves – are back among us, rapping our knuckles every time we reach for a goody.

It's pointless to inform them that they're rapping other people's knuckles just to keep from playing with themselves. Moral guardians are never self-aware (or they wouldn't become moral guardians). One might as well tell the Ayatollah that he's a male chauvinist or Anita Bryant that she'd really like to strangle her husband, and that's why she preaches submission. Freud's true message – that the unconscious exists and that it manipulates our lives unbeknown to us – has not been understood. Self-aware people rarely concern themselves with public morality, or what other people do in bed with whom. The fear of sexuality which has been a major component in Western culture for centuries has never been eradicated, though in the late '60s it may have appeared that way. In short, reports of the death of puritanism are, sadly, much exaggerated.

All the same, those reports have managed to generate new repression. The women's movement, the decline of censorship in magazine and in book publishing, and the ready availability of written pornography and sexually explicit films, may create the *illusion* that morality has been profoundly altered, but puritanical, patriarchal attitudes persist under the gaudy artifacts of the so-called "sexual revolution". I believe, in fact, that pornography is a symptom of puritanism rather than an indicator of its demise. The sexually healthy culture does not divide books into "clean" and "dirty", and it does not fragment life into sexual and non-sexual components. A sexually healthy culture is one in which sex is received into the mainstream of life and is neither over-

nor under-estimated. We can scarcely say we have such a culture today – at least, not in the West.

What does this have to do with humor between the sexes? A great deal. The ability to laugh at ourselves is a sign of health; and the capacity for laughter about sexuality is a sign of security about our sexual identities. Just as humor about the church was tolerated during the Middle Ages (when religion was a living force for great numbers of people), and not tolerated in the 17th century (when faith was beginning to wane in favor of rationalism and scientism), the ability to joke about something implies an underlying security of belief. It is my conviction that the general humorlessness of the women's movement (there are *some* exceptions to this, but not, alas, very many) stems from a great uncertainty on the part of many women that they can really *tolerate* – psychologically – the freedom they demand. This is understandable, even poignant. The most outwardly liberated woman today is likely to have a far less liberated mother; thus she is bound to feel two sets of values in conflict. The part of herself that heeds the parental imperative, with all its emotional seductions, longs to go back to the old security of home, hearth and oppression. The more cerebral part of her chooses liberation. In such a state of psychological turmoil, where is there room for humor? Humor may be the consolation of the underdog, but the ability to laugh is the privilege of the already-liberated. Easy laughter implies a doubleness of vision and a sense of security about gains already won.

I remember that, when *Fear of Flying* was first published in 1973, I heard grumbling from several radical feminists about the deficiencies of my vision: my heroine was too sexually-oriented, too male-oriented, and too full of wise-cracks. A writer friend finally told me to my face why my book was seen as somewhat treasonous by certain feminists: "You're writing humorously about the battle between the sexes," she said, *"and it's no laughing matter!"*

I can understand this position, even, at times, wholly sympathise with it. What revolution, after all, has *ever* been humorous? Most revolutions begin by banning privilege and end by banning sex and books. Moreover, revolutionaries need slogans in black and white to make their grievances against the status quo widely known. Humor *cannot* serve their purpose, because it deals in shades of grey, in double, even triple, visions. How can it *not* risk confusion? How can it *not* offend some just as certainly as it can amuse others?

The list of writers who have been put in the pillory or the jailhouse for their humor is very long; it includes Rabelais, Voltaire, the Marquis de Sade, and also the relatively dour Defoe, whose attempt at a satirical essay about the maltreatment of dissenters misfired utterly, landing him in the stocks.

Nothing is quite as dangerous to its author as satire, for satire depends upon tone, subtle word use, topical social reference and, especially, capacity for humor of its readers – something the writer can neither predict nor control. Since the funny-bone is a vestigial organ in times of social change, and since the gift for irony is always a rather rare human trait, the satirist always runs the risk of being misunderstood by both sides of any issue: if the king doesn't behead him, the revolutionary tribunal surely will. Thus I fear

that we will restore a sense of humor between the sexes only when we are more secure about our roles in society. When women truly feel liberated, they will be able to laugh at themselves again, and when men truly accept female equality, they will not worry so much about how they should act with liberated women.

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Neither literature nor life can be reduced to revolutionary slogans without great violence being done to our humanity. There is a tendency today to try to reduce both writers and their books to slogans and to attempt to recruit them as soldiers in various ideological battles. "What do you *really mean* by the ending of your novel?" readers are always asking; and books are often reviewed according to the sides they seem to be taking when, in fact, it should be obvious that if one wished merely to take sides, one would hardly go to the trouble of writing a 300-page novel. The novelist writes novels precisely because the human events he or she wishes to chronicle cannot be reduced to slogans.

What conclusions we draw from the differing attitudes toward sex is yet another matter. Patterns of sexual change take years to emerge, and we are not very good at recognising them in our own culture. Still, it is true, as Henry Miller once said, that "books are created in response to our inner needs". Thus it is important to recognise the grim and violent components in many modern novels and to contemplate why many readers find in that violent sexuality a mirror of their own lives. I often become discouraged by the amount of violence I see in modern novels (and of course in movies and on TV) because it seems to me that we turn toward violence as a source of titillation, a way out of emotional numbness, an excitement beyond that of sexuality (but which usually has a sexual component). I have always marvelled at the curious double standard that sees sex as dirty and mayhem as acceptable for family consumption. Even in the old days of censorship, a disembowelling wouldn't be banned in Boston, but a blow job surely would.

If books are created in response to our inner needs, so too is humor. As our sexual roles begin to change, our humor about sex must also change. Jokes which degrade women are not as funny as they once were. Mother-in-law jokes and sexy secretary jokes seem more and more irrelevant and tasteless as we come to recognise the humanity of women. Some of us are beginning to find we can no longer laugh at women as fragmented organs. But when the old humor of oppression dies, what will come along to take its place? The humor of derogation must have a scapegoat as the circus must have a clown, and for centuries women served this purpose. I think that much of the current nervousness about men and women, as well as the uncertainty about what is or is not funny, stems from the fact that sexual values are changing at different rates in different parts of the world. What may be funny in Woody Allen's *Manhattan* is tragic in Iran, a matter of total indifference in the gay bars of Sydney, and almost incomprehensible in the truckies' country cafes. While gentle irony runs

the risk of being baffling to the unsophisticated, the most outrageous and iconoclastic humor runs the risk of sending its author to the gibbet or the guillotine – especially in times of changing values. And this is one reason why humor between the sexes is so problematical right now: we have literally dozens of sexual cultures co-existing side by side.

While I am not the sort of feminist who feels offended by nude female centrefolds (on the contrary, I think they serve a useful social function – if you consider masturbation useful, that is), I *do* wince at the unacknowledged sexism in a film like *Manhattan* which poses as being sexually hip, but really takes a series of not-so-funny swipes at women. Jokes about wives becoming lesbian and writing books about their ex-husbands don't tickle my funny-bone. Just as my gut feeling says that anti-semitic jokes are funny only when told by Jews, I tend to feel that jokes about women turning lesbian (or turning writer) are funny only when told by women writers. And even then people are likely to misunderstand.

When I attempted a spoof of lesbian chic in *How To Save Your Own Life,* lots of people thought I was questioning gay rights, or attacking lesbian sex, when I was trying only to parody the absurd situation that results when people choose their sexual partners out of duty, faddishness, or status-seeking rather than out of true inclination. You can see the whole matter is tricky.

For what is sexually funny depends not only on the joke but also on the teller *and* on the audience. So where does that leave us? We cannot have only men telling jokes about men and only women telling jokes about women and a high commissar of sexual humor arbitrating over it all. That would be even worse than the present rebellion. And it remains regrettably true that one man's humor is another man's bad taste, while one woman's funny-bone is another woman's soapbox. Just as there are people who consider *any* humor counter-revolutionary, the majority of people consider their own jokes funny and someone else's jokes tasteless. Nor does one's sense of humor fail to change in the course of one's development. Fart jokes are not as sublimely humorous to me as they were when I was 10 (though they're still a whole lot better than most of the jokes I hear). Irish jokes are, I guess, funny to me only because I'm not Irish. I adore *The Benny Hill Show* in spite of the fact that my English intellectual friends think it's the pits; and I am more offended by a Woody Allen slur upon women than a Benny Hill one because I *expect* things from a fellow New Yorker, fellow Jew, fellow writer that I would never expect from a British comic.

Ahah. Perhaps this is the crux of the matter with sexual humor: our expectations. What is funny coming from an unenlightened boob is not quite so funny coming from a sophisticate. As women's status (presumably) rises and various sexual standards co-exist, it becomes more and more difficult to separate humor from bad taste. Moreover, this separation must be made again and again and on all levels. Since

we judge not only the joke itself but the joke in the context of teller and hearer, we are constantly being called upon to make subtle adjustments in the tuning of our funny-bones. We need a veritable xylophone of funny-bones to be able to cope with today's cultural chaos.

In the past, the traditionally low status of women provided a rather easy, ever-available target for humor. "Never trust a woman, not even a dead one" goes an old Slavic proverb. "Women are only children of a larger growth," said Lord Chesterfield. "Here lies my wife: here let her lie. Now she's at rest. And so am I," said John Dryden in a characteristic couplet. Female gabbiness, wiliness, stupidity, stubbornness, lecherousness, extravagance, fecklessness and fickleness provided unfailing sources of sexual jokes. As long as society at large *accepted* these givens about female character – or the lack of it – there was never any dearth of material for jokes about the sexual status quo. No one seemed to notice that the sexual stereotypes about women often contradicted each other. In fact, if you study a compendium of dirty jokes about women, you will find that our sex is condemned for being sexless *and* insatiable, stingy *and* extravagant, duplicitous *and* naïve, dominant *and* submissive. Never mind what we really *are,* the only constant is constant condemnation.

In his brilliant (if occasionally daft and dogmatically Freudian) volume, *Rationale of the Dirty Joke,* Gershon Legman points out that humor is in reality verbal aggression, and that most jokes about women derive from men's fear of female dominance. Sexual humor about women is, in fact, a way of settling scores. Men feel that women have too much power in sex (and perhaps in all of life), and they use hostile humor as the great equaliser. Samuel Johnson summed up this basic male fear and envy of women in his famous line: "Nature has given women so much power that the Law has wisely given them little." Here, I suspect, are the beginnings of patriarchy, and of patriarchal humor as well.

Woman's awesome ability to create life, together with man's uncertainty about paternity, potency and performance, lead to the frantic male need to control women that results in patriarchy. Since we are all inheritors of patriarchal culture, patriarchal assumptions, patriarchal literature, art, religion, sex, and sexual jokes, it is hard for us to see how truly pervasive and distorting an influence it is upon our lives – particularly our sexual lives. But we must try. The very fact that the Bible describes man giving birth to woman (rather than it happening in that ordinary yet miraculous way it happens all around the globe, every millisecond) should inform us about the topsy-turvy way our culture has chosen to misconstrue reality. But all of man's attempts to hold women down have availed him nought. He *has* succeeded in making us economic semi-slaves, social inferiors, and handmaidens rather than matriarchs, but the battlefield of the bed still defeats him. Hence the function of sexual humor – a last ditch defence against that last ditch that entices him, mocks him, pleasures him, fascinates him, repels him, gives birth to him, and finally buries him.

Can we honestly expect this to change because of a decade of media hype about women's liberation and the nervousness it has wrought? Doubtful. Even if the sexes had complete social equality (which we are far from having in spite of the advent of the working mother, the cultural changes wrought by the two-income family, and the general acceptance of oral sex), male fear of women would have the same physiological and psychological roots.

Perhaps, too, one of the reasons for the great discomfort we see around us derives from the fact that men still have the same psychological need to attack women (the joke as verbal aggression), but it is no longer thought chic or sophisticated to do so. Thus two imperatives come into conflict: the desire to be trendy, with-it, sophisticated, cool (so crucial in our status-seeking culture) dictates that the hip man be "sensitive" to women, and pay lip service to women's liberation; but the old, primitive castration anxieties still push him to release his fear of female dominance in jokes that degrade women. Where does this conflict leave him? Silent, usually. Silent and confused. He can't make the old jokes without appearing *déclassé* and no one seems to have discovered any new ones. To return to my earlier point about humor and mental health, I think that, paradoxically, we are in *worse* psychological shape now than when we could all laugh at some of the classic subjects of sexual jokes – big vaginas, small penises, vaginal secretions and smells, impotent penises and, of course, masturbating nuns.

Why? Because we have lost the escape valve of the sexual joke and found no replacement for it. Perhaps that's why there is so much sexual gloom, and newly repressive movements seem to be burgeoning everywhere. Women's liberation made some cosmetic changes, and inflation sent millions of mothers and wives to work, but our basically repressive patriarchal society has never really been restructured. Yet we are not supposed to talk about this evident truth. We are supposed to mouth platitudes about "growing liberation for women" and "sensitive" men as if we were blind to the reality of our society's underlying structures. So both men and women suffer as a result of this lying, particularly this lying to self. The old humor of oppression at least reflected certain basic truths about society. Men *were* afraid of women sexually; women *were* socially manipulated by men. Now we have lost that tradition of hostile humor, but we have yet to create a humor of liberation – so either we laugh at the old degrading jokes and feel guilty and smarmy, or we shut up and feel repressed. Neither alternative provides for our psychological needs.

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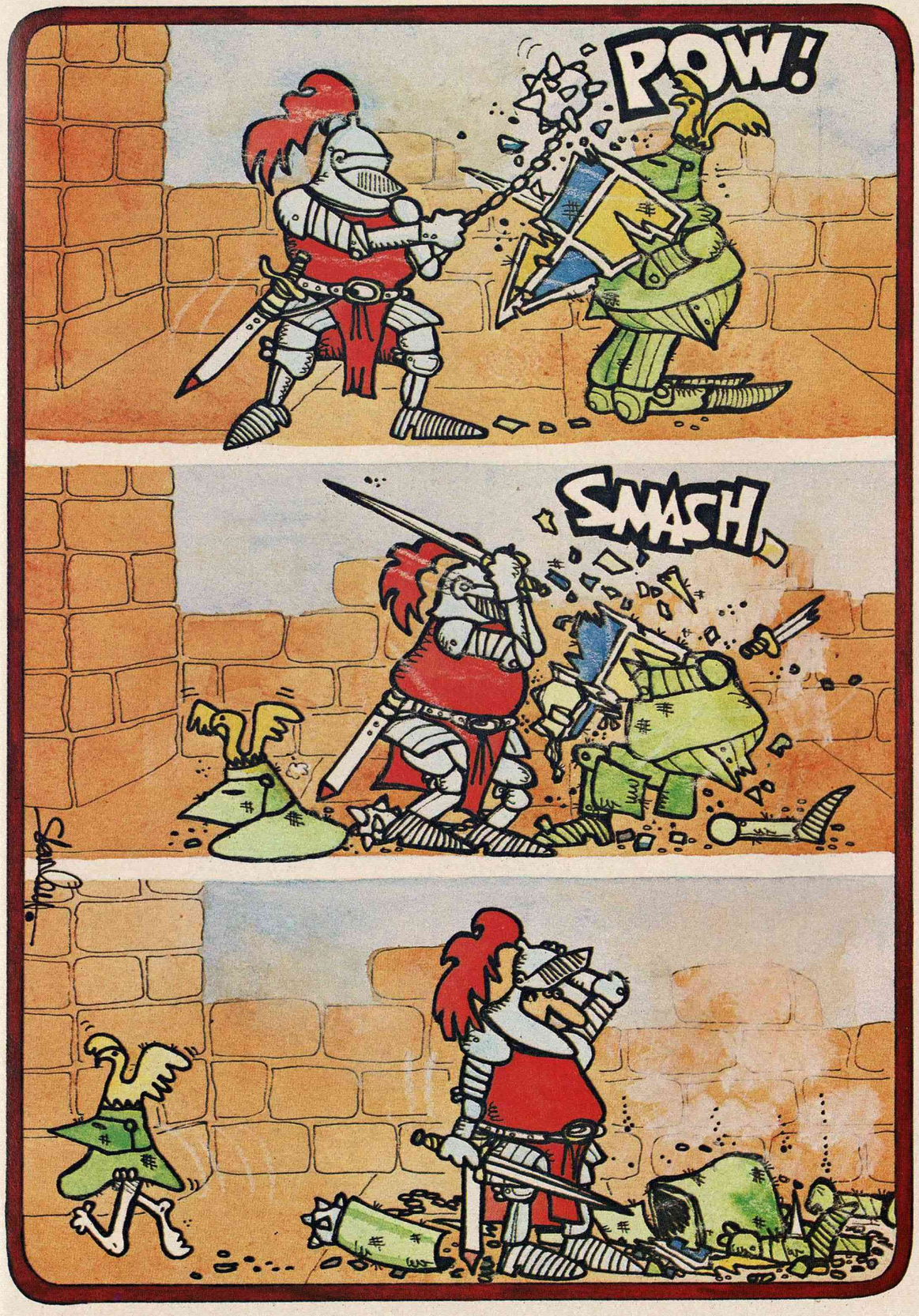
But wait – maybe the concept of a liberated joke book *isn't* a contradiction in terms. Maybe Dottie Archibald is pointing us in the right direction.

"Certainly humor needs a scapegoat," says Archibald, one of the brightest of the new breed of women standup comics on US television. "But the scapegoat can be the *situation,* not a gender-linked trait." Archibald, who writes her material with her husband, has two rules for her humor: no self-deprecation and no female retaliation against men (i.e., small dick jokes – to compensate for all those years of big vagina jokes).

She wants, rather, to portray "the intelligent woman baffled by the world" – and she succeeds admirably, I think. She has created the persona of a working woman with both house and spouse but, although she pokes fun at her husband, she pokes equal fun at herself – albeit not in the way of Phyllis Diller. There is no talk of her inability to snare a husband and no making herself look freakish. She comes on stage looking like a pretty, 30ish woman, dressed in ordinary but attractive clothes. Her mystification by life represents that of her women viewers; it has been said of Archibald that she has simply walked out of the audience and turned around.

Dottie Archibald maintains that things are certainly getting better in the field of liberated humor. Few of the younger male comics rely on sexist jokes any more, she says, and the opportunities for women are greater than ever. We may finally be entering an age in which it is possible to make fun of *human* traits rather than those of either men or women.

I certainly hope the '80s prove this true. Whatever else the decade brings, it will be a lot easier for all of us to take if we can still have our laughs – and be liberated too.



Fine Art

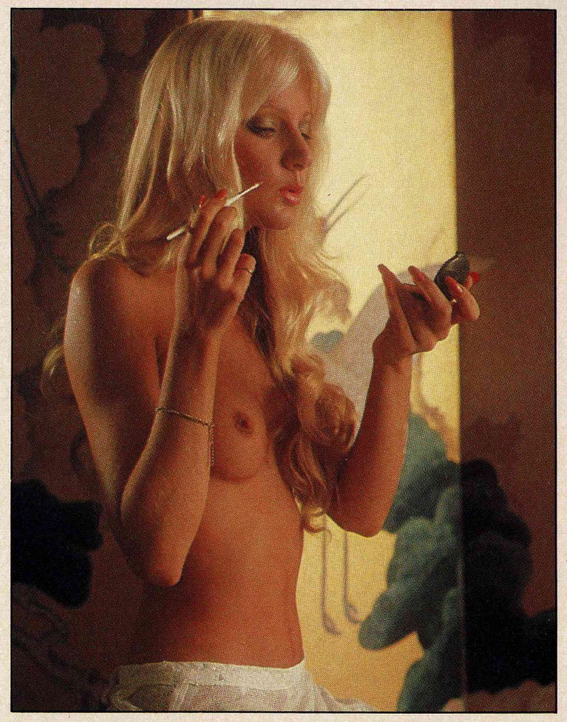
portrait of the artist as a beautiful, blue-eyed, curvaceous young woman

THE PURSUIT of that infinite beauty drove the masters to ear-lopping distraction, but art for art's sake turned the corner when Julie Price took up the sketching pad. Instead of beauty being confined to the model and the canvas, beautiful, blue-eyed Julie put herself at the other end of the brush and her work has added a new twist to her favorite subject, erotic art.

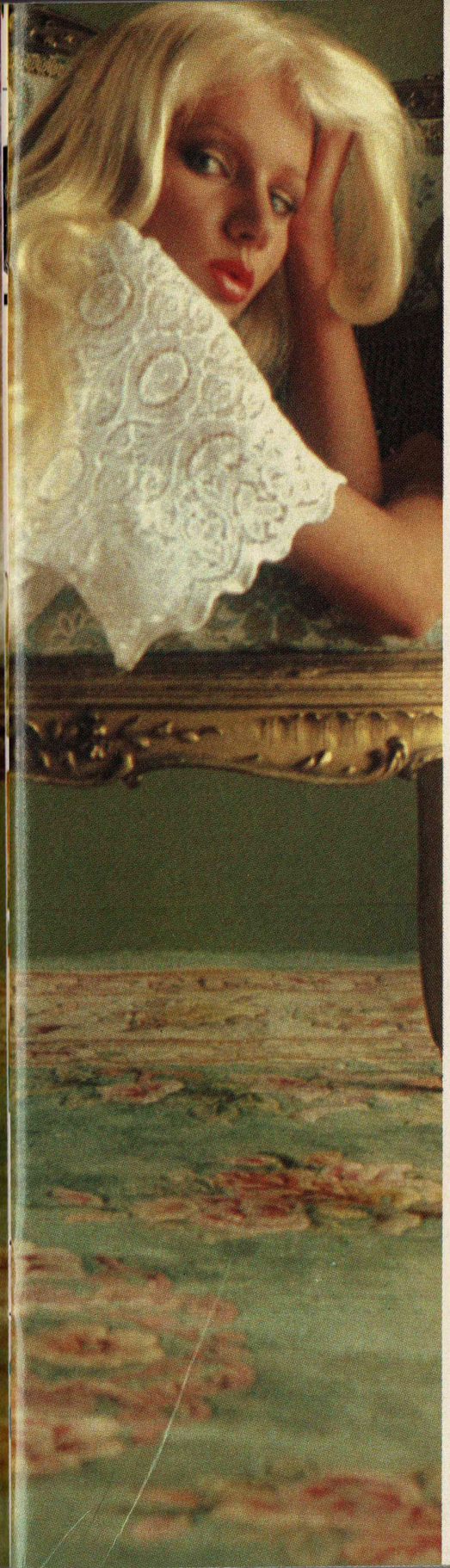
At 24, Julie has found that her blonde features and tan look best at home on Queensland's Gold Coast, where her love for both art and music get a special stimulus. As an artist, she has an appreciation of erotic form, evident in her beautiful illustrations of women. "I think the female

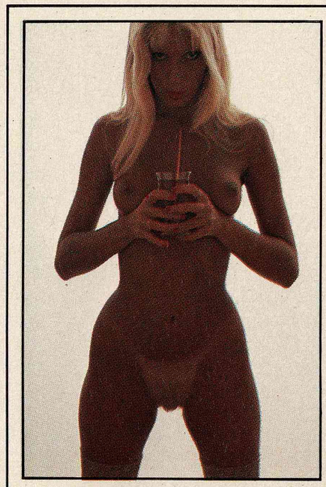
Photography by Rico Mettbach.

"I like a dominant man in bed. If he feels he's in control, it makes him aware of his masculinity and my femininity, and that's what makes for happiness."



"My friends say that I'm crazy for being subservient to a man, but I'm prepared to do anything to keep him happy. By doing so, it keeps me happy as well."





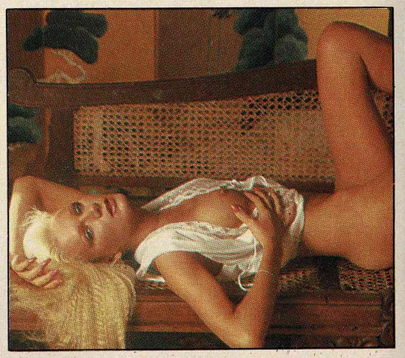
body is really something quite beautiful to draw," she says, and her work reflects her sense of beauty and freedom of expression. The freedom to blend lifestyle with ambition projects Julie into different streams of thought, and most of them are associated with a wish to convey the beauty of art to others.

She considers an afternoon of teaching art to children one of the highlights of her very busy week. "I will never cease to be amazed over the honesty and spontaneity of children," says Julie. "If we could retain some of their simplicity and frankness, then I believe we could eliminate so much conflict from our own lives."

Before moving to the Gold Coast, Julie lived on the NSW central coast where she first fell in love with the sea. "When I'm feeling down," she says, "I can actually draw strength from the ocean. If I sit on the beach and watch the waves breaking, I find that all of my problems just disappear." At the close of a scorching summer's day, when the cool breeze chills her tanned skin, Julie loves to throw on a sweater and stroll down to the beach and look at the surfers catching the last few waves of the day. The ocean's ebb and flow meld in beautifully with the harmony of her lifestyle – a harmony which she injects into her music.

With her parents' encouragement, Julie played the violin as a child, but, after 10 years, she put down the bow, and the guitar took over as her favorite instrument. Her playing and singing make her an eye-catching attraction for coffee-house patrons, but she is just as happy playing for herself, a small group of friends, or a special man.

"When I love a man, I endeavor to find out what pleases him, then I devote all my energy to fulfilling those pleasures." Julie's female friends tell her she is crazy to give so much to a man, but she is certain that, by



"I have to be made to feel that I am very special to a man, and that he is prepared to give me everything."

making her man happy, she can gain true satisfaction from the relationship. "I have to feel that my man wants me and is prepared to give me lots of affection. If I'm not treated properly, I become restless and that's when it's time to move on." That's the way she prefers her love life – she has enough talent to choose her own destiny in other areas, but admits that human relationships need a lot more effort.

The artist in Julie Price keeps her life rattling along at a busy pace, but when she finds time to relax, it usually involves doing the things she loves most: sketching, playing guitar or cooking for a dinner party for select friends. Company and communication are the props which provide the inspiration for the artistic Julie, but she is very careful about which people she invites into her close circle of friends. "I admire honesty and respect and people who care for each other, and I try to convey that mood in some of my work."

From this angle, the aspect is just fine and we don't need any art critics to tell us this lady is a priceless masterpiece and an invaluable addition to any collection.

"Sometimes I wish everybody could retain the open sincerity that children have. It would make human relationships so much more simple."

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Julie Price

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Julie Price

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 7st12lb SIGN: VIRGO

BIRTH DATE: 15.9.55 BIRTHPLACE: SYDNEY.

TURN-ONS: The beach, children, antiques, writing, reading, affection, honesty, collie dogs, having my hair brushed, gardening, small dinner parties.

TURN-OFFS: Wars, false friends, dishonesty, cruelty.

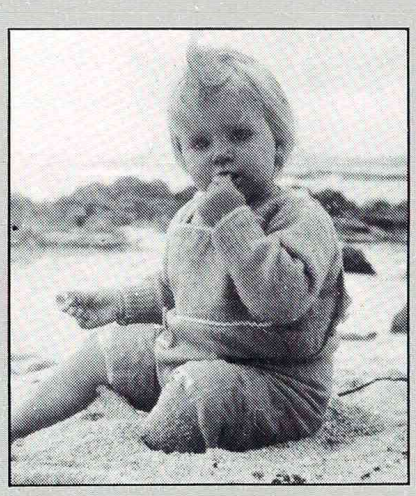
RELAXING: Playing violin & guitar, sketching, cooking, sewing, watersports, tennis, collecting quotes.

FAVORITE FOOD: Pavlovas, apples, potatoes with sour cream, veal dishes, croissants, salad, tea.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Classical (Bach, Mozart, Handel, Purcell) Hall & Oates, Jackson Browne, George Benson, Eagles.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Lord of the Rings, QBVII, anything by Lobsang Rampa, historical novels of WW2, Roots.

SECRET DREAM: I've always wanted to be a doctor, but just being good & successful at whatever I choose will make me content.



a real beach babe

curly and cute

stepping out in style

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Madge dashed up the steps to the gypsy tearoom, her blouse partially unbuttoned, her hair messed and her stockings ripped. "Quick!" she gasped at the fortune teller. "Give me a reading!"

"What do you want to know about your future?" asked the gypsy.

"Never mind my future," said Madge, "just tell me where I was last night."

Oh," the sweet young thing cooed, "you certainly have a small organ."

"Yes," he rejoindered, "and it's not used to playing in a cathedral, either."

A young English girl, homesick for Britain, was so distraught after scrimping desperately for six months to find she'd managed to save only $200 that she went down to the docks, determined to end it all. Luckily, a sailor walked by just in time to save her. After she'd explained her predicament, he offered to stow her away on board his ship.

She accepted his proposal with gratitude, and was soon hidden away below deck. Every night, the sailor brought her food, and she in turn reciprocated by having sex with him. After nine weeks, she began to wonder why the ship had not reached England, and decided to reveal her presence to the captain.

" . . . and every night after he brought me tea, he screwed me," she sobbed as she ended her tale.

"He sure did," smirked the captain. "This is the Manly ferry."

An aging ascetic named Dimmin
Gave his lifelong abstention a trimmin',
He eschewed masturbation,
But his quaint flagellation
Was to beat himself silly with women.

Though the girl admired her husband's talent as a pianist, she had come to appreciate him far more for the skill of his foreplay. She often boasted to her girlfriend that he played her body like an instrument, raising her to trembling heights of ecstasy.

It seemed a strange coincidence when one day a falling piano broke every one of the musician's fingers. A week after the accident, the wife began to show visible signs of strain. In answer to her friend's inquiries, she smiled philosophically and replied: "Love is a many-splinted thing."

Sue was getting ready to go out on a date when her mother walked into her bedroom. "But dear! You're not wearing any underpants!"

"Put it this way, Mum," the young lady said in exasperation, "if you were going out on a date and expected to be kissed, would you wear a veil?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *40* as the age when a man starts to get thin on top and a woman starts to get thick on the bottom.

Some time during World War Two, a GI and a local girl were strolling through the countryside when he pulled an orange out of his pocket and offered it to her.

"I really can't accept it," she protested, "because oranges are so scarce at the moment that they are available only to children and pregnant women."

"That's okay," said the GI, "you can take it now, and eat it on the way back."

The newlyweds had been making love for several hours when the bride went into the lounge room and lay down on the floor.

"What's wrong?" asked her worried young husband.

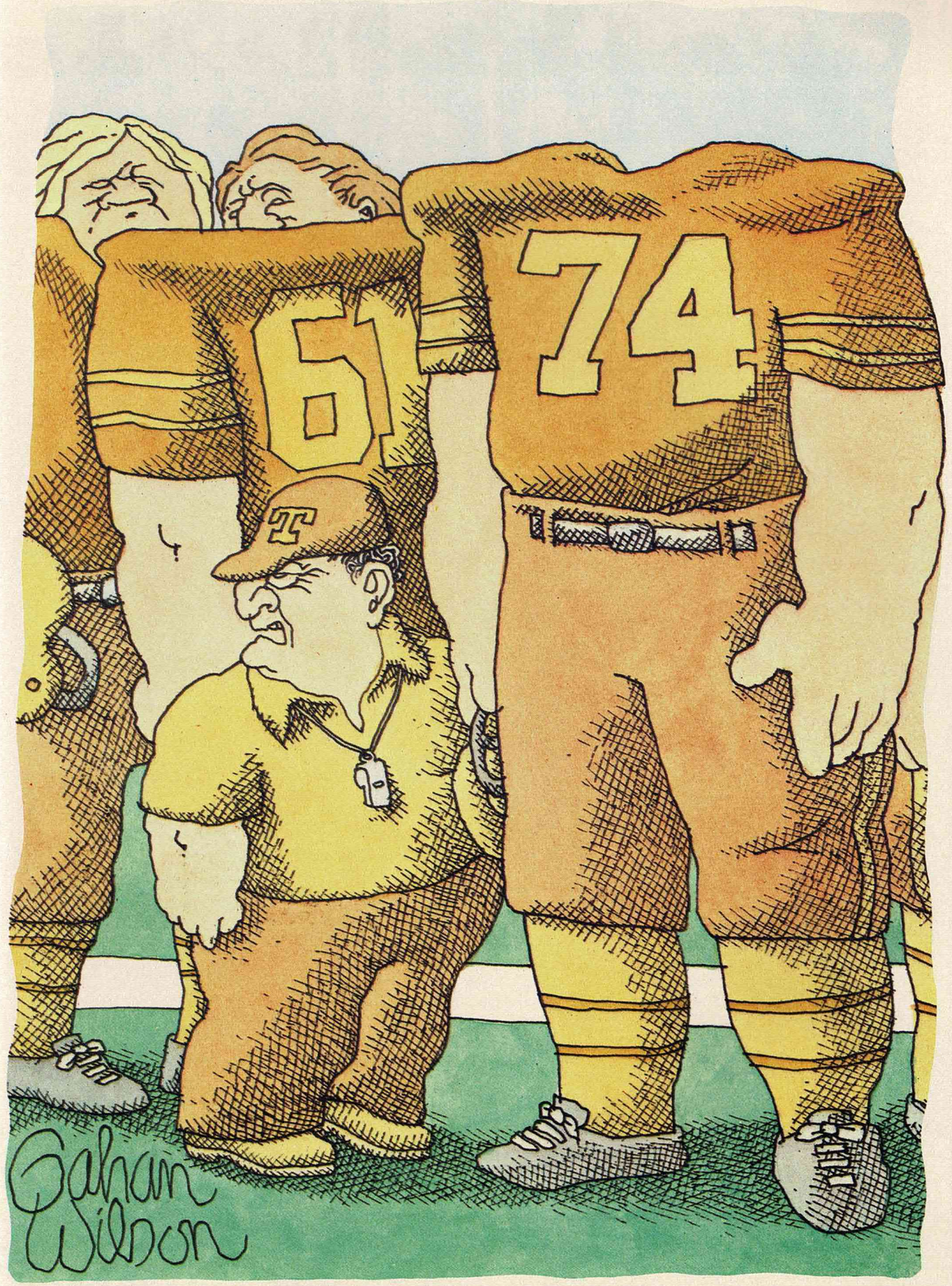
"Nothing. I'm just on strike," she said.

Lying down with her, he replied: "I'm on strike too, but when I get a rise, we can go back to work."

Returning home from work one night wearing a new, large diamond ring, the woman was asked by her husband how she'd acquired it. She told him that a raffle was conducted on the bus and she'd held the winning ticket.

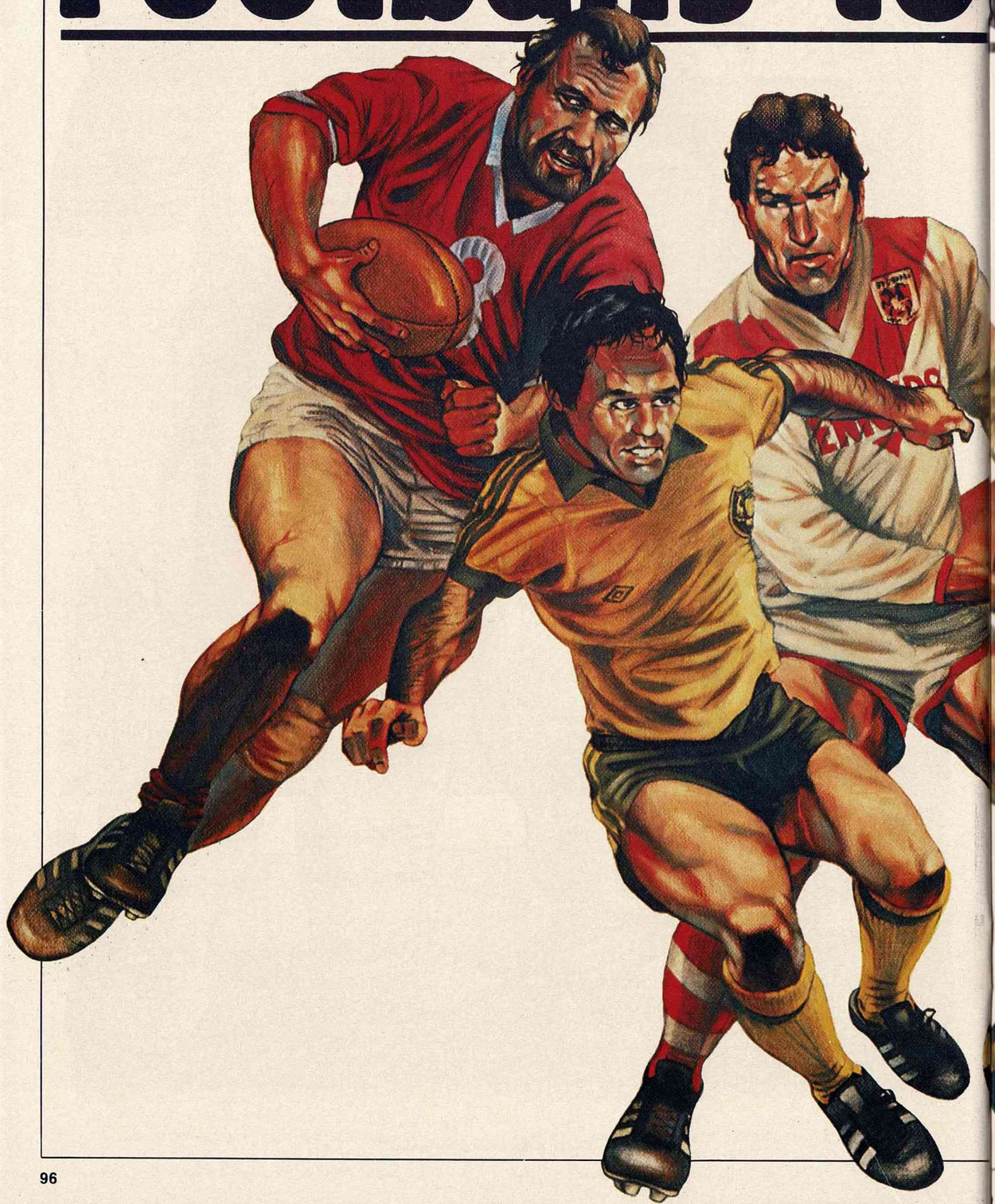
Four weeks later, she came home wearing a glorious diamond necklace again saying she'd won the raffle. Later that evening, she asked him to run her bath. He filled the tub only two centimetres deep, and when she asked why, he smirked: "Well, dear, I don't want you to get your raffle ticket wet."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"Anyone here seen Swazee's head?"

Football's toughest nuts:



or how to survive a human minefield

sport **By Neil Jameson**

ONE OF the simplest truths ever told about football is that it hurts. The tackles hurt, the training hurts, losing hurts and, sometimes, even winning hurts. This winter, the nation's best footballers from the four codes will trade their physical well-being for a grab at a trophy, public acclaim or financial reward. The skill to handle the grind season after season is not possessed by all players. It's a gift, and it produces reputations of performance and service. It appears in a package which combines natural physical assets with wits, self-discipline and pure common sense. Players without it often finish on the rubbing table or the retired list. Those with it make the best footballers — the sort talent scouts scour all over the country for. Peter Jones (Australian rules), Craig Young (rugby league), Mark Loane (rubgy union) and Jimmy Rooney (soccer) have the gift of survival, and their formulas for success are football's blueprints for achievement.

•

Peter Jones will almost certainly retire at the end of this season. By the end of the year, he will be 34 and will have notched up 15 years with Carlton, the Victorian Football League flag-holders. Jones has been a fixture of the Melbourne game since joining Carlton as a recruit from Hobart. That old sporting line: "If injury don't get you, age surely will" has come home to roost for Peter Jones. He spent the summer holiday period with his ankle in plaster, but it is the advance of years, not injury, which will guide his ruling.

"I've never been injury prone," says Jones; as if to mock his remark, he hobbles about in plaster attempting to rectify the damage that almost ruined his chances of appearing in Carlton's 1979 Grand Final triumph. Being a big man, the stress on his ankles is great, and he underwent an operation to repair years of calcium build-up and tendon damage. The ankle went during last year's Final, and prolonged heat treatment and pain killers were used to get him on to the park for the decider.

In the past two years, Jones has probably trained harder than ever before. When Alex Jesaulenko took over Carlton's coaching, his system was to get his players more fit than any of the opposition. The equation is simple: injuries can cost a championship, and the greatest insurance against injury is to be more fit than anyone else. In retrospect, it was possibly the greatest factor in Carlton's 1979 success.

It is a policy that Jones plans to develop in 1980, for he will coach the champions this year. In one of the biggest off-season upheavals for many years, Jesaulenko split with the club after a long-running dispute which culminated in Jones' appointment as player-coach.

Not known as a keen trainer (it is said he hopped a tram while on a

Illustration by Frants Kantor

training run), Jones' idea of football preparation is hammering fitness back into the body well before any thought is given to skills training. In the sweltering months of summer, the heart-bursting slog of a series of timed 400-metre runs is one way to regain mobility and stamina. He has found it difficult in recent years, because the overall speed of the game is greater now than it was when he first stepped into Melbourne football.

"Clubs now know how to improve the speed of players, and this means that a player can go in for a ball much harder," he says.

Often the worst football injuries occur when a player with his eye on the ball collides heavily with another player disputing possession. In modern football, the greater speed of the players means that the force of the collision is often ferocious. Jones puts his relatively injury-free career partly down to the fact that his sphere of responsibility has not involved going in for the "difficult" ball.

One of the ploys of professional sportsmen is never to allow the body to become unfit. Jones did once, on an overseas holiday, and had to work twice as hard to shed the extra weight.

As a youthful prospect in Hobart, Jones had the height and natural ability, but it was not till he arrived at Carlton that anyone recognised his need for upper torso development. "Ron Barassi was the coach then, and he put me on weights to build up my shoulders and chest," Jones recalls.

This added strength has been invaluable in enabling Jones to hold his ground even against the strongest challenges, and to dominate the aerial exchanges in which strength and height play such vital roles. "Going up to win a ball is one thing; when you come down from that height with the ball in your hands, you might land on anything, and it often hurts."

On Sunday morning, after the previous day's game, Jones is tired and sore. One of the game's senior servants, he admits being sorer these days. But he doesn't consider that a reason for retarding his enthusiasm for football. To compete at this level, survival is all-important, and it often comes down to self-discipline and dedication to task. The bruises might still be there next week, but they are pushed from the mind as the priority of winning takes over. It is this sort of application which has enabled Jones to hold his place in a club that has enjoyed a huge slice of success during the past 15 years. Outstanding coaches Barassi and Jesaulenko have recognised this.

In fact, Jones and his close friend Jezza have a joke about the retirement prospect. "Alex has always said that he'll let me know when it's time to retire," says Jones. "I wonder if he'll give me the word this season?"

•

Rugby league knockers often call the game "catch and kill". The faintest suspicion that this slogan holds some truth is borne out in the physical appearance of Sydney's St George club captain Craig Young. In the same way that the mighty white pointer shark is suited in his role as the ocean's supreme hunter, Young's physical make-up grants him a similar status on the football field. At 23, it is hard to believe his 104-kilogram frame ever carried any soft patches. From the granite features of his face to his tree-stump legs, any trace of putty that once may have existed has been weathered away by the demands of fitness, training and playing.

As the son of a former Australian soccer international, Young was born an athlete. His size and power suited him more to steam-rolling defenders than gliding around them with grace and skill, so he turned to rugby league. He found that the biff and grind of playing in the forwards required body hardness not needed in other games.

"I was in a surf club in those days, and being a rower did wonders for making my body harder," he says.

The game's softening-up process – which occurs in the first 10 minutes of a game and produces the most fierce tackles – is an important phase of the match. Soon after Young moved from the provincial Illawarra area to join St George in Sydney, club coach Harry Bath found that the front rower had the durability of body and mind to survive this period and continue to contribute immensely – long after the opposition had gone off looking for somewhere to lick their wounds.

Under the professional guidance of Bath's training staff, Young worked on his build by lifting weights to pile on muscle power, while not sacrificing mobility. The rigors of scrummaging place muscle-ripping demands on the upper torso, and the high incidence of crippling injury from neck and back accidents has introduced additional forms of insurance. The chances of this happening to Craig Young are small. His chest and upper back area resemble a tightly stuffed mattress, and a bull-like neck completes the picture of an almost indestructible power. When you spend your weekends running into guys who weigh about 110 kilograms, something's got to give, and – as Young says – it's better if it's the other guy, not you.

Craig Young is convinced that the day of the full-time rugby league professional is not too far away. He suspects that some players already have the capacity to earn $40,000 a year, and for that kind of pay-out, the clubs want more than an afternoon's work plus the odd training session. The Saints start their official training in January, but Young's private sessions continue throughout summer with plenty of running and attention to diet. During the season's peak periods, the top competitive clubs demand four training sessions a week, with the first session being the one for reporting injuries from the previous game.

"We've got two club doctors and two physiotherapists, and the players know it is in their best interest to have injuries treated as soon as possible," Young says. "Besides, most players these days realise that they'd only be letting the club down by failing to report an injury."

As the season wears on, grounds get harder with use, thus increasing the risk of injury. For this reason, some clubs do not use grounds where cricket is played, because the pitch area packs bitumen-hard under use and has been blamed for numerous head injuries. The exception, of course, is the SCG which is not over-used. To compensate, players are faster, fitter and more game-educated than their predecessors. They need to be: modern rugby league is their livelihood.

Craig Young is convinced that, by changing the game's rules to reduce the amount of possession permitted to one side, administrators have eliminated the syndrome of the "punch-drunk" forward who was slowly getting his brains scrambled from clashing with his opposite number tackle after tackle. This trend has been improved by making the third grade an under-23 premiership in which young players meet opponents of similar age, weight and experience.

The increasing anti-injury action has some people calling for gridiron style packing to protect players. Young thinks it will never come to that because rugby league requires mobility not attainable with such protection.

"Anyway," says Young, "it's not the big blokes that worry me. I can always catch them. It's the little guys who cause the problems, and they'd be even harder to catch if I had to carry all that protective gear."

In 1980, Craig Young's protective gear will be the same as it was last year: a mouth guard and a set of shin pads. And he will be as strong as ever.

•

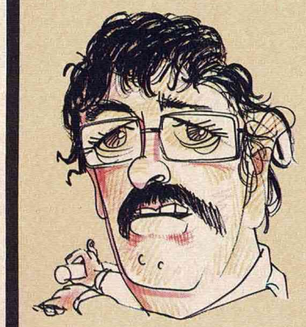
Dr Mark Loane's attitude to injury is somewhat different from most others. Loane, 25, is Australia's former rugby union captain and can't resist applying his medical know-how to on-field situations.

"If any of my team-mates look a bit dazed or confused after copping a heavy knock, I usually tell them to get off the park," he says. "That doesn't make me very popular, but I think a guy has to live with it, and I don't want to see anyone get seriously hurt."

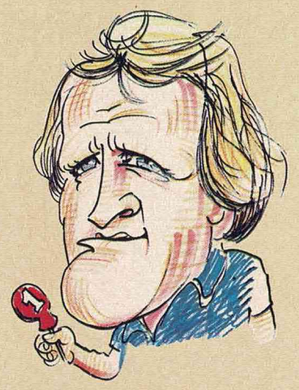
Rugby's amateur ethic and the game's torrid reputation make it very much a fun thing for a man of the

Do sex and sport mix?

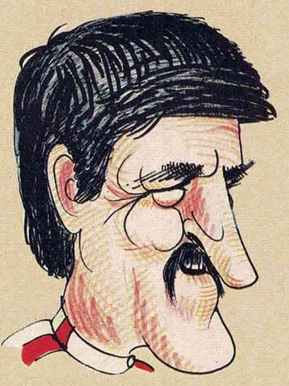
eight champions discuss the pros and cons of scoring the night before, and if it affects their performance



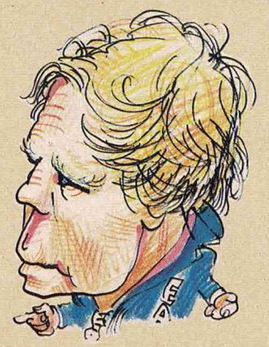
Peter Sorensen: 18ft skiff sailor. "Of course. I wouldn't do without it. In fact, it's a prescribed pre-race requisite for all my crew members."



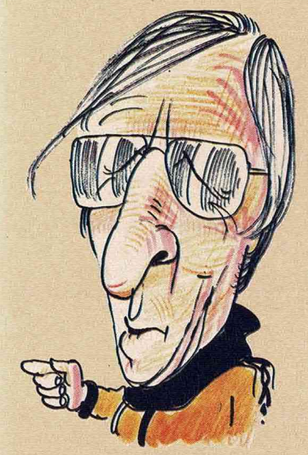
Jack Newton: pro golfer. "It's fine, but if you have an early tee-off, it's better to have an early night – you might miss your reminder call."



Allan Grice: motor racing. "No worries. Just as long as I've got the time to get back and get on my fireproof gear to make it to the start."

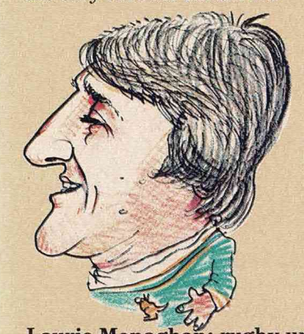


Bobby Fulton: rugby league coach. "The night before? I've known players to have it off at midday and still face up for the game at three o'clock."

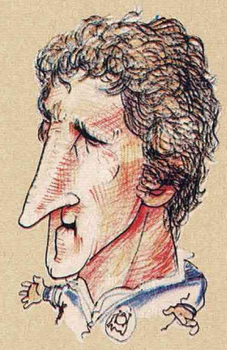


Rudi Gutendorf: soccer coach. "Not the night before. But I knew one guy who couldn't do without it – he said it was the only cure for his nerves."

Peter Knights: VFL. "I don't have any superstition about it – I recall playing some of my best games after having it off on the Friday night."



Laurie Monaghan: rugby union. "I'm in favor, but they make it hard before representative matches because they've got us locked up in training camp."



Steve Mortimer: rugby league. "Nothing wrong with it before a game. The danger is if you have to go out on the town chasing it. That's a problem."

immense proportions of Mark Loane – the former Brisbane doctor hits the 107-kilogram mark in playing strip and, at 1.91 metres tall, towers over most opponents in the lineouts. Under Loane's leadership, Queensland and Australian rugby enjoyed a period of rejuvenation which might be at an end following his decision to play rugby and practise medicine in South Africa.

Early in his career, Loane discovered that sheer size and natural speed alone were no protection against injury. He made his international debut at 18 but, after playing two Tests against Tonga, missed selection for a tour of England and Wales. In 1974, Loane won back his Test berth and collected his first serious injury.

"It was during the first Test against the All Blacks. I went into a tackle incorrectly and copped an elbow which broke my cheek bone," he recalls. "It was my own fault and, although it's a relatively simple injury, you have to take it easy because any aggravation can cause serious problems."

That was just the start of a run of injuries that must have provided plenty of "field" training for the young doctor. In just one match on the 1975 British tour, he broke a finger in the first minute and tore a hamstring muscle while stretching for an opening that could have provided a match-winning try. Instead, Australia lost the game, and Loane missed out on two Test appearances.

It required a change in attitude, coinciding with a massive development in body power (he is now 13 kilograms heavier than he was at 18) for Loane to develop the required consistency and durability which would mark him as a world-class player. "I realised that I would have to work harder at my fitness and do a lot more physical work to reduce the risk of injury," he says.

Loane enjoys his rugby immensely, but does not relish the repetitious grind of training. His idea of training is to make it as enjoyable as possible, so in summer he engages in a wide range of sporting activities as a refreshing change from the long winter's haul. Tennis, golf and even paddling a surf ski are on Loane's summer itinerary as he works at retaining the maximum fitness. To maintain his stamina, he supplements his summer sport with frequent running.

Loane estimates he probably has at least five more good years of top rugby left before the pressure of career and the prospect of raising a family make real demands on his time. Rugby's amateur nature does not provide the security of the professional football codes and, as a doctor, Loane knows that men who spend their weekends running into other men cannot go on doing it forever. "To maintain the standard, you have to do a lot of boring work which in turn has to be measured against the amount of enjoyment you derive from the game," says Loane. "When the effort outweighs the pleasure, it's time to quit."

His size and speed have been instrumental in the improved showing of Australia's forwards in recent internationals. For Loane, there is nothing more satisfying than clutching the ball to his chest and steaming at full speed to crack the waiting defence. It's an attitude that wins matches, collects bruises and has a cumulative effect on the human body which can take only so much punishment. When the opposition knows of Loane's attitude, they send out their hardest men to counter him. It's that old unstoppable and immovable equation, and the result is often pain and sometimes injury.

Like most big men, Mark Loane has a huge appetite, but his love of exercise means that, at least during his playing career, he is not likely to have a serious weight problem. It is this natural balance between exercise and intake which enables Loane to run like a deer and hit like a Mack truck. His size and ability have had talent scouts speculating that he would be a rugby league sensation if he decided to switch to the professional codes, but Loane is currently deriving too much fun from running into rugby union opponents.

●

Jimmy Rooney is Australia's soccer captain and the only member of the 1974 World Cup Socceroos in the present national side. In an era where the power of the code is very much in the hands of youth, 33-year-old Rooney has offset age with an intense love for the game which seems to keep him perennially young. Rooney has never been out of condition during his playing career, and in the next two and a half years, his enthusiastic leadership will be the foundation stone for the Socceroos' drive toward a place in the 1982 World Cup finals in Spain. If Australia slogs through the qualifying rounds, Rooney will be 35 when he leads the squad to Spain.

A player who has received more than his share of ruthless tackling, Rooney has always avoided serious injury. He claims that injuries usually occur when a player is not completely fit, and with a club and representative commitment that binds him to a 10-month playing program, the Heidelberg United player is never unfit.

Any top-level sport involves some sacrifice and, for Rooney, remaining among the elite for such a long time has involved an incredible amount of self-discipline. "I like a drink after a game, but if you have too much of a good thing, it catches up with you and you have to work that much harder to compensate," he says.

Jimmy Rooney knows enough about injury to be aware that he must take every measure to avoid it. What he once thought was a nagging knee complaint turned out to be a calf muscle injury that put him out of the game for three months and cost him an overseas tour in 1970.

These days, Rooney places a lot more emphasis on his pre-match warm-up so that his muscles are functioning properly before the game. Many match and training injuries occur because players have not properly warmed up. Rooney puts in stretch exercises in the dressing room and follows them up just before kick-off.

Playing in the principal club competition, the Philips Soccer League, vastly differs with the demands of touring. On tour, the side is often called on to play as many as three games in a week, which means that a player of Rooney's calibre might be losing count of the bruises before the tour is over. Soccer's equivalent of rugby's "head high" tackle is the "over-the-ball" challenge – the defender raises his boot over the ball with the intention of catching his opponent's leg. It's a crude device which has snapped more legs than a player of Rooney's experience cares to remember. The prospect of copping a few "over-the-ball" challenges is greater on tours in an underdeveloped soccer nation where the refereeing is often suspect. In Australia's World Cup qualifying zone (which takes in much of Asia), the risks are high, and Rooney's campaign experience will be vital, not only to ensure his own welfare, but that of his youthful team-mates as well.

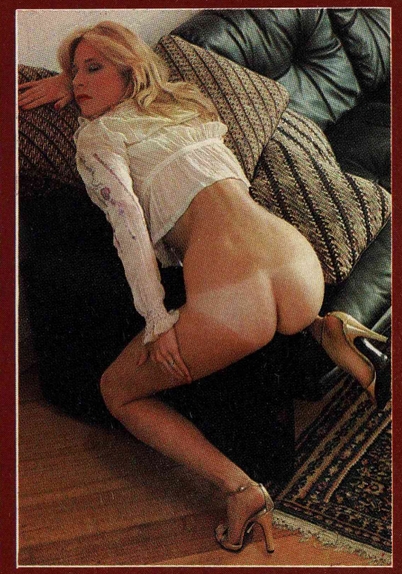
Rooney's summer "holiday" was a self-imposed training schedule to prepare him for a long season of club and international matches. When most players undertake a deserved end-of-season rest, Rooney and his national team will leave for a tour of England, Ireland and West Germany in November, as preparation for the first World Cup elimination games.

Such a relentless program can sap the enthusiasm of some of the most dedicated of players, and Jimmy Rooney's resilience will be used by national coach Rudi Gutendorf as an example to the entire squad.

"I've never given any thought to quitting," says Rooney. "Even when the results haven't been the best, it's always been my love of the game that has made it easy to keep playing."

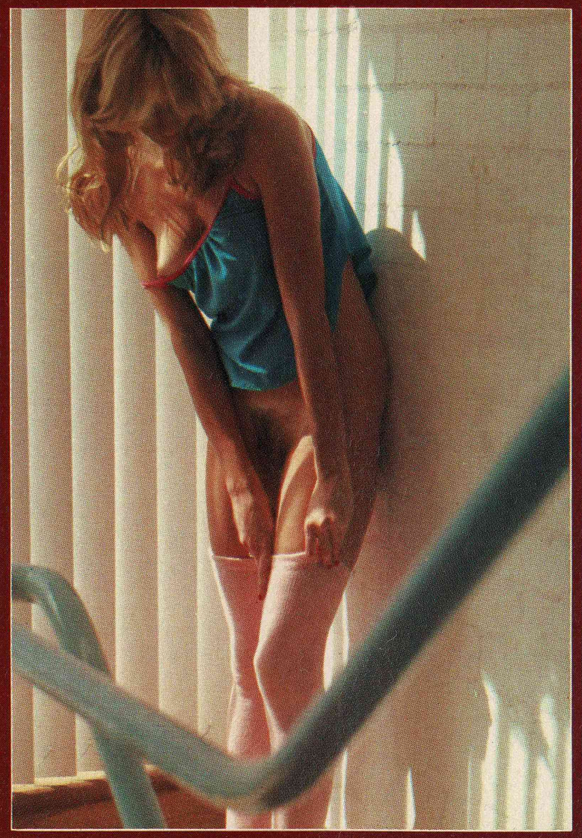
Just Lesley

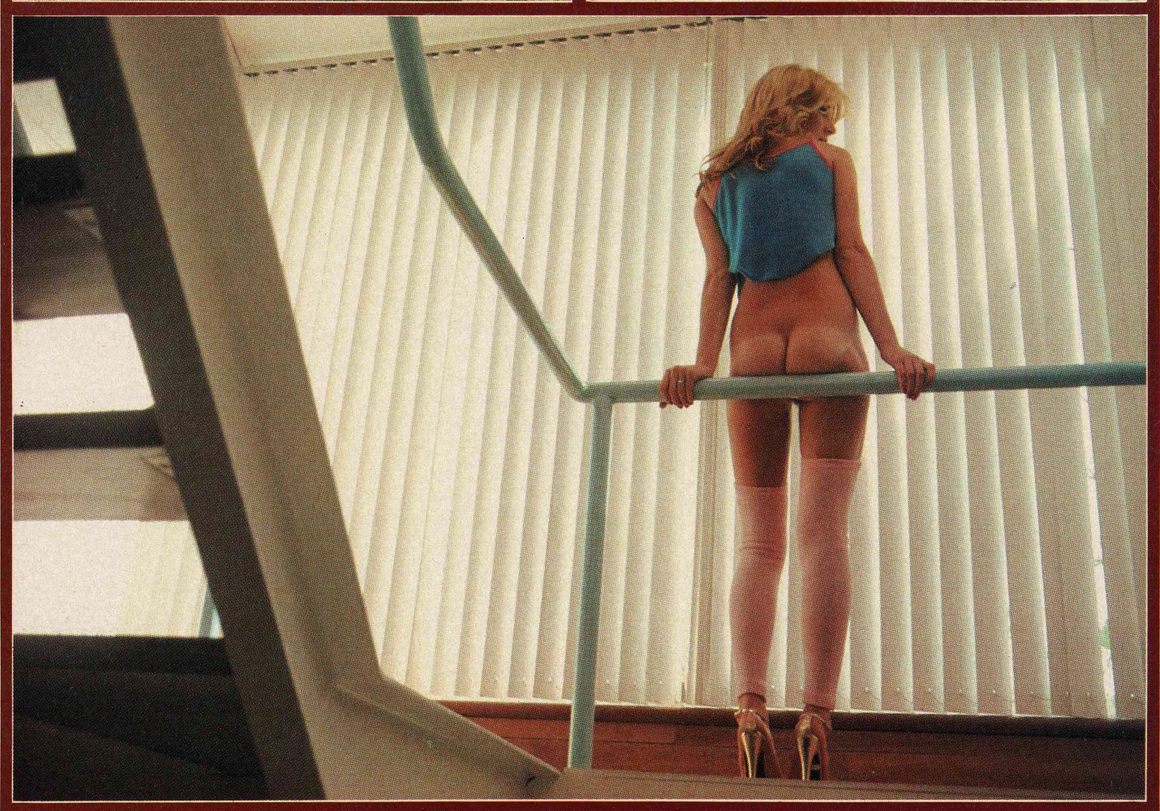
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENIS SCOTT



A one-way ticket to the world is Lesley Thompson's cherished dream – she is passionately consumed with wanderlust. So far, though, she's travelled only west, and New Zealand's loss is Australia's gain. "Ever since I was a kid, I've always wanted to know what was behind the most distant hill," she says wistfully. "I have an insatiable desire to discover different places and people." Foremost on her dreamtime agenda are the bazaars of Thailand, India and Sri Lanka, searching out her birthstone, the ruby. Lesley's starsign is Cancer. And she really is a Moon child, greatly affected by lunar charms. "I prefer

darkness to light, snuggling against my man beside an open fire, or dancing under the stars in summer.'' But Cancers are capricious, and Lesley is also a sun-worshipper, loving to bask topless all day long at Bondi Beach or going for long walks through the peaceful countryside. Money matters occasionally cloud this 20-year-old's idyllic horizon, and she is now working as a part-time waitress but hoping to get a job as a hostess on an ocean liner. She'll probably take whatever job offers the highest financial reward because she is a very impulsive spender. ''I just love jewellery, *expensive* jewellery, plus I'm crazy about clothes — jumpsuits, leatherwear and black dresses with split seams.'' Adamant that she'd never marry for money, only love, Lesley finds rich men a turn-off. ''They put on airs. But I wouldn't mind meeting a guy *before* he made his fortune.'' The way to Lesley's heart is through her stomach, preferably over candlelit dinners in French restaurants with lashings of champagne. ''I'm romantic and need lots





of attention — a one-guy girl looking for a one-girl guy, because I'm possessive and get very jealous. A guy with roving eyes needs to wear blinkers when he's with me.'' Her ideal man is strong, tender and intelligent. Age and occupation aren't nearly as important as a shared yearning to travel far and wide. Chased by unlikely lads, the lady vanishes. ''At school, I was very good at running,'' Lesley says. And, as you can see, she can outstrip just about anyone.

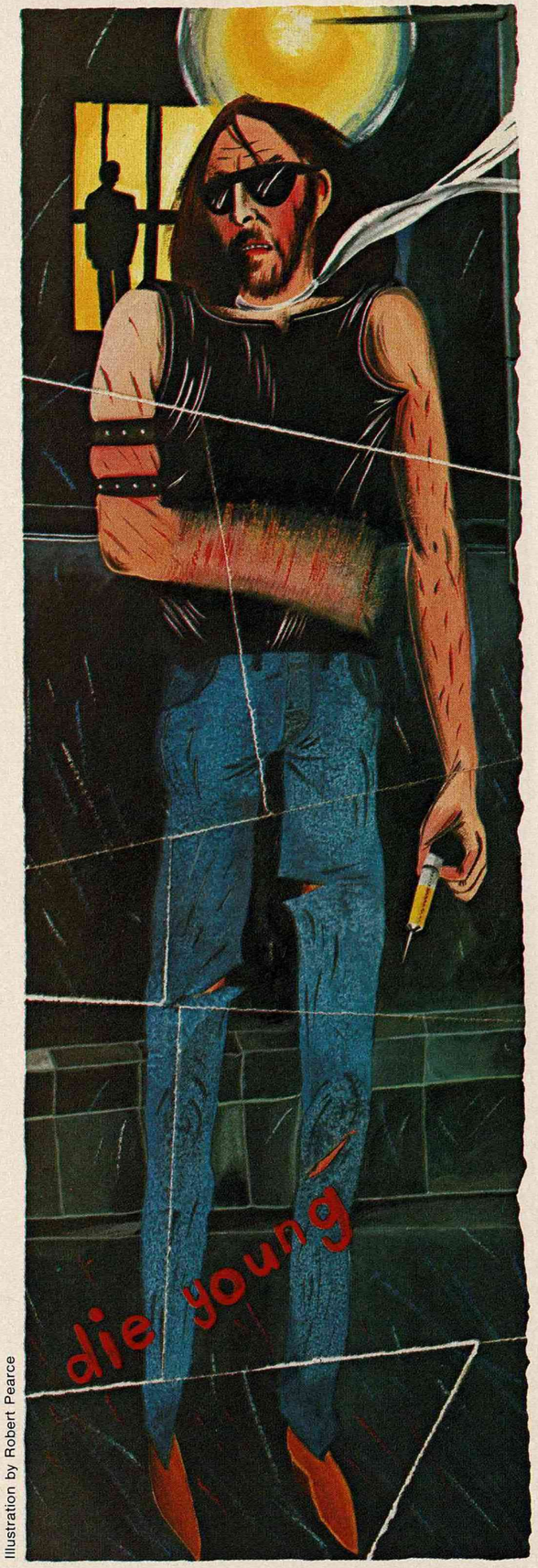
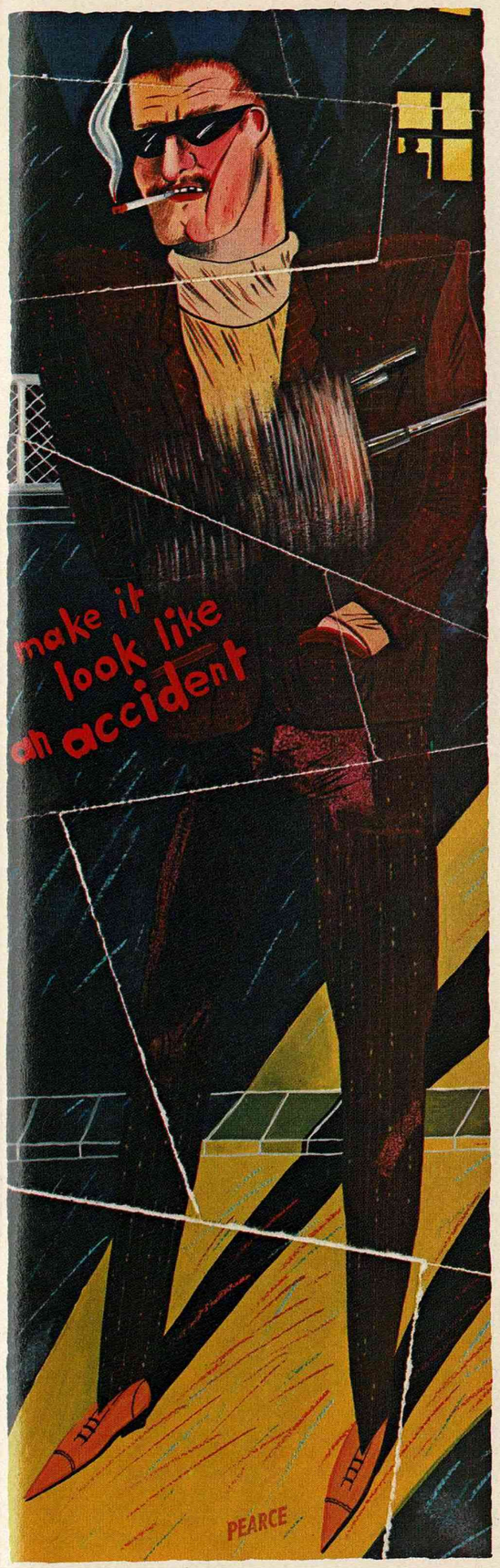


Illustration by Robert Pearce



THE HEROIN HOMICIDES

the heroin magnates have only one retirement plan for those who talk, become addicted, lose efficiency or become too ambitious — death

investigation By RUSSELL DEILEY

HEROIN, opiate of the damned, is a drug whose lethal tentacles snuff out human lives without discrimination. This year, about 28 of the estimated 28,000 young Australians addicted to the semi-synthesised derivative of opium will die from heroin overdoses and hundreds more will be physically and psychologically crippled. Dealers and traffickers, too, will die — some from the effects of the drug they peddle to feed their own habits. Others will be murdered on the orders of the crime overlords.

Such vast amounts of money are involved in the drug trade in Australia that the syndicate bosses will stop at nothing to protect a racket which grossed almost $160 million last year. Execution ensures the silence that protects the drug rings. Federal and State police dossiers chronicling the upsurge of drug-related crime in the '70s are sprinkled with the names of drug ring couriers, runners and middle-rung managers whose needle-loosened tongues have become a liability, whose ambitions have threatened to erode profits, or who have been suspected of defecting to rival gangs. The bodies of some have been found in isolated bushland or in the sea, and have been identified in spite of bizarre mutilations. Others have disappeared without trace.

The lengthy public record of the death list includes:

- Maria Hisshion, 24, shot and murdered on Christmas Eve, 1975, and her weighted body dumped in the sea. She was found, floating off North Head at the entrance to Sydney Harbor, 13 days later.
- New Zealanders Gregory Ollard, 28, and Julie Theilman, 22, disappeared in Australia in November, 1977.
- Harry Lewis, about 30, shot and killed some time in

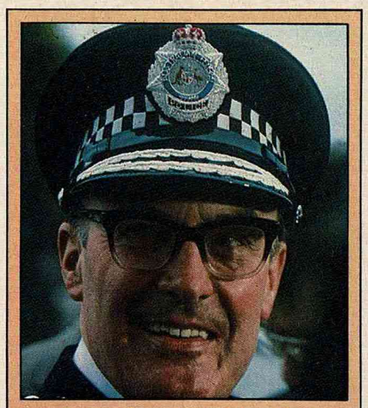
May, 1978. His dismembered body was found in bushland close to Port Macquarie, on the NSW north coast, 10 months later.

- Vincent Calleja, 42, stabbed and set on fire in his Sydney suburban home on July 31, 1978.
- Victor Frederick Allard, 42, gunned down outside a block of flats in St Kilda, Melbourne, on February 9, 1979.
- Douglas Robert Wilson, 26, and his wife, Isabella Martha Wilson, 24, slain by a professional "hit man" in Melbourne last April and their bodies buried in a sandy grave near Rye.
- Margaret Ann Clayton, 26, shot twice in the back of the head while lying on the floor of a Melbourne massage parlor on June 11 last year.
- Christopher Martin Johnstone, 28, shot, and his body dumped in a disused quarry in Lancashire, England, some time last October.

The international murder chain snaking back to Australia does not end with those people who had outgrown their usefulness and were considered expendable by the racketeers. The death toll also includes innocent victims such as Donald Bruce Mackay, the courageous anti-drug crusader murdered in a Griffith hotel car park in July, 1977, and 17-year-old Auckland nightclub hostess Margaret Bell, who was mistaken for another marked girl and slain last June. Police also suspect drug dealers were behind the death of a New Zealand-born Adelaide woman, Yvonne Stella Crosby, 23, and her six-year-old daughter, Lisa, in France last September.

Police believe they know the identity of most of the killers, or, at least, the names of those who commissioned the murders. Fear, backed by the underworld code that a criminal does not rat on his kind, has sealed lips of potential witnesses who could bring the drug bosses to trial.

In fact, in only one case has an arrest been made – in connection with the death of the so-called New Zealand drug syndicate mastermind Marty Johnstone, the flamboyant, high-roller known as Mr Asia. Charged by the English police with his murder is 39-year-old Terence John Clarke, a one-time accomplice of the dead man. His associations with Lewis, the Wilsons, Ollard and Theilman prompted Australian police to fly to London late last year to interview him in custody. Clarke was certainly known to be uneasy about front-page newspaper reports early last year that a couple whose descriptions and backgrounds resembled the Wilsons' had been assisting police in their inquiries into the drug traffic. Shortly after the discovery of the Wilsons' bodies last May, backtracking police established



Sir Colin Woods, Federal Police Commissioner: Additional powers needed for a national offensive.

that Clarke had left Australia a month after the reports.

The police reconstruction of the last few days in the lives of Douglas and Isabella Wilson following those newspaper reports emphasises the keenness of the razor's edge on which drug runners teeter when they offend the crime bosses ...

The countdown for the Wilsons began a few days before Easter, 1979, and subsequent events suggest their suspicions were not aroused when they received either a telephone call or a personally delivered message to their Rose Bay home ordering them to a "business" meeting in Melbourne. The next day (April 8), they set out in their green Toyota Celica with their pet keeshond in the back seat.

They reached Melbourne on April 9, but spent only a few hours in the city before setting out on the return drive to Sydney. Police subsequently interviewed a couple who met and spoke with the Wilsons outside a roadside cafe at Euroa, half way between Melbourne and Albury on the Hume Highway, later that day. The Wilsons told those people, who overtook the Celica further north, that the person they were to meet had not shown up.

After returning to their Sydney home, the Wilsons received another message to go to Melbourne. They left on April 13 and were seen alive again only by their killer. They were met – possibly at Tullamarine Airport, where a traffic warden booked their car for overparking on April 14 – by their executioner. They were shot, and their bullet-ridden bodies taken to Rye, south-east of Melbourne, and buried. Their dog was found wandering about six kilometres from the airport a few days after their car was booked. Their bodies were discovered on May 18.

Police are convinced that Sydney newspapers inadvertently sentenced the Wilsons to death by blowing their cover, but journalists played no part in the killing of Lewis, who was "shopped" by fellow racketeers. He was arrested at Sydney Airport by narcotics agents and charged on May 19, 1978, in a Sydney magistrate's court with importing hashish.

Lewis sought and was granted bail, which was a fatal mistake. A remand cell might have been claustrophobic, but he would have been much safer.

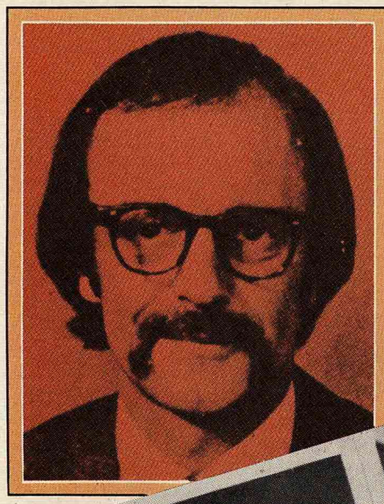
Police have never discovered who posted the $6000 bail, because when Lewis failed to report as directed by the magistrate, inquiries showed that the name and address given by the bondsman were false. They believe, however, that whoever put up the money figured it was a cheap price to pay to stop him "singing". Ironically, Lewis told the NSW police nothing between the time of his arrest and his release on bail.

After skipping bail, Lewis made contact with other drug runners lying low on the north coast. His trust was misplaced. His so-called friends tipped off his masters, and the killer moved in. Lewis was shot, then his killer cut off his hands and knocked out his teeth to hinder identification of the body, which was dumped in bushland 100 metres off the Pacific Highway at Bony Hills, near Port Macquarie. The skeletal remains were discovered 10 months later.

Drug-related death and crime is our legacy of the '70s. The cost to our society in terms of death, armed robberies, burglaries and other crime, plus personal and family anguish, is incalculable. Even experienced police hesitate to place a figure on drug-connected murder in Australia over the past few years. The obvious ones have been recorded in newspaper headlines, but where, the police ask, do they draw the line. Is a man, mentally unhinged by his craving for drugs, who kills while robbing a chemist's shop, guilty of murder? Or an addict who panics when his flatmate goes into a coma after an overdose and leaves him to die alone?

That witnesses in Bangkok have seen huge piles of Australian currency being handed over by couriers to Thai intermediaries strongly suggests that "black" money from those notorious, unsolved armed hold-ups – such as the multi-million raid on settling day in Melbourne's Victorian Club in 1976 – is being used by the syndicates to finance their drug deals. Nor is there any doubt that money from SP betting operations and other illegal gambling is being invested in hard drugs.

Canberra criminologist Dr Sat Mukherjee, who is completing a huge



Terence John Clarke (left) has been charged by English police with the murder of Marty Johnstone, the so-called New Zealand drug syndicate mastermind known as "Mr Asia". Australian police have established that Clarke left Australia last year, a month after newspaper reports that a couple, whose identities resembled those of Douglas and Isabella Wilson, (below) were assisting police in inquiries into the drug traffic. The Wilsons were slain by a professional "hit man" and their bodies buried.

work researching the pattern of serious crime in Australia through this century, believes drugs are the hub of the modern crime phenomenon. One long-serving NSW policeman agrees. He says 80 percent of all crime in NSW is drug-oriented.

Chief Inspector Paul Delianus, of the Victoria Police Homicide Squad, does not rate the incidence of drug-related crime in his State as highly, but he sees more sinister aspects in the cancerous spread of hard drugs. "If you take younger people who are more involved with drugs, then 50 percent of crime could be traced back to drugs," says Delianus. "Drug-taking is basically a young man's game, and that is why it is so serious. Drugs are destroying our youth, and that's something to be concerned about."

One person who is not under-rating the seriousness of the problem is the former Scotland Yard trump and now Commissioner of the Australian Federal Police, Sir Colin Woods, who has had seven months to gauge the level of organised crime in Australia. Judging from recent statements, he is disturbed at what he has found since arriving to head the Australian version of the FBI: "I believe that the drug problem facing this country is of immense proportions. It has gone past the stage where the appropriate catch-cry would be: 'This must be nipped in the bud.' The truth is that the problem has become a deeply-rooted tree with branches that continue to grow and cast their sinister shadows further across the country." Sir Colin is convinced police should get additional powers to mount a national offensive against the drug menace.

"The problem facing this country is not just the importation and distribution of narcotics. The real problem that stems from large-scale drug trafficking is the related crime, the violence and the tragedy that entraps the innocent victim or the unfortunate person for whom narcotic drugs have become a desperate need.

"Intelligence experts in the Australian Federal Police have reported to me that the proportion of seizures, when expressed as a percentage of total imports, can be estimated to be from two and a half to five percent." Sir Colin interpreted those figures to mean that more than 1200kg of quality heroin were brought into Australia by criminals last year. But, even more alarming, his advisers have told him overseas intelligence sources were predicting a bumper opium harvest this year.

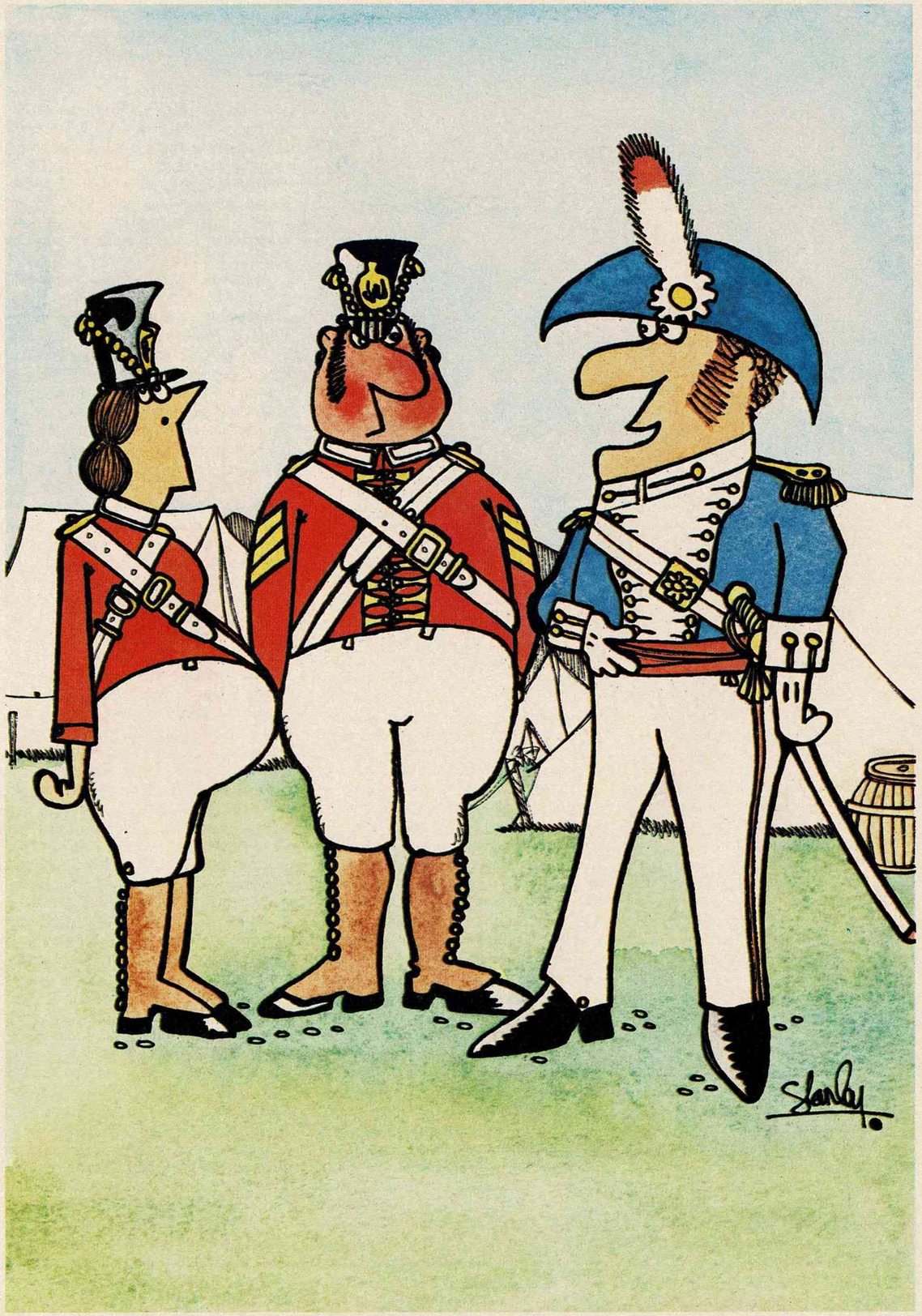
The figures quoted by Sir Colin – and backed by independent police sources in Victoria and NSW – become even more pertinent when American experts say that a person needs to absorb only 24 milligrams of street-mixed heroin a day to become physically dependent, and that addicts consume a daily average of between 35mg and 50mg.

When the heroin dealer's exploitation of the dope addict is translated into money, the scenario goes something like this:

One kilo of 99 percent pure Number Three heroin is derived from six of opium, which in turn is obtained from 12kg of basic opium poppy sap, grown mainly in South-east Asia for the Australian market and, to a lesser extent, in Turkey. The farmer receives about $200 a kilo. Taking into account the cost of the chemicals needed for the conversion process, the profits taken by the chemists, the "taxes" paid to those controlling the areas where the factories are situated, and transport to a marketplace such as Bangkok and the subsequent middleman's profits, the cost to the Australian purchaser in that city is about $5500 a kilo. A reliable courier will command about $5000 a kilo to bring the heroin into Australia, plus his travel, hotel and "incidental" expenses, which means it could cost the dealer up to $12,000 to land a kilo of heroin in Australia.

Once the heroin has been successfully smuggled into the country, the dealer begins the "cutting" process. The primary cut is usually one part of glucose to five parts of heroin, which effectively increases the bulk of the end product from 1kg to 1.2kg. Add to this the fact that the importer-wholesaler also cheats his customers to the tune of about 10 percent by underweighting, and the kilo of heroin originally landed becomes 1.3kg. The going retail rate for the doctored kilo of "horse" is $70,000. The wholesaler will then make another $23,000 from the heroin he has cut out of the landed kilo. Thus, after deducting his expenses, he makes a net profit of about $81,000 if he makes his own deliveries to his retailers. Depending on how much further the retailers break down the heroin, the street sellers will make at least another $50,000.

When you break these figures down to their simplest terms, it means a total of $143,000 has been outlaid for an unknown number of addicts to feed that kilo of heroin into their lacerated veins. And if police intelligence experts are correct in their assessment that as



"And how did you discover that Private Smith is, in fact, a woman?"

much as 1200 kilograms of heroin was smuggled into the country during last year, dealers grossed at least $159 million on the Australian market.

With such huge, tax-free profits at stake, it is little wonder that Sir Colin Woods has said: "It is obvious drug trafficking is highly organised. There are the figures in Australia whom the media like to call 'Mr Bigs'. These are the crime bosses, the individuals who, in some cases, earn their dubious titles by public repute. It is an astonishing and sad fact that these people can exist as they do. Mr Big does not carry a gun, but brutal murder is not excluded from his *modus operandi*. Mr Big may personally disavow the drugs habit, but he has made a career of introducing it to thousands of others. Mr Big likes security and the good things in life, and he buys them by ruining the lives of others."

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The man wears expensive clothes with a casual arrogance. The immaculate cuff of the Cardin shirt peeks discreetly from the sleeve of the dark blue yachting jacket. The grey flannel slacks, pressed to a knife-edge, ride smoothly from the hand-sewn crocodile skin shoes to the trim waist. Only a vaguely mis-shapen nose in the handsome, tanned face and the patchwork of scars that fail to conceal the tattoos on his hands, betray the fact that the road to the international jet set has been paved with violence.

This is the man identified in the NSW Royal Commission into Drug Trafficking as "BL" because of continuing magisterial hearings of police charges, and of whom the Commissioner (Mr Justice Woodward) wrote: "He has been convicted of being in possession of house-breaking implements, attempted breaking and entering, breaking, entering, and stealing and a series of convictions for stealing. In 1967, he failed to appear on a number of charges including possession of explosives, carrying an unlicensed pistol and rape. Warrants were issued, and in 1968, he was sentenced to 12 years' hard labor with a non-parole period of seven years. He is well known to police as a standover man."

But sitting in the Texxan Bar in the vibrant Patpong Road area of Bangkok, his ease and assurance mock the description Mr Justice Woodward will apply to him a year later. He is the international businessman holding commercial court with colleagues. To his right sits a younger, blond god of a man. He, too, is impeccably, if casually, dressed. The younger man smiles a lot, flashing a perfect set of gleaming teeth, but the smile never reaches his eyes.

Again, the Bangkok tableau is in stark contrast to the words Mr Justice

THE RISE AND FALL OF A DRUG DEALER WHO DIDN'T TOE THE LINE

GREG Ollard, the petty criminal who graduated to the inner circle of the international drug syndicate masterminded by flamboyant New Zealander Marty Johnstone, was a high roller. He lived as he died – fast.

He died because he became addicted to the heroin which kept his wallet stuffed with tens of thousands of dollars. He was wasted because he refused to straighten himself out and to ditch the girl he loved on the orders of his one-time protector, Terence Clarke – the syndicate's enforcer and the man who will stand trial in England for Johnstone's murder.

The rise and fall of Ollard is typical of the growing list of Australian victims of guns hired to protect the security of the narcotics mobs.

More is known about the life and times of Ollard than the other victims of the shadowy, violent drug hell, because his sister, Charmaine Hawira, an Auckland housewife, conducted her own investigation throughout New Zealand and Australia.

Though there has been no trace of Ollard, then 28, or his girlfriend, Julie Ann Theilman, then 22, since they disappeared in Australia in November, 1977, Mrs Hawira and the police are convinced the couple were murdered because of what they knew of the syndicate's drug operation.

She says her brother led an unblemished life until 1974, when he was charged with 19 counts of shop-lifting and sentenced to nine months. In jail, he met Clarke, who was serving a four-year term for burglary. It was a fateful meeting for Ollard, who took up with Clarke on their release. Ollard was on the treadmill, and after a taste of the high life told his sister he knew that only death would still the craving. He lived in style wherever his masters sent him. Letters flowed to Charmaine from all over the world from her brother – often from Bangkok, where she knew he picked up heroin to deliver first to New Zealand, then Australia.

"He sometimes came to my home," she says. "He would have tens of thousands of dollars which he used to spread round the living room floor and count." More often than not, Julie Theilman was at his side.

"Greg really loved that girl. She'd had a luckless life. She dropped out of an exclusive Auckland school and was busted for keeping a brothel when she was 18. She later became a masseuse, then got into hard drugs."

Charmaine says she knows the two of them died because they had become unreliable. Their habits were too strong and, as junkies, they were prone to talk too much. She believes the end came in a Melbourne hotel in December, 1977. There, she claims, Clarke insisted her brother get rid of Theilman. "Greg refused, and neither was seen again," she says.

In the quest for answers to her brother's fate, Charmaine discovered little – only that it was dangerous to ask questions, and that, if she didn't lay off, she would join her brother.

Julie Theilman and Gregory Ollard, who vanished without trace in 1977.

Woodward used to describe the blond man, "BW": "He has convictions for offensive behavior, driving a motor vehicle with more than the prescribed concentration of alcohol in his blood, driving an unregistered and uninsured vehicle, larceny, robbery, rape, consorting, forging and uttering a passport application, possessing an unlicensed pistol and goods in custody. He is a long-time associate of BL, but has no drug-related convictions. He is, however, a suspected drug dealer, and has for a number of years been an associate of known criminals."

There are two other members in the group in the Texxan Bar. One is Henry ("Danny") Landini. His dress is more the sporting club variety and he is preoccupied with the two Thai girls who flank him, and for whom he is buying expensive drinks. The other is William Garfield Sinclair, desperately trying to look younger than his 72 years and locked in conversation with the snappy dressers. From the other side of the bar, it is impossible to hear their conversation, but it is obvious the three are not discussing Landini's choice of women or Thai temples.

The scene played out by BL and BW, Landini and Sinclair – both of whom also received dishonorable mentions in the report of the NSW Royal Commissioner – brings into sharp relief the observation by Sir Colin Woods that the Mr Bigs of the shadowy world of Australian crime "like the good things in life". They are the brand of modern, organised, yet merciless gangsters against whom Sir Colin and his brother-commissioners have declared unconditional war with the formation of a unique chain of State crime intelligence cells linked to a national crime intelligence centre.

For obvious reasons, the civil defence chiefs are unwilling to make public the fine print of their campaign, but the law lords have sworn to present a unified front in using every legal mechanism they can to pin the drug bosses. Though they cringe at the term, harassment will be the keynote of their offensive. They will use telephone intercepts, electronic bugging devices and will make wider use of the Federal currency and banking regulations.

One area in which the national Crime Intelligence Centre is planning a major overhaul is in the field of "overseas liaison", the covert agencies attached to Australian Embassies and other consular agencies in countries with links to the syndicates. It is an overhaul which is long overdue, according to one long-time Australian resident of Bangkok. "Compared with other countries' undercover operatives in South-east Asia, our boys are still hog-tied," he says. "They don't have the licence of, say, the American and French narcotics agents, and they certainly don't have the same kind of money to throw around. And in South-east Asia, every little scrap of information costs you."

That is a situation with which street police in every big Australian city can sympathise. Experienced detectives in NSW, for example, are still chafing at the senior directive banning "deals" with small-time crooks because it has cut off one of their traditional sources of valuable information. No longer are they supposed to "lean on" petty crooks to trade off the threat of arrest against information which has in the past often led to the arrest of drug dealers higher up the chain. The current orders are to arrest and charge everybody caught dealing in, or possessing, drugs.

The front-line police say they need all the help they can get, even if it means bending the rules to combat the highly organised gangs which often operate from behind apparently legitimate business fronts, have unlimited funds, have access to sophisticated transport and communications.

Evidence given to the NSW Royal Commission into Drug Trafficking left no doubt that the Mr Bigs have little trouble in organising false passports for themselves and their couriers in a variety of names, and that couriers are often forearmed with precise information about inspection procedures at the major Australian airports.

And one document tabled before that commission suggested the crime bosses have begun, or are about to begin, shipping their cargoes of white death to Australia in containers.

As Mr Justice Woodward says in his report to the Wran Government: "It had been my view for some time that one possible and likely method of the introduction of heroin into Australia was in containers. The document which was found in the home of BL in the course of the present investigation into the Bangkok affair gave an indication of the intelligent approach to the use of these containers.

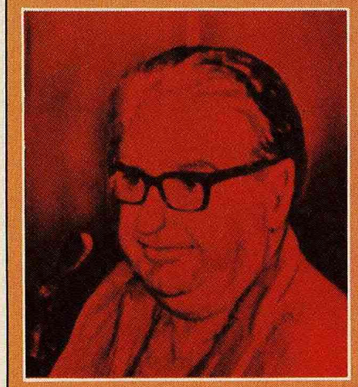
"The reference in the document that details would be related to 'your friend so that a daily check can be kept' obviously refers to their friends either on the wharves, in the shipping lines, or in the Customs Department," Mr Justice Woodward stated in the report. "The reference to the suggestion that 'if it comes unstuck, at least we will be able to get our people away unscathed' again refers to such a situation. The reference to the requirement of $30,000 COD again indicates that a bonus or payout was required by some person at this end who, on arrival in Australia of the container, was in a position to render assistance."

If, as one witness testified to the commission, the same BL had danced

HOW THEY 'LAUNDERED' MASSIVE DRUG PROFITS

THE whim to indulge expensive tastes lures the shrewd and ruthless into the drug trafficking business. Often the profits are so vast that the business of spending, reinvesting or laundering the huge cash stockpiles poses some additional problems to the drug bosses.

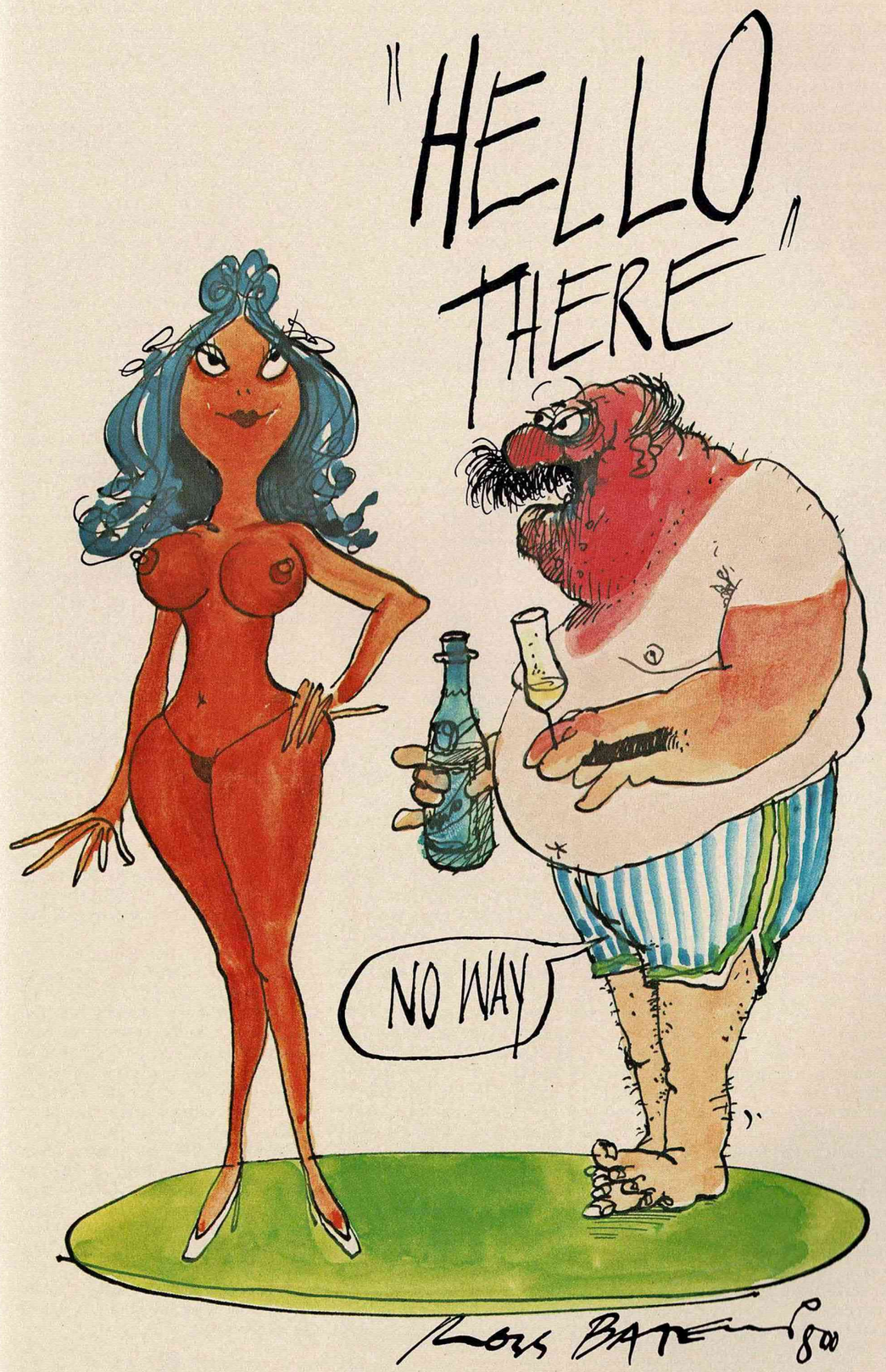
From the profits of his first entrepreneural sally into the heroin shipping market, William Garfield Sinclair, an Australian facing drug charges in Bangkok, invested in the following fashion:



William Sinclair: Had problems laundering huge cash stockpiles.

- A wad was used to buy a third share in a Thai registered company known as Watergate Company Pty Ltd, which was formed to purchase a lease on a property in Sukhumvit Road, Bangkok, and to outfit a bar to be known as Texxan Two. His co-investors were a Patpong Road bar owner and several others – all Americans – who made their money in Middle-east oil fields.
- He bought shares in a Wollongong land development scheme.
- With a publican and SP bookmaker, he was involved in the production of a TV cooking series, bought by a Sydney channel.
- In conjunction with his son, Gregory Sinclair, he paid a deposit on a Brisbane restaurant.

The individuals named in the NSW Royal Commission as BL and BW bought matching Jaguar sports cars and invested in a Wollongong property development. Between them, they bought a $25,000 cruiser while BL paid off his house, and equipped it with sophisticated security devices and closed-circuit TV.



around his home on opening an aluminium suitcase containing "about 30 one-pound bags of heroin" repeating: "I'm rich! I'm rich," he might have planned a takeover of BHP had he landed a container of dope. However, the obvious plan to avoid detection is not to bring in a container-load – equivalent to the size of a small room – but to pack the heroin inside the container's lining.

To many of the crime lords – some of whom glory in embossed business cards identifying them as solid citizens of commerce – the law is a toy. Certainly Inspector Paul Delianus feels the professional criminal is in such a favored position today by comparison with enforcers of the law that police powers should be much further widened. "We ought to be able to use subterfuge for the good of the common weal," he says. "We should guard our civil rights as much as we can – but we shouldn't throw our other rights down the drain. We have the right to walk the streets in safety, and we have the right to send our kids to school knowing they won't be victims of the drug pushers."

He points out that, when and if the police can prepare a case that brings a member of the criminal hierarchy into court, the accused can afford to retain the best legal counsel in the land – a fact reinforced by reports that one trafficker guaranteed $100,000 each to two leading barristers to prepare his defence to a charge of murder.

To strengthen the prosecution's arm, Inspector Delianus suggests it is time to review two of the basic tenets of common law – the right of anybody to remain silent when questioned by police, and an accused's right to make an unsworn statement from the dock.

"What I am strongly advocating," he says, "is that it is no longer relevant for a person suspected of having committed a crime to have the right to remain silent. This was introduced when the majority of people in society were illiterate. It was introduced for their protection, but it is now being used by the professional criminal to his advantage and the community's disadvantage. If facts are put to a criminal or a suspect in relation to a crime, he ought to be compelled to give an explanation. If he doesn't, then a court should be able to draw an inference from his silence.

"The unsworn statement from the dock should also be abolished. These days it simply means a criminal can get into the dock and read from a prepared and carefully rehearsed statement. The prosecution cannot ask him one question about that statement," Inspector Delianus says.

Audacious and violent crime, which in recent times has been the exclusive trademark of the Melbourne painters and dockers, is becoming commonplace. And even elements within that blood-stained union surpassed themselves when a hired gunman infiltrated a Melbourne courthouse last November and slew Raymond Patrick Bennett, the 31-year-old painter and docker who had been acquitted in September of a charge of murdering fellow unionist Leslie Kane.

Victorian police do not believe, as some newspapers have hinted, that Linus Patrick Driscoll, convicted and deported murderer of a fellow member of the infamous Toecutter Gang, was smuggled into the country on a false passport to kill Bennett. They think Kane had enough friends willing to carry out the revenge killing without importing a hit man. But the Victorian police mirror society's grave concern that any gunman would be bold enough to run the gauntlet of armed police to invade a building commissioned to uphold the sanctity of law and justice.

It is deeply disturbing that in Australia, criminals will not only exploit weaknesses for gambling, sex and drugs to make fortunes, but also will kill or arrange murders of convenience and revenge. Sir Colin Woods, no stranger to vicious, organised crime, is shocked by the nature and extent of this country's illegal drug and related criminal activity.

Killing – more and more often without trace of a body or fear of conviction – is too easy for the crime tsars if, as police close to the investigation are convinced, Donald Mackay was slain by a hired gunman not because he dared to expose the Griffith marijuana ring, but merely because he publicly criticised the family of one of the ringleaders.

POLICE "HOPELESSLY OUTGUNNED" IN THE DRUG WAR

THE agencies of drug detection consider themselves hopelessly outgunned in a one-sided war with the drug trafficker.

Staggering profits and high risks have attracted a sophisticated, often very well educated criminal shrewd enough to preserve his freedom and enjoy the profits of his trade. When subtle use of the law, currency and international travel fail to guarantee his complete freedom, the drug executive deploys bribery and murder with ruthless efficiency. Against such measures, police claim that the normal procedures of detection and apprehension are totally inadequate.

Narcotic agents have uniformly answered criticism of their failure to snare the big drug profiteers with pleas for new powers of surveillance, detection and questioning. They claim the standard procedures used to convict the common criminal are now no match for the guile of the drug executives. Narcotic agents want powers which permit:

- Widespread use of surveillance equipment including telephone taps and bugging devices.
- Permission to make "deals" with lesser drug offenders in order to arrest the bosses (at present, some departments forbid deals, while others discourage it).
- The right to intercept mail and have access to correspondence, financial statements and private files of suspects.
- Abolition of court procedure which prevents the cross examination of witnesses who have made unsworn statements from the dock.
- Waiving of the right of a suspect to remain silent under questioning.

But police are not likely to find a sympathetic ear in the legislative circle. Recent Royal Commission findings cited the rivalries and lack of co-ordination between the police enforcement agencies – not the inadequacies of law – as one of the main reasons for the shortage of notable arrests. There is also strong public feeling that any additional police powers would pose a real threat to the individual.

The Council of Civil Liberties is opposed to such measures as telephone tapping without the written permission of the Minister for Post and Telecommunications. According to its president, Gordon Johnson, the CCL considers the current laws adequate.

"During both world wars, Australia was subjected to the Defence of the Realm Act, which was probably justified in view of the numerous threats to our national security," says Johnson, "but we certainly wouldn't want to see the same sort of powers given to police in time of peace."

The British Government had good reason to introduce the Anti-Terrorist Act of 1974 to counter the wave of IRA bomb attacks in England. Under new legislation, police were successful in cracking the major bomb rings, but Britain's social freedom reputation received a severe denting as a result.

WHO WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THAT THE CUDDLY LITTLE BUNDLE THAT CAME INTO THE LIVES OF NORM & NORMA BURK IN EARLY 1960 CONTAINED A SEXUAL TIME BOMB?

NORMA [A LOCAL GIRL] WAS JUST AN EVERYDAY NEWCASTLE MUM, POWERED BY ASPIRIN, SHANDIES AND SHEER DEDICATION. NORM [HIS ROOTS CAN BE TRACED BACK TO CESSNOCK] WAS AN ORDINARY, HARD WORKING, SPORTY BLOKE WHO WAS USUALLY AS FULL AS A BOOT.

JUST THE KIND OF PARENTS YOU'D EXPECT FOR A SUBURBAN SUPER HERO LIKE ... DAVE.

THEY SAY SEXUAL DEPRIVATION CAN BE BAD FOR A BABY.

VALIUM

DR SPROCK VOL IX

BABY BASHING. HOW TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT VOL II

BEER

ADDICTED TO DUMMY SUCKING, UNABLE TO CONTROL HIS NATURAL FUNCTIONS, SUBJECT TO THE PREDATORY ATTENTIONS OF AN OLDER SISTER AND THE OCCASIONAL MOTHERLY WHACK WITH A WET RUBBER WASHING UP GLOVE... BABY DAVE HAD ALL THE HALLMARKS OF BECOMING JUST ANOTHER TYPICAL PRODUCT OF POST FREUDIAN CONFUSION

GRRR. GRR.

TRAPPED IN HER ETERNAL TRIANGLE* OF MOTHERHOOD, NORMA WAS UNAWARE THAT IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE...

STOVE, FRIDGE, SINK... STOVE, FRIDGE, SINK... STOVE, FRIDGE, SINK... FROM.

TRANNY

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF NORM AND EILEEN HE WAS TURNING INTO A NORMAL NEWCASTLE KID. HIS LITTLE MIND ADDLED BY

ROCK & ROLL, LOW ALCOHOL BEER & SEX

WHO'S DADDYS LITTLE DRINKER?

BESIDES MAG WHEELS AND RADIALS ON YOUR PRAM, WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE, DAVE?

HEY BABY! WANNA GO FOR A SPIN?

AFTER GRADUATING FROM PRE-SCHOOL, LITTLE DAVE'S LIFE MOVED INTO FIRST GEAR. THIS SENSITIVE STUDY OF AUSTRALIAN BOYHOOD IN THE RAW WE SEE BELOW SHOWS DAVE IN THAT FIRST GOLDEN FLUSH OF CHILDHOOD... EAGER TO EXPERIMENT WITH EXPERIENCE, EVEN IF IT MEANT HAVING TO PLAY DOCTORS AND NURSES WITH THAT NEUROTIC LITTLE BUNDLE OF SUGAR 'N' SPICE ETC, EILEEN...

DIRTY PICS

KENTUCKY FRIED

PIZZA HUT

BIG MAC

JUST IN CASE YOU'RE NOT IN A HEALTH FUND I'D BETTER CONFISCATE THIS.

PIGGY BANK

EVEN AT THIS STAGE DAVE REALISED THAT THE FACTS OF LIFE WERE MORE THAN JUST DROPPING HIS SHORTS SO THE INSATIABLE EILEEN COULD CARRY OUT YET ANOTHER EXPLORATORY OP... AND ONE HOT AFTERNOON, DOWN A STORMWATER DRAIN, HE CONFRONTED THE ENIGMA OF WOMAN ... FACE TO FACE.

YOU SHOW ME YOURS AND I'LL SHOW YOU MINE.

NOT TODAY, DAVE, I'VE GOT A HEADACHE.

DAVE REMAINED UNSHAKEN BY WHAT ANY OTHER 8 YEAR OLD WOULD HAVE REGARDED AS THE ULTIMATE REJECTION

IN THE MEANTIME, WORKERS' COMP AND A FEW WINS ON THE TROTS HAD BEEN GOOD TO NORM & NORMA. THEY MOVED TO A NEW COLOR CO-ORDINATED HOME WITH DIMMER SWITCHES ETC. IN ADAMSTOWN (GATEWAY TO THE JUNCTION).

IN TERMS WE CAN ALL RELATE TO IT WAS JUST A TYPICAL NEWCASTLE SUBURB-WHERE THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEBODY PINCHING UNDERWEAR OFF THE CLOTHES LINES.

BUT THEN THAT WAS WHAT THE PERMISSIVE '60s WERE ALL ABOUT IN NEWCASTLE ALONG WITH TUPPERWARE PARTIES THAT GOT OUT OF HAND AND HEAVY PETTING THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT SHOW AT THE DRIVE IN. BEFORE THEY KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO EILEEN & DAVE, THE YOUTH REVOLUTION WAS ON NORM & NORMAS VERY DOORSTEP!

LOOK AT THIS.. I BET SHE'S BEEN MIXING WITH THOSE MIGRANT KIDS AGAIN.

OM OM OM OM OM OM OM OM

ZEN BUDDHISM

YOGA & KARMA

THE 3 FACES OF EVE

THE I CHING

IT WAS IN FACT THE BEGINING OF DAVE'S MEDIA & DRUG PROBLEM... BIKKIES BETWEEN MEALS, WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS WHEN THERE WAS NO DESSERT. BEFORE LONG HE WAS HOOKED ON SHERRY TRIFLE! IT ALL CAME TO A TRAGIC END WHEN NORMA CAME HOME TO FIND HIM SLUMPED AGAINST A POOF SUFFERING FROM INDIGESTION AND A LETHAL OVER-DOSE OF...

DISNEYLAND.

BU-U-URP

PEANUT BUTTER

BIKKIS

CHIPS

CHOCS

FOR EILEEN IT WAS A KIND OF RAKE'S PROGRESS THROUGH PUBERTY. SHE WENT TO SO MANY PYJAMA PARTIES THAT PEOPLE SOON BEGAN CALLING HER A "SLEEP AROUND."

OVERNIGHT BAG

I THOUGHT I WAS SUPPOSED TO SAY THAT?

COMING... READY OR NOT.

BY COMPARISON, DAVE'S EARLY SEX LIFE WAS GIVING CAUSE FOR CONCERN. DESPAIRINGLY HE SLAKED HIS THIRST ON THE ONLY PORNOGRAPHY AT HAND, BRA ADS IN THE WOMEN'S WEEKLY.

EVEN AS A BOY SCOUT HE WAS ALWAYS "PREPARED" FOR A GIRL GUIDE, OR A BROWNIE, OR AS IT USUALLY TURNED OUT... PLAYING WITH HIS WOGGLE

CO-ED HIGH SCHOOL ARRIVED AND WITH IT THE PROSPECT OF UNLIMITED PROMISCUITY.

LOOK AT THE PAIR OF NORKS* ON THAT!

WOW! GET A LOAD OF THE LUNCHBOX ON HIM!

*NORKS:- NEWCASTLE EXPRESSION FOR BOOBS

IT WAS HERE THAT DAVE MET HIS LIFELONG FRIEND, "JOHNNO FROM TORONTO"; AND TOGETHER THEY'D STALK THE PLAYGROUND GETTING INTO BASIC BIOLOGY AND THE ODD BIT OF LIP-READING.

BIOLOGY ONE HOW TO DO IT

SEX

HOWEVER USUALLY BOILED DOWN TO LOOKING UP DIRTY WORDS IN THE DICTIONARY...

POCKET OXFORD

BUT TO NO AVAIL. SHEILAS IN NEWCASTLE ALWAYS GO FOR THE GUY WITH THE BIGGEST THESAURUS.

SHOVE OFF DRONGO... AND YA FRIEND.

ROGETS

MEANWHILE EILEEN HAD BEEN HAVING HER OWN UPS AND DOWNS, USUALLY ON THE BACK SEAT OF PARKED CARS. (IDLE GOSSIP, HOWEVER, STILL INSISTS HER VIRGINITY SAILED OUT OF PORT HUNTER ON A GREEK FREIGHTER.)

HOLD ON... IT'S CAUGHT IN THE ASHTRAY.

BAR MAID, CHECKOUT CHICK AND THEN USHERETTE AT THE ISLINGTON THEATRE... SHE WAS WHAT'S KNOWN LOCALLY AS A "CAREER GIRL"

REGENTS

SIR! I DON'T BELIEVE WE ADVERTISED YOU AS THIS WEEK'S COMING ATTRACTION.

YOUTH HAD AN ENDING IN STORE FOR EILEEN THAT MOST NEWCASTLE SHEILAS WOULD SEE AS A FAIRY TALE COME TRUE. SHE MARRIED A TRUCKIE AND, AFTER A 5 DAY (4 NIGHTS) ALL INCLUSIVE HONEYMOON ON HAYMAN ISLAND, MOVED INTO A SPLIT LEVEL, 16 SQ AUSTRALIAN DREAM HOME UP ON GLAD BAG HEIGHTS ESTATE, WITH BEAUT VIEWS WEST TOWARDS SLAG HEAP NATIONAL PARK. IT WAS A SOCIAL OLYMPUS, ON WHOSE ELYSIAN CUL DE SACS RESIDED MIDDLE MANAGEMENT, USED CAR DEALERS AND LOCAL CIVIC DIGNITARIES.

IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME THAT DAVE BEGAN TO FLOWER INTO HIS LATE ADOLESCENT ROMANTIC PERIOD.

PASSING LOVE LETTERS IN GLASS...

HOW ABOUT A SCREW SHEREE

INK

...AND TURNING BASE LUST AND ANIMAL INSTINCT INTO ARTISTICALLY PASSIONATE WORKS OF POETRY

I'D LIKE TO GIVE SHEREE A POKE, AND AFTER THAT I'D LIKE A SMOKE, IF I CAN GET INTO HER PANTS, I THINK I'LL ASK HER TO THE DANCE.

SHEREE, OBVIOUSLY A FRIGID LITTLE BITCH OF THE FIRST ORDER, REMAINED "LITERALLY UNTOUCHED" BY HIS POETIC LICENCE. AND AT THE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION BEER AND PRAWN NIGHT HE WAS STUCK WITH BIG BRENDA, KNOWN BY ALL THOSE WHO'D BEEN BEHIND THE BIKE SHEDS WITH HER AS... THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE.

DAVE, OVERQUALIFIED AND OVERSEXED FOR A CAREER IN HEAVY INDUSTRY, SOON FOUND HIMSELF TAKING IT EASY ON... THE DOLE, WONDERING PERHAPS HOW TO RELIEVE THE FRUSTRATIONS OF UNEMPLOYMENT

PIZZA

SUNTAN OIL

PLAYBOY

PEANUT BUTTER

SURFING...PICKING UP BIRDS... WILD PARTIES. LIFE WAS JUST LIKE A PARAGON CAFE BURGER. IT HAD... "THE WORKS"...

THEY GROW UP QUICK, DON'T THEY?

YES, ONE DAY THEY'RE BABIES, AND THE NEXT... BIKIES!

JOHNNO

UNTIL ONE NIGHT WHEN HE WAS OUT "PARKING" WITH ONE OF THE BEST SETS OF NORKS THIS SIDE OF MAITLAND... DISASTER STRUCK!

ER...YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TEN CENTS FOR THE METER?

THE FINANCIAL CRUNCH WAS BAD ENOUGH. BUT THEN, DURING A SESSION AT THE DRIVE IN WITH A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF FROM GATESHEAD CALLED DEBBIE, HE FELT THOSE TURBULENT TEEN YEARS SLIPPING THROUGH HIS FINGERS...

FALSIES!

STRUTH! HE'S FOUND OUT

CHOCS

CHIPS

...IT PRECIPITATED THE NEAREST THING DAVE WOULD EVER HAVE TO AN IDENTITY CRISIS.

WHO AM I..? WHERE AM I GOING..? WHAT'S IT ALL MEAN..? WHAT'LL I EAT !!?

HOW ABOUT A SPRING ROLL AND A CHIP SANDWICH, OR MAYBE A FISH PATTIE OR PERHAPS...

PARAGON CAFE

LOOK.. I HAVEN'T GOT ALL BLOODY DAY.

PARAGON

MENU

JOHNNO FROM TORO

THE TENDER RENDING OF FAMILY BONDS FINALLY CAME ON A SATURDAY NIGHT AFTER DAVE CRITICISED NORMAS' COOKING. NORM - HIS USUAL CHEERY, PLONKED, SELF - DECIDED IT WAS TIME DAVE BECAME A MAN.

WHERE DID WE GO WRONG, NORM?

GET OUT YA LITTLE BLUDGER AND GET YOURSELF A JOB.

DOCKYARD

WILL NORMA EMANCIPATE HERSELF FROM THE KITCHEN AND BECOME AN AVON LADY?

IS JOHNNO SMART ENOUGH TO SPOT THE TRICK QUESTION ON THE B.H.P. JOB APPLICATION FORM?

IS EILEEN HEADING FOR A NERVOUS SUBURBAN BREAKDOWN... CAN ANYTHING STOP HER MAKING AN ACAPULCO STYLE DIVE FROM THE CLIFFS ABOVE NEWCASTLE SOUTH BEACH?

WHO IS KITTY LITTA AND DOES SHE HAVE THE BIGGEST PAIR OF NORKS IN NEWCASTLE?

WILL DAVE MEET THE WOMAN OF HIS DREAMS (DESIRES, FANTASIES, ETC)? WILL CHEAP BOOZE AND A PANEL VAN BRING THEM TOGETHER? NEXT MONTH IN THE STAR RIOT

URANIUM AND THE ABORIGINES: PART 2

THE SAME HORROR OF DEATH

feature By ANDREW CLARK

arnhem land aborigines are abandoning hope for the survival of their culture as they are bulldozed into despair by the white man's greed for uranium

"I MUST go bush and be normal," said Galarrwuy Yunupingu, chairman of the Northern Land Council, in the midst of the Ranger uranium negotiations last year. For Arnhem Landers, the bush starts on the easterly slope of the East Alligator River, and it is hard to imagine a more beautiful border in the world. Slim melaleuca trees stand on either bank, and beyond, hunks of escarpment outlier provide a spectacular backdrop against the sky.

But closer, somehow the colors are wrong: small gums have a red tint to their leaves; sandstone rocks, normally dark yellow, are a rusty brown. The giant trucks heading for the Nabarlek uranium mine, deep inside Arnhem Land, have thrown up a heavy cover of red dust. Their rumbling passage penetrates the night, and Aborigines who traditionally hunt in the area complain that the trucks have scared the game away. A long-wheel-base Toyota, purchased with Nabarlek royalties, drives along the dusty road. In the back, several Aborigines slump among the beer cartons. A station wagon lies rolled in a ditch and abandoned. It is Saturday, and the Oenpelli settlement is almost deserted. Later, after the locals return home from the pub, there is an unbroken cacophony of shouting, breaking, smashing.

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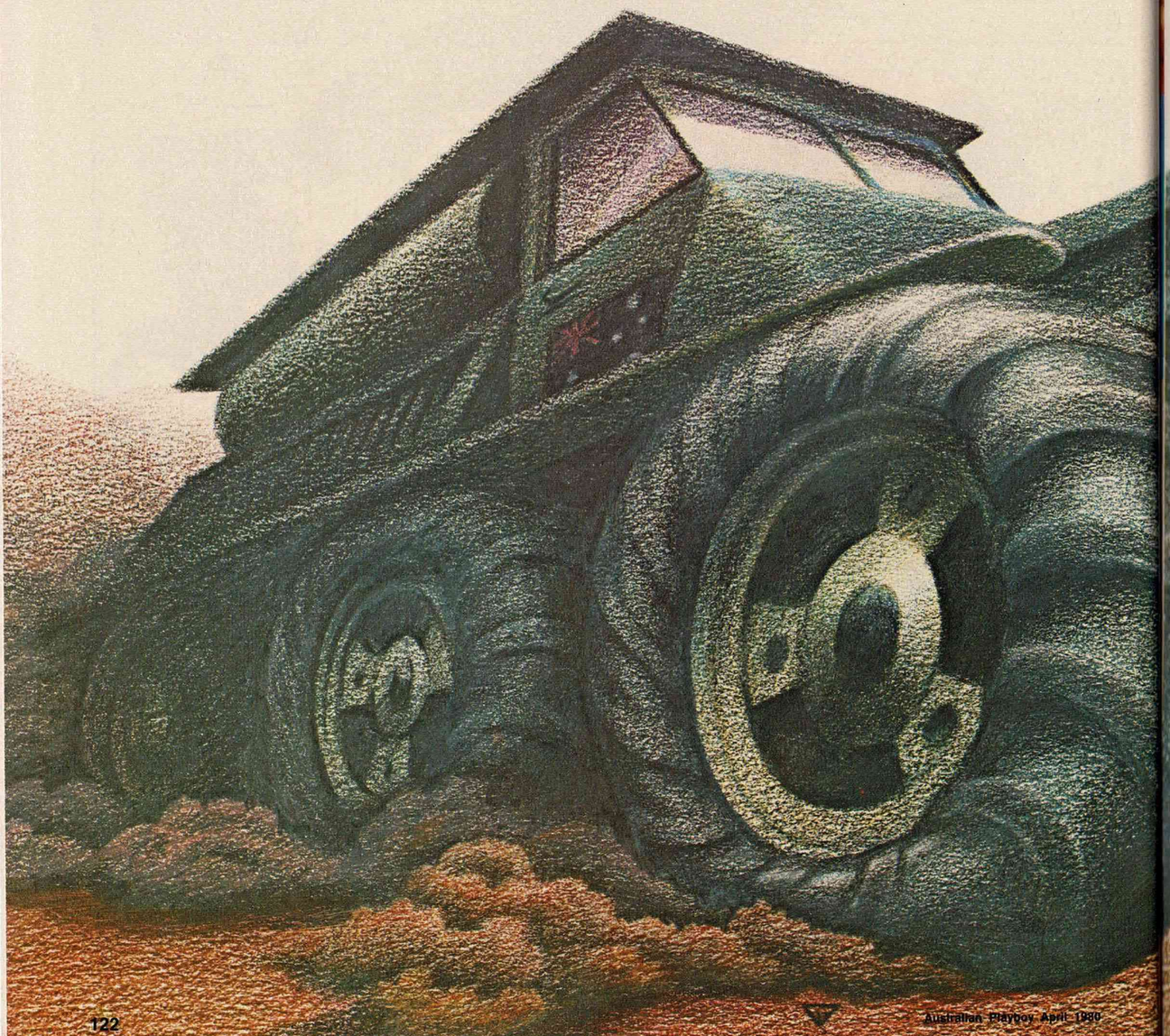
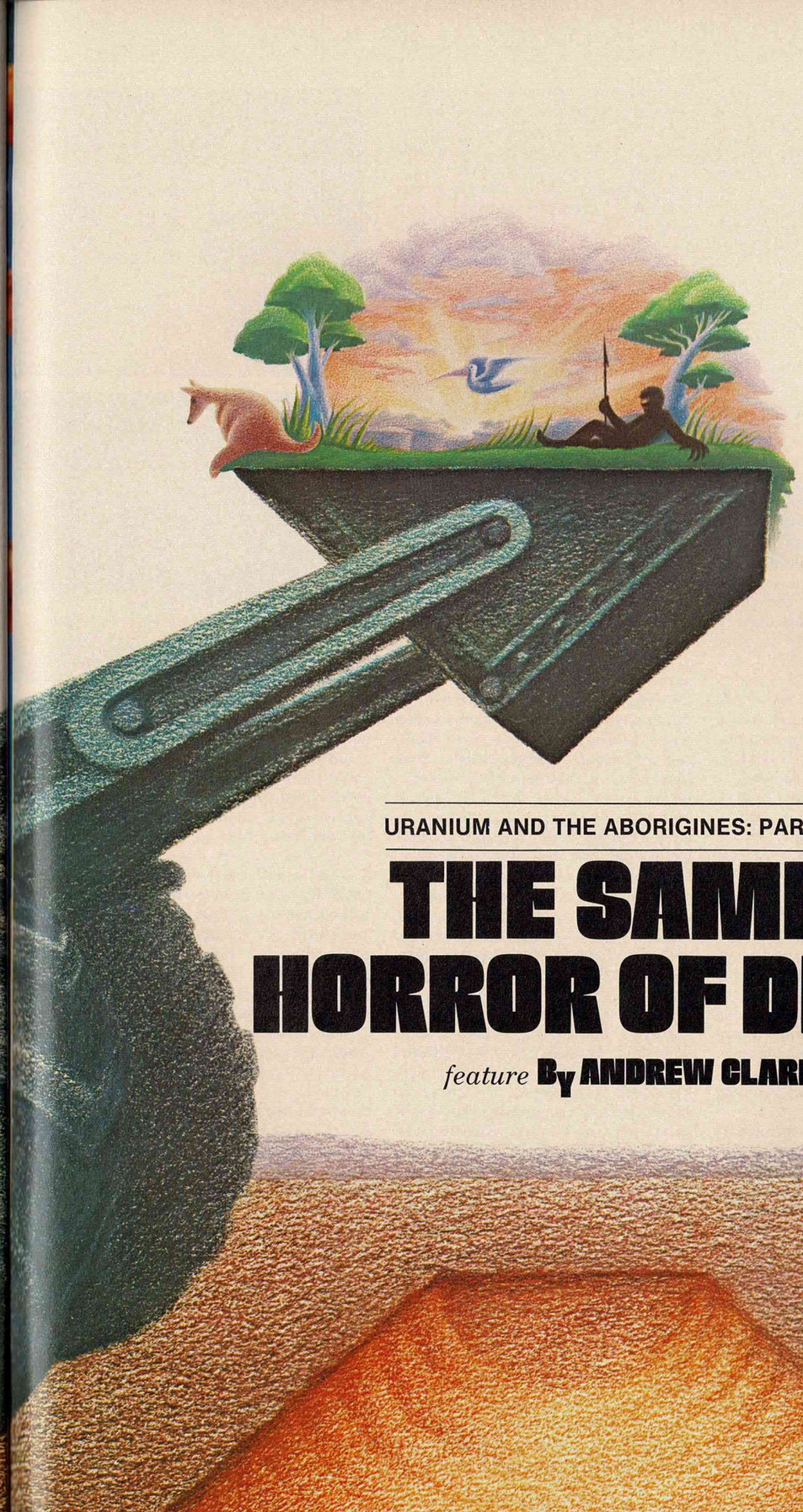
These vignettes of dislocation are a portent of things to come. So far, mining has occurred only at Nabarlek, smallest of the four proved-up deposits in the East Alligator River region, containing about 12,000 tonnes of uranium oxide — yellowcake. This is about three percent of the total yellowcake so far proved up in the

Illustration by Gordon Fitchett





other three deposits – Jabiru, Jabiluka and Koongarra. According to mining company executives and government officials both in this country and in America, the Northern Territory uranium province may contain up to two million tonnes, and possibly more. In other words, Nabarlek contains about 0.6 percent of the uranium estimated to be in Arnhem Land.

With the start-up of uranium mining at Nabarlek last year, and with development of the other three projects now under way, the Government has expressed interest in establishing a town of 7000 inhabitants – double the original estimate. Further development will bring more people and, with them, pressure to upgrade the dirt track that winds through Arnhem Land into a straight all-weather sealed highway, violating the area's protective isolation. Despite special provisions designed to minimise conflict between blacks and whites, should the four projects all be worked simultaneously, the contact and the rapid change to the environment will destroy the last remaining group of frontier Aborigines in Australia.

If this conflict has its Somme or Marne, it is Oenpelli. Situated 18 kilometres inside Arnhem Land and 30 kilometres southwest of Nabarlek, it is the Aboriginal settlement that is closest to the four uranium deposits. It is also the place where Aborigines were first approached to sanction mining, where many of the key meetings took place, and where the Ranger agreement was finally signed.

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I spent nine days waiting to get into Oenpelli. I was lucky; some people have waited three months, and some never get in. I camped under a big melaleuca tree by the East Alligator River, and spent the time wandering about its tributaries, climbing escarpment outliers, visiting mining projects, Aboriginal outstations and small European communities, and avoiding fights in the local pub.

Frustrating and time-consuming as the waiting was, it did have certain advantages. Traditionally, when an Aborigine wants to contact someone in another area, he does not walk straight up to the humpy, but waits until his presence is noted and he is approached and invited in. Unknowingly, I was following this custom.

Gradually, as *my* presence became known in Oenpelli, inspection parties crossed the river to reconnoitre. Two rangers, friendly with the Oenpelli elders, camped with me one night, and we were joined by a white NLC field officer who is married to a traditional owner from the area. The following morning a white schoolteacher from Oenpelli came across with an Aborigine and her four children. We drank tea on the river bank and talked about hunting turtles, while one of her daughters fished for barramundi. Finally, a few days later, when the heat made all movement exhausting, two men arrived in a Toyota, helped me break camp, and drove me to Oenpelli.

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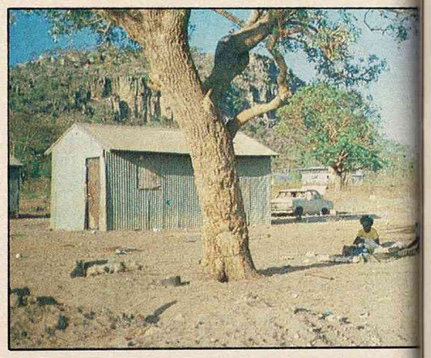
I had been warned not to expect much. One ranger, sympathetic toward the Aborigines, said: "If you could paint hopelessness, it would look like Oenpelli." It stands on the crest of a flood plain which stretches back to the East Alligator and forward to Nabarlek. The area is dotted with billabongs, even at the end of the dry season, full of barramundi and other fish. Fresh springs come out of the escarpment area, and change into rushing waterfalls during the wet season.

The settlement is shaped roughly like a triangle. At its apex is Mission Avenue, having a simple Anglican church and the most impressive house in the settlement – occupied by Alf Wilson, the former Church Missionary Society representative, now a community adviser. On the western side of the triangle is an area known as Banyan, with squat 10-square wooden houses and suburban-size yards. Members of the local Aboriginal elite – Silas Maralugurra, chairman of the Gunbalanya Council, his wife, Rachel, a traditional owner, and Donald Urmudul, deputy town clerk and another traditional owner – live in Banyan. Next to their houses stands a large concrete shed with open walls where most of the town's meetings take place. Nearby is a shanty settlement, with small green sheds, a few humpies, mounds of rubbish and innumerable dogs.

In the eastern section is Argaluk – culturally and socially a distinct area. The stock Argaluk house is small and broken down. Many are uninhabited. The former residents are either in outstations, live in outlying humpies or camp a few metres from their houses. Argaluk people are closer to the bush and less influenced by missionaries, schools and pop music. They rely more on the bush for their food, fewer of the children go to school, more attend initiation ceremonies.

Early one morning, I drove into Argaluk, looking for suitable material to photograph. I came across a typical Argaluk scene: the family outside around a roaring fire, although nothing was being cooked; the father seated cross-legged, his wife crouched beside him, and several children hanging about listlessly. There were several dogs, piles of rubbish, and no door or floor in the nearby house. Overall, the scene produced that effect so often encountered among the Aborigines – colorful, lost, dignified. I asked if I could take a photo. The father looked at me hard, his eyes full of loathing, turned slowly so that his back faced me, and refused.



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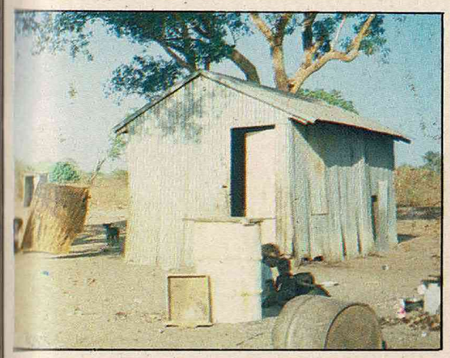
Nearly half the food consumed at Oenpelli comes from the hunt, with the percentage increasing at outstations. Bush tucker in the area is diverse, rich and plentiful, but mining, use of the road, and the depredations of water buffalo and pigs, have drastically reduced the numbers of some species.

The other half of the food comes from the general store where prices are, by necessity, high. Because no one at Oenpelli is registered for unemployment benefits – a policy laid down by the Gunbalanya Council – all money for food has to come from wages, uranium royalties, the sale of Oenpelli art, the proceeds of endless card games, or, in the end, from friends and relatives.

Out of a population of approximately 500, fewer than a fifth are employed, and many work only part time. The Gunbalanya Council is the principal source of employment, with about 30 men working in its workshop, on road maintenance, sewerage and garbage collection, and upkeep of the town electricity and water supplies.

In the days of a strongly paternalist mission, there was more work. There were vegetable gardens and orchards, a dairy farm and a bakery. The weeds have taken over the gardens, and the dairy cows have merged with the beef herd. In 1977, the Ranger Uranium Environmental Inquiry, under Mr Justice Fox, reported that it had received evidence that, if it were not for the problems caused by alcohol, Aborigines at nearby Mudginberri Station "could constitute 80 percent of the station's total workforce as compared with the present 12 percent".



On the banks of the East Alligator River in Arnhem Land, local Aborigines, due to economic forces beyond their control, often live in such squalid, makeshift encampments as those pictured here. On the other hand, studies have shown that the outstation movement, the return to the bush, has increased the concern for better living conditions among its members.

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This claim is contested by other long-term residents, but most agree that the number one problem is liquor. The major quandary for a reporter investigating the uranium-Aborigine conflict is how much of the alcoholism has been exacerbated by the onset of mining. Drinking, legalised for blacks in the Territory only 17 years ago, is not simply a popular social pastime for Aborigines – it is the most widely discussed aspect of their lives. It is blamed for the widespread breakdown of order within Aboriginal society, for violence among Aborigines, for the increase in hepatitis, diabetes, anaemia and malnutrition, for absenteeism among school children, for prostitution, for child neglect, for the disintegration of the complex kinship system, for theft, and for the migration to larger towns.

All of these problems occur within European societies, and many are caused by liquor – a point often forgotten in the Territory. As Charles Rowley has written in his book, *The Destruction of Aboriginal Society:* "The Aborigine has the same fears and hopes as other men; the same horror of death; the same innate capacity for terror and courage; the same bonds of love for those of his own social order."

The Aborigine also has comparable reasons for turning to alcohol: a lack of power to influence events around him, an uncertainty bordering on despair about the future, and the knowledge that he is regarded with contemptuous loathing by another, more powerful, group – whites.

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About 80 kilometres west of Oenpelli at the South Alligator River pub, the temperature has already passed the century by 11 on a Saturday morning. A group of Europeans – truckies, some workers from the Ranger project at Jabiru, and two men from a road gang – are drinking in the small bar which, like so many Territory watering holes, is attached to a service station. Outside, in the shade under two mango trees, are parked two new Toyotas, courtesy of Queensland Mines, owners of the Nabarlek projects. Sitting on them and on the ground are about 30 Aborigines from Oenpelli. An elderly man brings out another dozen cans and is followed by two others carrying the same. Two drunk women swap insults and slaps, swaying side to side near the front of one of the vehicles. Five young men lie comatose on the grass. A group of older women sits in a circle nearby, ignoring the rest, chattering, and gesticulating to the men bringing the cartons to tear them open. One of the young men wakes up, and, after looking around for a few seconds, reaches for a can.

That night, at Oenpelli, fights break out, doors are smashed, women and children scream, and the noise does not subside until dawn.

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Until 18 months ago, Oenpelli people did much of their drinking at the border store by the East Alligator River. Many camped there permanently, and it was the centre of countless fights and a few unrecorded murders. A hole in the wooden wall of the store is, according to Aborigines, the result of a spear thrown from inside.

The Fox report says: "As a result of alcohol being taken back to Oenpelli by Aborigines, drunken and disorderly behavior ensued, and the resulting violence, noise and bad language disrupted and upset the community . . . women and children were apathetic and demoralised after many nights of sleeplessness and drunken brawls. In the past six years, five people (have) died as a result of events stemming from excessive drinking. Many others (have) been injured and required evacuation to Darwin. Motor vehicles (have) been extensively damaged, and a general air of despondency (has) overcome the community."

The Department of Aboriginal Affairs purchased the border store for

the Oenpelli community, and last year, at the instigation of the Gunbalanya Council, its liquor licence was rescinded. This had a dampening effect on drinking, and coincided with the opening of the Oenpelli club. This establishment featured restricted drinking hours, and each beer can sold across the counter was opened first – a common practice in Territory canteens. Unlike European hotels, the club was subject to peer group pressure from the many Aborigines in the community who both disapproved of drinking and of the inevitable consequences when anyone, white or black, drank to excess.

Recently, however, there has been a drift back to the former pattern. When the first royalties from Nabarlek were distributed, 11 new four-wheel-drive Toyotas arrived at Oenpelli. The new vehicles, and surplus cash, made the South Alligator Hotel and another at Cooinda, further south, easily accessible. When Ranger money was first distributed, some recipients made two discoveries: station wagons hold a lot of liquor, and spirits cause drunkenness even more quickly than beer. The licence at the South Alligator places restrictions on the sale of spirits to whites and blacks, so some Aborigines from Oenpelli, where the Council forbids alcohol to be brought in from outside, started driving their newly-acquired station wagons to Darwin to pick up beer and spirits. In some cases, spare wheels were discarded and hard liquor stashed in their place.

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Liquor abuse and other problems in larger settlements have led to the outstation movement – the Aboriginal return to the bush. Traditional clan-size groups of 30 to 60 people erect settlements on their tribal land and maintain contact with the central mission or government office by radio. Many are supplied with sugar, tea and other staples by plane, particularly when road access is cut off during the wet season.

The outstation movement, in addition to being a response to the liquor problem, is also a spinoff from the land rights movement and the granting of land to the Aborigines over the past few years. People I spoke with who had left Oenpelli to establish outstations would often end the discussion with a comment like: "I just want to look after my land. Maybe some balandas (white men) want to take it away, and I don't want that to happen." It is also, for many Aborigines, a sign of hope, a move away from the despair which is compounded by alcohol.

Critics of the outstation movement, including mining companies and their supporters, claim that drinking in uncontrolled outlying areas will worsen, and health problems become acute. However, at many of the outstations around Oenpelli, the resident elders have maintained an effective ban on beer. At others, there is drinking, but it is more controlled than in the towns.

A more dramatic aspect of the healthy impact of the outstation movement can be found in an article published in the September, 1979, issue of the *Medical Journal of Australia* by Dr H. D. Eastwell, a senior lecturer in psychiatry from the University of Queensland. The article concerns the widespread practice of petrol sniffing by young children and teenagers at the government settlement of Maningrida in eastern Arnhem Land. The Council has listed 116 petrol sniffers in Maningrida alone; children who inhale petrol fumes from soft drink cans, go on a rampage, damage buildings, and steal.

Eastwell found that petrol sniffers belonged mainly to the Gunavidji-Nakara clans which have not established outstations. "It is uniquely a problem of new towns. For those living at an outstation, the lifestyle resembles that of their parents or grandparents in the bush. The senior adults retain their self-esteem, and can instruct children in all aspects of bush life. There are meaningful roles for all in the community, in marked contrast to the anomy of the towns."

The Northern Territory Government has already broached opening up the area for tourism, a prospect which horrifies local Aborigines.

The House of Representatives Standing Committee on Aboriginal Affairs reported in 1978 that the move to outstations "has not only increased the confidence and mental health of residents, but has led to a reduction in the consumption of alcohol and a decrease in certain diseases . . . . In north-eastern Arnhem Land, where a very active policy of support for outstations has been pursued, and where water and nutritious foods are readily available, the Committee was very impressed by the healthy outstation environments, and the industry and enthusiasm of residents."

For the outstation movement in western Arnhem Land, the big test will come when the uranium development accelerates. Will the necessity of obtaining a permit deter 7000 whites from going in to Arnhem Land when they live only 25 kilometres away? The Northern Territory Government has already broached opening up the area for tourism, a prospect which horrifies local Aborigines. But they realise that the real battle lies in the future direction that mining takes.

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The 10-year East Alligator River uranium saga is a classic study of what Professor Geoffrey Blainey terms "the tyranny of distance". Information has filtered through many hands by the time it arrives "down south". Aboriginal spokesmen are shy, cynical toward whites, and unwilling to adapt to the demands of the rushed visit, so reports become necessarily truncated and superficial. The version of events as passed on by mining companies and the government becomes conventional wisdom for the pro-uranium forces and much of the press. Those opposed to, or uneasy about, uranium defer to the comments of active anti-uranium lobby groups. The local Aboriginal view never gains wide circulation.

Pro-uranium forces have snowed a large section of the public with a series of pat and seductive views. Many Aborigines, they say, are in favor of uranium mining, and they back this up with lengthy quotes from local blacks on film to prove it. Opposition to mining has been stirred up by white manipulators, they say, including members of the ALP – a party pledged to repudiate all Australian export contracts until it is satisfied that the problems of waste disposal and safeguards have been resolved.

Anti-uranium groups see the issue in absolute terms, and have arrogantly incorporated Aboriginal opposition into this framework. Aborigines are opposed to mining because their land will be ripped up, their streams poisoned, their food dissipated, and, most importantly, because the development will be accompanied by thousands of balandas.

However, unlike the anti-uranium groups, local Aborigines are not opposed to uranium mining in other areas, like Yeelirie in Western Australia and Mary Kathleen in Queensland. As more uranium is discovered in other parts of Australia, this distinction becomes more significant. The Government has never satisfactorily explained why it is in the national interest for so many mines to be developed concurrently when all evidence indicates a glut on the world market in the early part of this decade, just as the Arnhem Land projects will start producing yellowcake.

"I can't quite make up my mind, Emily, whether I should allow Mr Rochester to screw Jane Eyre before or after she learns the truth about his mad wife."

ROAD RUNNERS

Wild to mild–Playboy's guide to sporting cars

motoring By Rob Luck

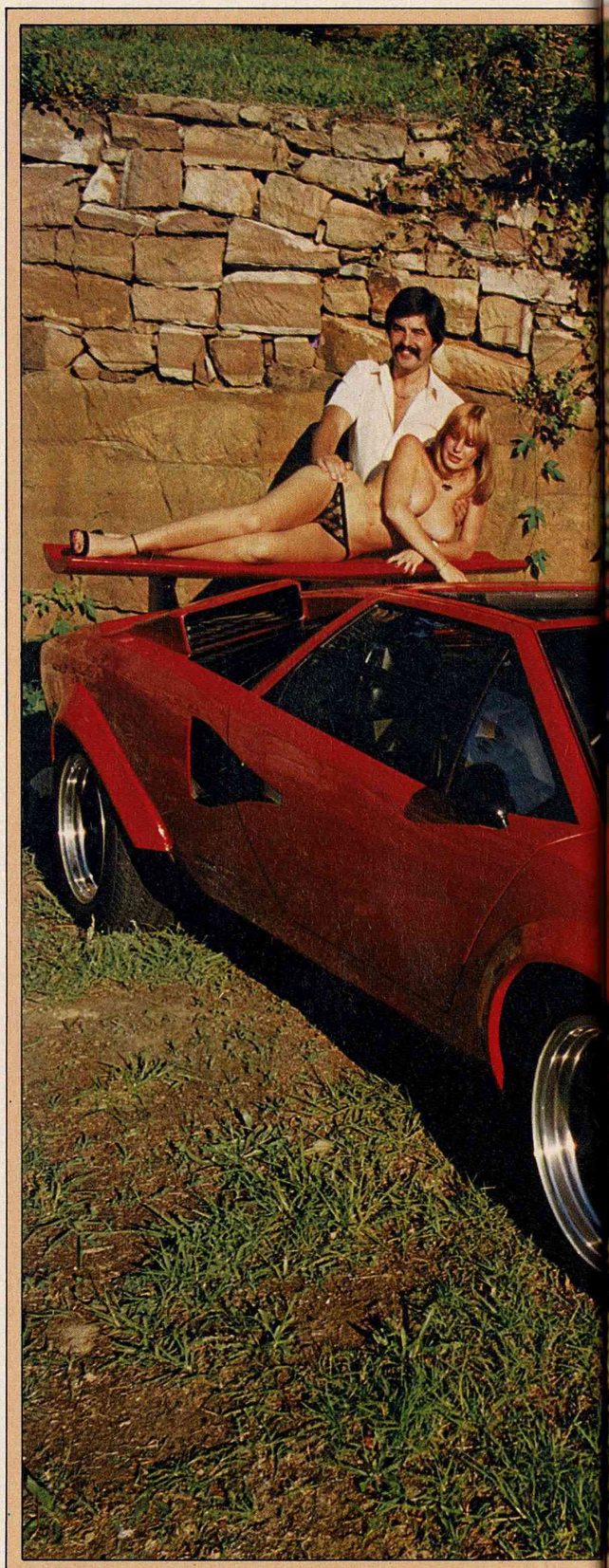
AT THE start of the '70s, the bureaucrats put the skids under the automobile. They declared it Public Enemy Number One – and charged it with mass murder, assault on the environment, and larceny of resources. Governments issued contracts on The Car and bounty hunters took up the challenge. Ralph Nader, the US consumer affairs campaigner, threatened to "Get the Great God – The Car".

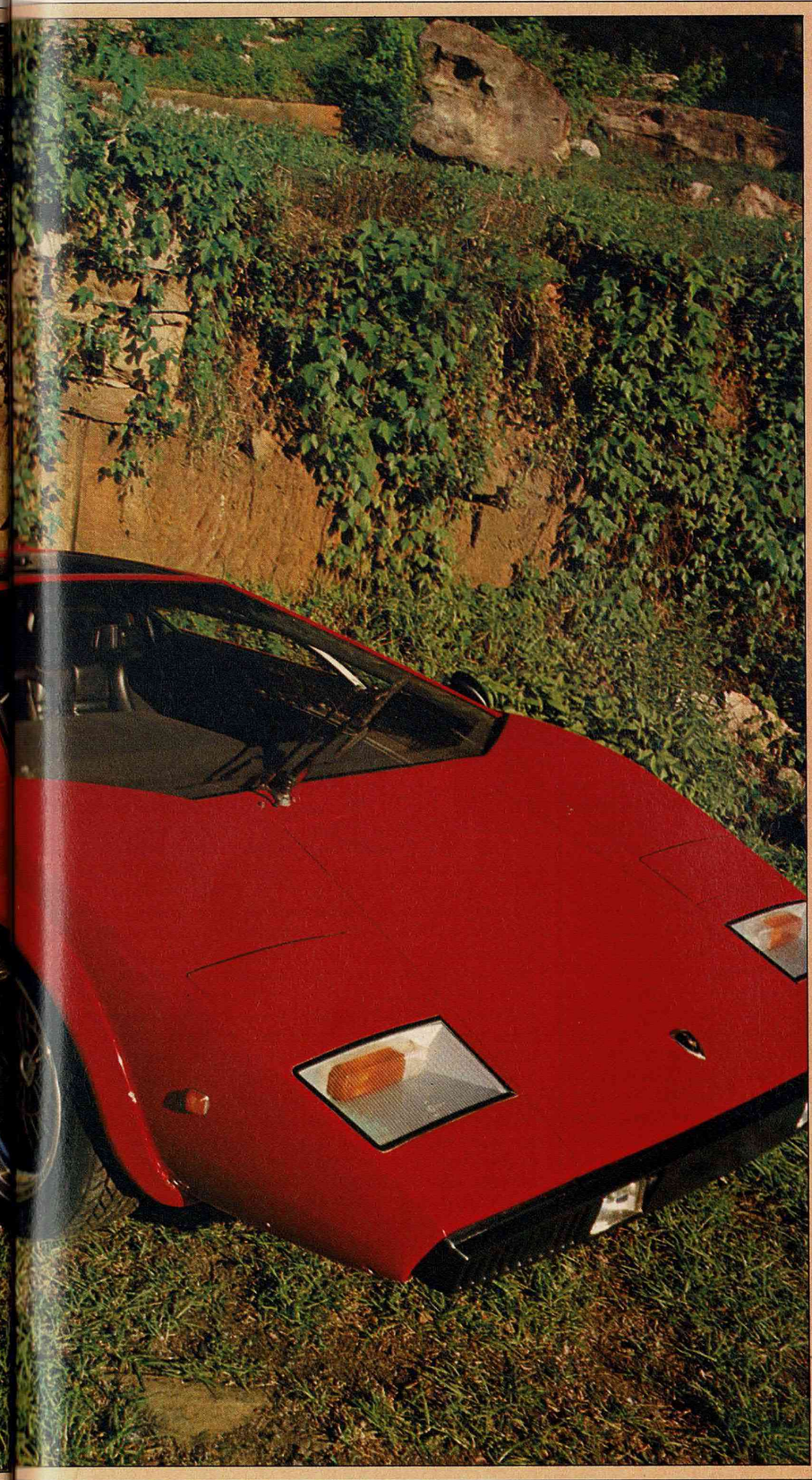
Predictably, the Sporty Car got top billing on the "Wanted" posters – hastily erected on the walls of newly-convened "safety" and "environmental" offices. The gods even worked against our mobility. Before the middle of the decade we had an Energy Crisis, a Labor Crisis, and, inevitably, inflation.

The prophets of doom were delighted. Embracing the technological revolution, they announced the advent of the alternative society. They proposed a world of smooth, safe, silent transportation down aerial guideways, faultlessly administered by unerring, unseen hands. It was, of course, the ultimate concept of a captive audience, the inevitable goal of bureaucracy. And, for a while there, it looked as if the motor vehicle was headed for oblivion. It seemed like a case of "Backwards into the '80s".

Fortunately for us, the bureaucrats dropped the ball. Locked into hobbyhorse politics, they hobbled themselves to a program of legislative overkill. Hypnotised by a long, slow fuse of public reaction, they ignored the big bomb at the end. When it went off, it simply blew them away. The shockwaves are yet to subside. So the decade ended as it

Photography by Rob Luck





LAMBORGHINI COUNTACH

LORELEI Sweetbreaths, 37-24-36 (actual statistics, name changed to protect the guilty) awoke to find her night of pleasure had come to an abrupt end at 5.05 am. That was the precise moment Paul Anthony Halstead tipped her out of his kingbed and pushed her and her clothes toward the door and a waiting cab. I passed her in the hallway at 5.07 and heard her curse under her breath: "Bloody stinking motor cars."

No ordinary car would divert one's attention from such fine female company. But where a Lamborghini Countach S is concerned, temptations of the flesh pale into insignificance.

So it was this morning as I arrived at the Castlecrag (Sydney) home of Paul Halstead, all set for a pre-dawn sortie into the countryside to do battle with his Beast.

We went outside and found the red monster lurking beneath a giant plane tree where Paul had already polished and tuned it, ready for this mission. From a distance, the Countach (pronounced coon-tarsh, a Turinese word meaning excellent or exotic) seems large, powerful, long and low. In reality, it is less than waist-height, but it is very fat, at least 30cm wider than most large sedans. From some directions, it can be brutally ugly, but overall it always appears to be monstrously beautiful.

Paul's Countach is very special. Originally imported to Australia as a pure Countach, it has been modified to S specifications by the local factory agent Henry Nehrybecki of Lolita Automobile Developments, Sydney. By virtue of Henry's intimate in-house knowledge of Lamborghini engineering and development and our local lenient safety and pollution regulations, this car is probably the fastest, best-handling production Countach in the world.

Unhampered by the more restrictive breathing of US pollution regulations, the Countach's V12 motor is able to produce all of its lusty

375bhp and deliver it direct to the rear wheels it sits between. The total price for the additional goodies raised the original ante of $100,000 by a whopping $40,000-odd.

The results are spectacular. This car not only looks the part, but it handles like a grand prix racer and goes like something off a NASA launch pad. There is almost 400 horsepower sitting right between your ears at the back of your head. Noise suppression is apparently one of Ferrucio Lamborghini's pet projects, but, when you poke this beast, its roar would awaken the dead. A legacy of having four times the horsepower of the average family sedan in a body weight probably one third less is the sort of acceleration you cannot readily comprehend at first, or describe afterwards. Furthermore, the power lurks unseen, shouting at you only when the tacho needle reaches 3000rpm. From there on up to 8000 it really bellows.

It would be possible for this car to pass your family saloon without leaving first gear – in which a maximum of 105km/h, or 65mph, is possible. It would doubtless be most disconcerting to hear the Lamborghini driver make another four upshifts after passing you. In second, the car will reach 135km/h (84mph); in third it will top 180km/h (113mph). Fourth in the Lambo is good for 240km/h (150mph) and fifth will see you out to 340km/h-plus (or 200mph-plus).

To drive the thing fast, you have to convert your brain to a sort of computer, constantly monitoring and scanning the road and environs for early indications of direction and hazards. The average reflex action takes one second or more – 100 metres at top speed in this machine. And to stop from this speed would take almost half a kilometre. There is no room for error.

The impressive thing about the Countach is that it is totally unaffected by the elements and road conditions. Much of this test was conducted during gale-force winds. The Countach would slip out of cuttings at high speed, straight into an 80km/h crosswind without flinching. No other car I've driven will do that. Neither is it affected by uneven road surfaces – it tracks flat and neat all the time.

Contrary to what you might think, this is no fussy, temperamental Italian thoroughbred. Certainly, it has to be treated carefully in some areas – ground clearance doesn't permit excursions down gravel roads, and you have to be careful where you park it. But otherwise it can be driven as intended. (Paul Halstead has circled Oran Park's short circuit in 49 seconds, which is good enough to run with the best in ProdSports.)

I recall running 280km/h for more than 10 minutes down a long, deserted outback highway, and tippy-toeing over a hill-crest at 200km/h, with that marvellous top-of-the-roller-coaster feeling at the peak, as the car just unweighted slightly, before diving into a long downhill left-hand sweeper at better than 220km/h, with the wheel steady as a rock.

I will probably never forget surging through a series of sweepers at 160-200km/h, applying fractional, invisible adjustments to the wheel to keep the machine perfectly on line, or hurtling the machine quite sideways at a series of 80-100km/h esses that required exact matching of gears, line and throttle.

The music of the engine's song, the absolute brutality of the g-forces under acceleration and braking, and the shattering sensation of scenery slashing past at blurring speed, are intrinsic elements of a dimension in motoring that is worlds apart from anything else.

The Lamborghini Countach has been almost universally acclaimed as the world's ultimate exotic car. This particular Countach S is superior to any other production Countach. This might well have been the test of the finest car on Earth.

began – not with a whimper, but with a bang. The embattled sporty car – an endangered species in the mid-'70s – now stands as the automotive industry's symbol of survival, leading it into a new and more hopeful decade.

Inevitably, there were casualties. Traditional sports car builders were driven to the wall in droves. Many, like Jensen, simply disappeared. Some, like Aston Martin, took the long, winding road back. But the illustrious names endured. And in the wake of reaction against the anti-motor vehicle legislation, their ranks were suddenly swelled by a myriad of new names and a whole raft of replicars – resurrections from never-forgotten eras. After surviving the identity crisis of the '60s, and facing annihilation in the '70s, the sporty car is set for an unprecedented explosion in the '80s.

In England, the sporty car revival has produced probably 30 models with popular-market pricetags. In the US there are dozens. And in Australia there are already a few entrenched locals – with a few more looming on the horizon. The mid-market range is thick with sporty cars the world over. In Australia alone, there are at least a dozen examples, from sub-luxury, to around $16,000. At the peak is a staggering array of exotica such as the world has never seen.

The traditional manufacturers from Italy – Ferrari, Lamborghini and Maserati in particular – have saturated the "unlimited" price and performance categories with a range of automobiles for almost every requirement. Germany has a new entrant with the imaginative BMW M1, and its enduring favorite, Porsche, has effectively doubled its size and scope with the addition of the 920 series to its evergreen 911 range. England promises to inject some new meaning into its previously unchallenged area of sports car supremacy – econexotica – with the Jaguar XJS Spider, crafted by Pininfarina on XJS Coupé mechanicals.

And both England and America have witnessed the recent release of a range of ultimate replicars to boggle the mind and empty the bankvault. Not the least is the magnificent D-type Jaguar replicar from America – which includes an XKE engine and offers a reported 200km/h performance. Other classics reborn include the Auburn Speedster which humps a Lincoln Continental V8 to overcome any criticism of performance, the Duesenberg SST and the Elegant Phaeton (Jag V12-powered). Unfortunately, these topliners would carve a sizable chunk out of even a millionaire's reserves, but the growing obsession with nostalgia has spawned an equally magnificent array of golden oldies in the affordable market area.

Representing the outdated approach is an effort by Spartan Cars of the UK to produce an MG TF replica. This ill-conceived adaptation looked like an MG TF after a collision with the grille of a Morris Cowley.

Happier results were achieved by Intermeccanica (US) with a plastic direct-replica of the Porsche 365 body over VW-Porsche mechanicals, the Total Replica Ford B Roadster, also an exact glass replica of the B with Chev V8 installed, and the Avallone A11 (Brazil), a perfect copy of the MG TF (albeit in glass) with four-cylinder engine giving 135km/h performance (or better with some options).

Symptomatic of this trend is another American hybrid replicar of the MG TD (unfortunately employing a VW mill in the tail). Virtually a direct copy of the illustrious original, even down to external GB plates, the vehicle is produced by a firm called Daytona and dubbed the MiGi.

But the sporty car boom hasn't been confined to reproductions of the classics (often tackled because they are

TRIUMPH TR7

$11,995

The Flying Paddlepop has the most genuine claim to sports car status of anything reviewed here. After all, old chap, it does come from a traditional sports car builder, it does feature fairly standard sports car engineering, and it also looks roughly like a sports car (roughly because it has a lid in place). Most owners don't leave much of that lid – and the early tradition with local TR7s involved cutting out a huge hole for a soft-top sunroof, which more or less gave that pure sporty feel. Triumph has gone one better and introduced a true drop-top now the Americans have stopped being so paranoid about safety regulations, and we may even see it later this year, accompanied perhaps by the TR8 (with the 3.5 litre Leyland alloy motor) which could be a real screamer for production sports racing here. The TR7 is pure Jekyll and Hyde. The conventional independent strut front end and live semi-trailing-arm rear end stick to the road like glue. And it rides well. The engine is only average, suffering from obvious old age: spluttery starting, slow-running, and short-breathed revving. In any case, it barely competes with those "nasty little Japanese coupés" in its acceleration times, although Triumph did have the good sense to install a five-speed. The styling really gets to take on that purposeful nose-down wedge on the full drop-top (convertible, they call it) and the TR8 (coupé model only so far, with a convertible coming up soon) gives some meaning to performance. But neither innovation can come too soon. Meantime, the local hotties are looking at turbos. Turn-ons include the way girls throw themselves at the passenger door as you idle past, and discovering that crazy mountain road at dusk. Turn-offs include the ratchit headlights and even worse windscreen wipers. Most people just put up with them, but Leyland is talking about fixing them. Eventually. The price is reasonable. The waiting list is not. Rush in now.

Engine: 4-cylinder, in-line, SOHC, 1998cc, front-mounted, rear-drive; **Power:** 69kW at 5000rpm; **Torque:** 148Nm at 3200rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 54km/h; 2nd 90; 3rd 127; 4th 160; 5th 165; **Suspension:** Independent front, live rear; **Steering:** Rack & pinion; **Brakes:** Front discs, rear drum; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 15.5kg/kW; **Instruments incl:** Tacho, oil pressure gauge; **Fuel economy:** 14.4-11.3L/100km (19.5-25mpg); **Performance 0-100:** 12.3secs; **Standing 400m:** 18.1 secs; **Costs – Insurance** (60% NCB) $372.25 + $8.62 stamp tax.

FIAT X1.9

$11,500

To drive the Fiat X1.9, you first need a course in how to handle the amorous advances of rampant 14-year-old virgins. Since this model is scarce, you could play safe and settle for experienced 16-year-olds. You are likely to have unlimited choice of either or both if you opt for the Fiat X1.9 – the spunkies absolutely fall over this little number. Unfairly dubbed a "woman's sports car", it nevertheless covers this role well, since it is light, nimble, compact and easy – and sporty – to drive. But it is a great guy's machine too, and if its one drawback – a small-bore engine – is a bind, you can always turn it into a real grunt machine with a turbocharger (about $1800 from Rymec Turbochargers, Sydney). Certainly, this little car's other specs are up to the job of taking a power increase of 60 percent or more, and a 1.5-litre engine should be basic equipment. This smart machine definitely has "now" style, although the classical coachwork by Italian stylist Bertone was first shown to Europeans in 1972! The car is well equipped at its reasonable price – it is the cheapest sports car available, and it's the only economically-priced Targa-roof drop-top on sale. The roof works extremely well, and boot space is also very good because of the mid-engine layout – there is a big boot in the front and a small one in back. Both the handling and braking are exemplary, steering is sharp, the ride amazingly compliant, even on our worst roads. Turn-on touches include roll-type switchgear, pop-up headlights, "secret" boot/engine hatch releases on the door pillar, sports wheels (road and steering types), great bumper protection, heel-and-toe pedal location, and a neat, internally-adjustable exterior mirror. Put-offs include the vinyl seats (with silly style-inserts in the side-bolsters), unlipped odd-bits tray, a sometimes chunky gearbox. But it's unbeatable if you're into open-air motoring.

Engine: 4-cylinder, in-line, SOHC, 1290cc, mid-engined, rear-drive; **Power:** 51.5kW at 6000rpm; **Torque:** 96Nm at 3400rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 40km/h; 2nd 80; 3rd 120; 4th 160; **Suspension:** Four-wheel independent; **Steering:** Rack and pinion; **Brakes:** Four-wheel discs; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 17.3kg/kW; **Instruments incl:** Tacho, oil pressure gauge; **Fuel economy:** 8.7L/100km (32.5mpg); **Performance 0-100:** 14.2secs; **Standing 400m:** 18.8secs; **Costs – Insurance:** (60% NCB) $340.90 + $7.57 s/tax; **Key option:** Cassette player. $850.

easier to guide around safety regulations due to limited production runs). The enthusiast is now offered an unparalleled opportunity to indulge himself in unlimited variations of sporty car motoring.

It is this very variety that has led to the growth and development of the sporty car. There are some unmistakeable trends in the industry that mark the sporty car down for a bright future. The key ones are . . .

- The growth of the style industry. Although a few old names have perished, a veritable avalanche of new Design Carroserries has injected new life into the sporty car markets in Italy, the UK, the US and Japan.
- The emergence of monocoque construction as an acceptable part of sporty car engineering. This has allowed the volume manufacturers to enter the market.
- The acceptance of a wide variety of materials for body engineering. In the past, it tended to be restricted to hand-formed alloy sheet. Now, pressed steel, fibreglass and even plastics are used.
- The adoption of a wide range of power plants – from small-capacity fours to V8s and complex V12s. And the recent introduction of the turbocharger which can be installed in production models.
- The expansion of sporty car producers to many different countries. New and successful producers include Japan, while countries like Argentina, Brazil, Middle-eastern countries and now even South-east Asian countries are producing vehicles.
- The extension of the art of sporty cars to include a wide range of vehicle types – including off-road vehicles.

Australia has not been isolated from the new sporty car boom. A myriad of small manufacturers have produced kit cars or small-scale production sporties here. But the name Bolwell stands head and shoulders above the rest for its long and tenacious fight against eventually insurmountable economic odds. If the Bolwell boys had been based in the US, they would probably be millionaires many times over. Locked into the local scene however, even their aggressive styling and realistic costing couldn't save the imaginative Nagari Coupé and Spyder from extermination at the hands of unsympathetic legislators and a wary public.

Even now, Bolwells in good nick sell for as much as their original pricetag. And the good news is Bolwell will be back on the scene with a new sports car aimed at the market requirements of the '80s. Called the Ikara, it is a sporty car in the traditionalist vein, with Lotus Super Seven looks.

The demise of the Bolwell opened the door for others. There are many failures, few success stories. The '70s are strewn with the wreckage of ill-founded or poorly-grounded projects. The most notable failure was the Ilinga, which was torpedoed by management miscalculation and other factors. In its wake, other builders followed only to take the same lemming-like path to obliteration.

A bottom-line stake was struck by Purvis Cars, employing a look-alike of the English Nova body (also produced in America) which had experienced success on other markets, primarily in kit form. The Purvis Eureka has sustained its position with a range of kit, partially-assembled and completely-assembled sporty cars using VW power in a steamroller-flat fibreglass body. There's even a Targa version mooted.

Other recent contenders include the ZEI and the Condor. Their fate is yet to be decided. Even GM-H dabbled with the

ALFASUD SPRINT
$11,450

The Italians must be doing it right. The Alfasud was named European Car of The Year in 1974. Now English *Car* magazine has dubbed the Alfasud range the Car of The Decade. The Alfasud Sprint is the Car of The Moment. Based on the Alfasud sedan mechanicals, it features the same horizontally opposed flat-four engine mounted up front for front wheel drive. A five-speed close-matched gearbox gives ultimate usage of the lusty little 1500cc engine. Unlike the other Alfas, torque is developed down low – a lot of torque (118Nm at 3500rpm) – which makes this car supertractable at low speeds in the upper gears. And the drivetrain is so well suited to the suspension and steering that you might never know this car is front-drive. All the specs are there – four-wheel discs, rack and pinion steering, independent front, deDion rear suspension, carefully-matched power-to-weight ratio. The packaging is brilliant. An Alfasud Sprint carries four large people in complete comfort despite the slender and low-profile coupé body. Performance is stunning, accommodation surprising, and the luggage capacity is quite simply remarkable. The ravages of inflation have robbed this little gem of some of its initial superlative value but, at $11,450, it is still good value for money if you must have performance. Turn-ons: sleek body (including front and rear spoilers), slick steering, simple and effective instrumentation, quiet, high-speed touring ability, great visibility, and superb convertibility of the rear compartment. Turn-offs: They're just not worth mentioning.

Engine: 4-cyl, horizontally-opposed, SOHC-per bank, 1490cc, front-engine front-drive; **Power:** 59kW at 5800rpm; **Torque:** 118Nm at 3500rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 50km/h; 2nd 84; 3rd 120; 4th 155; 5th 170; **Suspension:** Independent front, live rear; **Steering:** Rack & pinion; **Brakes:** Four-wheel discs; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 16.9kg/kW; **Instruments Incl:** Tacho; **Fuel Economy:** 9.95L/100km (28.5mpg); **Performance 0-100:** 14.4 secs; **Standing 400m;** 18.7; **Costs – Insurance:** (60% NCB) $359.70 + $8.20 s/tax; **Key option:** Cassette system, $450.

ALFETTA GTV
$14,950

Italians are short-arsed, long-armed and big-balled. To drive an Alfa Romeo Alfetta GTV, it helps if you are built the same. That's no insult. Italians are famous for their physiques, which reflects on their car design. Burly Aussies heading for the two-metre zone will find themselves arms-out and knees-up behind the wheel. Once you adjust to that, you need only inject lots of verve and you have motoring at its mostest. For the Alfa, like most Italian cars, was meant to be driven. And hard. It was built that way. The engine is a masterpiece, the song it sings is a symphony. The ageless double-overhead camshaft four pumps a mighty 90kW of power and 180Nm of torque at revs that indicate the five-speed gearbox must be used all the time. The gearbox – actually the entire transaxle assembly – is tucked away down the back. The layout ensures the classic 50/50 weight balance is achieved. Other balance is imparted by the suspension – independent front, de-Dion rear – rack and pinion steering, and massive four-wheel discs – outboard in front, inboard at rear. Many years into its production run, Alfa Romeo has proved the Alfetta GTV is still the lowest and sleekest 2 + 2 configuration available for an economical sports coupé. Interior specification has been handsomely uprated to modern trends with luxurious upholstery and wood-grain finish. A real winner with the suburban socialites, this car is really rorty out on the open road. You need to be a good driver to get the best out of a GTV. It loves to hit tight bends tail-out, and you have to do it all right to get it back. A bit pitchy on some bumpy Australian bends, the GTV is nevertheless equal to our toughest motoring tasks. Well cared for, it goes for ever with little attention. Turn-ons are the looks, stinging acceleration, smooth, drivable steering wheel, heel-toe arranged pedals, good headlights and brilliant gearbox. So was the optional air-conditioning unit fitted. Turn-offs include a manual bonnet stay, wonky window winders, contrived instrumentation (speedo only in front, tacho and ancillaries in the centre of the dash), and unribbed spare parts tray. You can also touch the wipers when you turn the ignition key. But you can forgive an Italian thoroughbred.

Engine: 4-cylinder, in-line, DOHC, 1962cc, front-engine, rear-drive; **Power:** 89.9kW at 5300rpm; **Torque:** 175.5Nm at 4000rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 50km/h; 2nd 80; 3rd 120; 4th 155; 5th 185; **Suspension:** Independent front, live rear (de-Dion); **Steering:** Rack & pinion; **Brakes:** Four-wheel discs; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 12.0kg/kW; **Instruments incl:** Tacho, oil pressure gauge; **Fuel economy:** 12-10.5L/100km (23-27mpg); **Performance 0-100:** 11.4 secs; **Standing 400m:** 16.8; **Costs – Insurance:** (60% NCB) $432.75 + $10.65 s/tax; **Key Options:** Air-conditioning $990; Cassette system, $450.

TOYOTA CELICA
$7999

The "Sillycar" is still no slouch. Either on the strip or the sales charts. A stayer among sporties, it's still up with the Scorpion and others on the showroom floor. And who can forget Bathurst, with Peter Williamson's inspired drive of the knock-out Nippon complete with mobile camera — which gave a million armchairs ton-up performance. It got a new lease of life with its latest facelift — including a stylish hatchback version for the surburban supermarket set. Early on, this car set the specifications for sports coupés. Now it is getting a little weary around the knees. The suspension has gone soft, panelwork has stretched, the old girl has put on a little weight. But for less than $8000, the Celica amply proves that Toyota has the stranglehold on the big moderate-price coupé market. With a record for reliability, it rates as one of the most economical sporty cars. If you hanker for hard going, you can reinforce the undergear. We tried a trick number from Auto Sun and Air that started life as a bog-standard coupé and ended up with glassroof, ultimate stereo, super-trim and other up-market goodies. All affordable. You can make this into an ultimate luxury sports-tourer for less than $10,000. Turn-ons include that super-smooth sports shifter (yes, five slots), smart new styling, good instrumentation and light steering. Turn-offs include suspect seating, and down-market performance in a slightly dated design. Still it's a good place to start for any sporty enthusiast.

Engine: 4-cylinder, in-line, SOHC, 1968cc, front-engine, front-drive; **Power** 63.4kW at 5000rpm; **Torque:** 151Nm at 3600rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 55km/h; 2nd 90; 3rd 130; 4th 160; 5th 165; **Suspension:** Independent front, live rear; **Steering:** Recirc. ball; **Brakes:** Disc front and drum rear; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 13.94kg/kW; **Instruments incl:** Tacho, oil pressure gauge; **Fuel economy:** 9.1L/100km (32mpg); **Performance 0-100:** 13.3secs; **Standing 400m:** 18.1; **Costs — Insurance:** (60% NCB) $212.25 + $5.82 s/tax; **Key options:** Air-conditioning $780, Sunroof $500 (Liftback version).

HONDA PRELUDE
$8440 (manual)

What you see is not necessarily what you get. On the surface, the Prelude stacks right up against some European thoroughbreds with blueblood ancestry. It even has the size and specifications of the Alfasud Sprint. But in practice, it is more café-racer than race-bred. Sure, it has rack and pinion steering, but it suffers from straight-ahead vagueness, excessive castor and some throttle-on feedback. And yes, it has four-wheel independent suspension, but it can't cut corners like the Alfa. It's also down on brakes and ride, but that's about where it stops giving points away. Certainly, it is one of the best-equipped cars on the road today. Especially for the money. It costs less than $9000, but you get all the specs: a sporty body, and a list of luxuries to make your mouth water. Take the moonroof/sunroof. In its three phases; it is an open sportsroof, a closed tinted glass panel, or a completely private fixed-head coupé. It has Italian-inspired styling that doesn't give away points to American safety requirements. It sounds like a sports car (it roars when provoked), and it is thoroughly economical when you're out cruising. Honda insists the Prelude is not an Accord adaptation (although the Accord was good enough to get the *Wheels* magazine Car of The Year award). Both have the same powerplant/drivetrain but the Prelude rides on a shorter wheelbase (which limits rear legroom) and it is longer, lower, wider and lighter than the Accord. Performance from its five-speed box is sparkling, and the Prelude holds its own against some bigger-bore sporties including the Celica. Turn-ons include super-light steering, tinted glass, everything-included interior, big boot, and ultra-low running costs. Turn-offs are jinky Japanese instrumentation and radio, notchy gearbox, and bitsy trim. Definitely a car for the young or young-at-heart, a ball-tearer for bachelors, a winner with women. Also available in Hondamatic (almost an auto).

Engine: 4-cylinder, in-line, SOHC, 1602cc, front-engine, front-drive; **Power:** 59kW at 5300rpm; **Torque:** 127Nm at 3500rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 55km/h; 2nd 80; 3rd 120; 4th 161; 5th 165; **Suspension:** Four-wheel independent; **Steering:** Rack & pinion; **Brakes:** Discs front, drum rear; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 15.6kg/kW; **Instruments incl:** Tacho, oil pressure gauge; **Fuel economy:** 8.1L/100km (29-35mpg); **Performance 0-100:** 13.1 secs; **Standing 400m:** 18.5secs; **Costs — Insurance:** (60% NCB) $183.15 + $6.10 s/tax; **Key option:** Air-conditioning $780.

TOYOTA T18
$7299 (SE Deluxe)

The bottom line in sporty coupés, the Toyota T18 is a Meccano vehicle, tacked together in kit form from other top Toyotas. It has the engine from the Celica of years back (redeveloped to 1770cc), sundry suspension parts pulled out of the old Toyota spare parts bin, and styling from some of Toyota's most advanced showcar attempts. Certainly this is the car's forte — its snappy good looks make heads turn. But the real turn-on is the little car's price — around $7000, and you can't get Dinky toys for much less. You get a traditional Japanese package of impressive specifications — five-speed gearbox, three-door liftback styling, good power-to-weight ratio, and a heap of luxury gizmos. You don't get stable steering or inspiring handling — this machine is supplied with bulk understeer, particularly in the wet. Oversteer is an optional extra — sometimes provided unexpectedly — but if you're a good steerer you'll grow to enjoy this tail-happy style. If you want to motor really fast, you'll need to visit the suspension boys. Another weak point — brakes are prone to locking up. But the ride is soft and cushy. Turn-ons run to smart styling, big boot, almost-camper-convertible body (the rear seat folds flat), cockpit latches for boot and fuel cap, and good bumper protection for the parking lot. The turn-offs include steering you can't feel, and suspension that occasionally runs out of travel (if you don't run out of road first). All-up, the word is mushy, not macho. But it's the cheapest fun-pack you're likely to find.

Engine: 4-cyl, in-line, OHV, 1770cc, front-engine, rear-drive; **Power:** 55.9kW at 5000rpm; **Torque:** 128Nm at 3600rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 50km/h; 2nd 88; 3rd 128; 4th 160; 5th 160; **Suspension:** Four-wheel independent; **Steering:** Recirc. ball; **Brakes:** Disc front, drum rear; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 15.2kg/kW; **Instruments incl:** Tacho, oil pressure gauge; **Fuel economy:** 8.1L/100km (35mpg); **Performance 0-100:** 15.5secs; **Standing 400m:** 19.2; **Costs — Insurance:** (60% NCB) $169.00 + $5.33 s/tax; **Key option:** Air-conditioning system, $780.

Torana GTR-X prototype — an international-class styling exercise that failed to acknowledge production realities. And, even as you read this, a new attack is being launched on the four-seater sports car market from an entirely new direction. The secret new project is locally sourced, although it will be directed primarily at the American market for its sales success. Employing a fuel-efficient turbocharged six-cylinder engine, with the transmission rear-mounted to provide a perfect 50/50 weight distribution, the project is the most technically exciting ever to come out of Australia. It will be announced later this year.

On glancing back to the beginning of the '70s, you can see the first fleeting signs of a profound revolution in sporty car design. Safety regulations were putting the lid on the conventional concept — literally. The first, furtive steps were being taken towards Targa design, coupés had swept the design studios of every European manufacturer, and the first emission-controlled engine had spluttered through the regulatory barriers.

There were other trends. In 1970, Porsche became one of the 10 best-selling imports in the US — a first for any sporty vehicle. It opened the door for an unprecedented development of American-aimed sports vehicles in Europe, not the least of which was the new 920 Porsche range. At the same time, Japan released rotary-engined sports prototypes. Although not highly regarded at the time, they became the forerunners of production vehicles which have culminated in the Mazda RX7.

There was also an explosion in sports car racing which contributed to improved design of production sports cars. In Europe, Ferrari (312P, and 512), Ligier, Lola (T210), Matra Simca (M660), Porsche (908/917), Healey (XR37), Alfa (Type 33) and Abarth were all carving out slices of the sports car performance cake. In America, the Chaparral revolutionised outright sports-racing design with its automatic gearbox, movable wing, and "hovercraft" ground-traction fans. All of these cars, and most of their engineering techniques, were to be reflected in production design later in the decade.

The '70s also brought some notable casualties. Among the classics, Healey, Abarth, Giannini (Lombardi in Australia), ISO (remember the Why-so-revolting Iso Rivolta), LMX, and Otas disappeared. Designers like Sciabola and Bizzarini faded. Karmann Ghia eventually collapsed.

Some of the greatest sports car names of all time tippy-toed to the brink of extermination. Aston was one. A giant rescue operation was mounted, and the illustrious firm was dragged from the jaws of death. At the end of the decade, revived, and revitalised, the Aston Martin marque seemed set to march into a glorious future.

But, even as Aston rose from its own ashes, another "immortal" poised ready for the death dive — the MG. Ironically, it was Aston that came to the rescue. Perhaps in recognition of its own salvation, A-M picked up the MG wreckage and took it home to stitch it back together.

Meanwhile, there were other forces at work — powerful, constructive elements at odds with the envoys of defeat. There was a revival in coachwork, in construction and design innovation. In terms of coachwork, the single most powerful influence in modern sports car design is the work of Giorgio Giugiaro, who rose up through the ranks of young designers to establish Ital Design as a "patriotic front" for motor vehicle body crafting. Alone among the chieftains of automotive cosmetics, Giugiaro has adapted to the new

design era, replacing the smooth flowing shapes of the pre-'70s with the sharp, angular and functional lines that began to develop during the '70s.

Perhaps his most notable work in the ranks of ultimate sports cars is the sleek Lotus Esprit, now available in limited edition World Championship Series in Australia. But his design scalpel has cut to the very quick of coachwork consciousness throughout Europe. His two most notable efforts on recent production cars at opposite ends of the market are the Audi 80 four-door sedan and the Maserati Quattroporte four-door touring saloon. And proving his international prowess and his ability to slice through national design barriers are a string of bodies for European, English and even American firms, as well as the new-for-the-'80s Hyundai Pony – built on the Korean Pony compact car. He also designed the coachwork for the American DeLorean, a rear-engined sporty which is to be built, of all places, in Northern Ireland.

Giugiaro has proved his adaptability with these cars, and his capacity for rational design with futuristic designs like the four-door Megagamma – a production-realistic advanced design on the Lancia Gamma platform with luxurious accommodation for four to five people, in a safe and speedy shell.

The true measure of success at the international motor shows is not the public plaudits, but the number of vehicles that are eventually transmuted from design exercise into production vehicles. Of these, Pininfarina, perhaps the oldest coachbuilding firm in Europe, has among the highest conversion rates on record. The effectiveness of Pininfarina's apparently outlandish design efforts is proved by the "F" (for Farina) design tags worn by the current rash of exotica on the market. These include the present flock of Ferraris – the 512 BB (Berlinetta Boxer), the 308GTB and GTS, and the 400 Automatic 2 + 2 – the Lancia Gamma Coupé and Spyder and Beta Monte Carlo, and even the newly revived and seemingly ageless Alfa Romeo Duetto Spyder.

These examples tend to underpin the future of the latest Pininfarina exercise, the luxurious Jaguar Spyder, a drop-top version of the XJS Coupé, an exciting prospect which all sporty car lovers must be eager to see.

There are many examples of the extravagant automotive art of Bertone (fondly known as Bert One by English-speaking journalists). Last year's rash of design exercises was climaxed by the Sibilo, a low-profile device that adapted advanced electronics and novel body-glass welding methods to a logical interior layout.

Many Australians who saw the Sibilo were suspicious of its practicality. Some of this skepticism may be eroded by the sobering thought that Pininfarina's First Edition Lancia Stratos drew howls of derision at its 1971 debut, yet contradicted the critics within three years in its adapted street version. It continued to occupy the winners' circles in international rally events to the end of the decade.

Of course, Bertone's most notable designs are for the company which maintains the Italian Balance in sports car design – virtually every Lamborghini comes from this styling studio. Bertone's style ability is well-demonstrated by their ability to cater for all areas. He designed most of the Alfa Romeo range of cars. The Fiat X1.9 is a classic example of economy coachbuilding.

This art was raised to ultimate levels by a number of British firms. Some, like Vanden Plas, reduced their efforts to virtual badge engineering, but others struck into market

SIGMA SCORPION
$8990

The Scorpion carries a deadly sting for its enemies. Scorpios are supposedly perfectionists. Either way you take the name, this car is trying to live up to the reputation. Initially a 2-litre in-line four driving a poorly located rear end through a choice of five-speed manual or slush-box three-shifters, the Scorpion was up on looks, but down on urge. It barnstormed its way into the showrooms, quickly knocking out some well-established opposition. But the price got hiked and the car's deficiencies were soon discovered, particularly lack of handling and an underrated powerplant. It fell from favor. But the "silent shaft" machine was quickly lifted to 2.6 litres, and Mitsubishi (who make the car in Japan) also added some refinements to suspension and specification. They also slashed the price. Buyers came back in droves, and the new Scorpion is now going up the sales charts again. It is an exceptionally strong car, yet light and nimble. It has some pretty Europeanised specifications – four-wheel discs included. But it misses out on handling and steering. Performance is now very good – in manual or automatic version. Better, the sturdy engine is hardly stressed in current form and it rates as perhaps the finest 2-litre around for turbocharging – developing its power right down where the turbo action normally starts, at 2500rpm. In fact, it's so good that Chrysler is considering a turbo version for the showroom floors. Turn-ons include a top-class "flight-deck", smart styling, and everything-included specification. Turn-offs include a sometimes-notchy shifter, down-market stereo, limited lighting, and a still too-twitchy tail. But try it, you could well be persuaded to buy it.

Engine: 4-cylinder, in-line, SOHC, 2555cc, mounted lengthways, rear drive; **Power:** 73kW at 4500rpm; **Torque:** 184Nm at 2500rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 62km/h; 2nd 103; 3rd 155; 4th 176; 5th 178; **Suspension:** Independent front, live rear; **Steering:** Recirculating ball; **Brakes:** Four-wheel discs; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 15.7kg/kW; **Instruments Incl:** Tacho, oil pressure gauge; **Fuel economy:** 9.4L/100km (30mpg); **Performance 0-100:** 11.8secs; **Standing 400m:** 18.8secs; **Costs – Insurance:** (60% NCB) $227.60 + $6.52 s/tax; **Key Options:** Air-conditioning, $899.

LANCIA COUPE
$15,325

An oldie but a goodie. In its time, the Lancia Beta was ahead of its time. Now it is showing its age, but is still up there with the best of them. Lancia broke new ground when it introduced front-engine and front-drive engineering to sporting coupés. The Beta of the early '70s was sleek, immaculately styled, yet it accommodated one of the most powerful four-cylinder 1.3 litre engines ever produced. Since that time, the car has changed little, save for a front apron it sprouted as a concession to modern aerodynamics. And, as if to underscore its advanced concept, Lancia brought out a hatchback version. The car's real strongpoint is its sheer, raw power. The double overhead camshaft 1756cc mill pumps 90 kW of power into the transverse-mounted gearbox (the engine sits sideways, canted back at 20°). Torque is a lusty 150Nm, developed at a reasonably toppy 4500rpm, necessitating good use of the gearbox. Such treatment gives scintillating results, and this car can turn in a standing 400 metres in less than 17 seconds. Surprisingly, it swallows little fuel even at this rate – yielding 10.2 to 8.3 litres per 100km (27-34mpg) over the broad gamut of performance. Amazingly, high-gear torque is like a V8, and this car is at home in the rortiest traffic-light GP. The HPE coupé is amazing for its varied model configurations, all the way up to the configuration with the rear seat laid out like a deck. Lancia's sporty car heritage is unmistakeable in the fine cockpit layout, the most complete equipment imaginable, and the excellent balance of the vehicle. And while it's not up to the performance of the Stratos sports cars dominating European rallying, it is very smooth and fast. Turn-ons: bulk power, big boot, wool-trim interior, red-sector instruments (easy reading), parking brake warning device (like a blinker), exceptionally quiet. Turn-offs: notchy shift with lever like a piece of water pipe, low-geared wrong-way window winders, heavy, sometimes lifeless steering, some wheel-slip and chirp on turns and rough roads, no heel-toe layout for pedals. Traditionally, the luxury market starts at $16,000. Both the Beta Coupé ($14,036) and the HPE ($15,325) make it under the mark. You could specify a well-equipped Beta Coupé with air-conditioning, cassette and metallic paint and still go under the mark.

Engine: 4-cylinder, in-line, DOHC, 1756cc, transverse mounted, front-drive; **Power:** 89.5kW at 6200rpm; **Torque:** 150Nm at 4500rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 52km/h; 2nd 81; 3rd 119; 4th 157; 5th 191; **Suspension:** Four-wheel independent; **Steering:** Rack & pinion; **Brakes:** Four-wheel discs; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 11.06kg/kW; **Instruments incl:** Tacho, oil pressure gauge; **Fuel economy:** 10.2-8.3L/100km (27-34mpg); **Performance 0-100:** 11.5secs; **Standing 400m:** 16.0; **Costs – Insurance:** (60% NCB) $414.00 + $10.02 s/tax (Beta); $441.15 + $10.93 (HPE); **Key options:** Cassette $450; Air-conditioning $995; Metallic paint $390.

MAZDA 626 HARDTOP
$7800

There's something gained and something lost in any hybrid vehicle. So it is with the Mazda 626 coupé. Adapted directly from the sedan of the same name, it is less original in spec than its nearest competitors — the Toyota Celica, Sigma Scorpion and Honda Prelude. It is also significantly cheaper — plugging the gap between the new Toyota T18 and the next of the "Big Three" coupés quite neatly at around $7800. It sits on a happy wheelbase, which gives reasonable stride over the ground. However, as a pure adaptation from the sedan, interior room could be better arranged. It's well equipped, smooth running, and smooth riding. However, the suspension can be run out of travel, and the steering tends to wander on the straight (a characteristic that becomes worse at speed). Styling is crisp rather than inspiring, with obvious sedan heritage that detracts from originality. Performance is a surprise — the car turns good figures against the clock and against the fuel gauge. It will knock down a standing 400 metres in Celica-competitive times, and is up with all of them in the burst from zero to the legal speed limit in most States (100km/h). At the pump-head you can expect and get 10.3 litres per 100km or better with economical driving. The usual staggering array of Japanese equipment is there (including five-speed shifter, AM/FM cassette, electronic safety check panel, electric boot release and heated rear window). It's generally quiet, although some cars suffer sideglass wind-hiss, and the exhaust will growl purposefully if the engine is urged along. Handling is predictable, with a smidgin of understeer and some optional tail-wag. It does float and pitch on uneven surfaces though. Turn-ons include black-outs, anti-bump devices front, rear and sides, fold-down rear seat, halogen headlights, cloth-insert seats and fuel economy. Turn-offs include cramped rear seat, poor seat location, steering and handling limitations. Still, unmistakeable value for the café coupe brigade.

Engine: 4-cyl, in-line, SOHC 1970cc, front-mounted, rear-drive; **Power:** 64kW at 4800rpm; **Torque:** 160Nm at 2500rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 53km/h; 2nd 98; 3rd 130; 4th 165; 5th 165; **Suspension:** Independent front, live rear; **Steering:** Recirculating ball; **Brakes:** Discs front, drum rear; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 16.9kg/kW; **Instruments incl:** Tacho; **Fuel economy:** 10.3-9.4L/100km (28.5-30mpg); **Performance from 0-100:** 13.7secs; **Standing 400m:** 18.9secs; **Costs — Insurance:** (60% NCB) $209.20 + $5.68 s/tax.

MAZDA RX7
$14,950

For a while, everyone was expecting to see Alan Moffatt drive a Mazda into victory lane at Bathurst this year. Mazda? Well, it may have been on if the governing body of motor sport in Australia, CAMS, had approved the peripheral port modification to the high performance twin-rotary engine in the sensational RX7. In the past, rotaries have not gained a good reputation for fuel economy, reliability, or instant power. They have picked up points for smoothness, quietness, remarkable pulling power when on the move, and complete flexibility. The RX7 seems to represent a turn-around. Certainly, the car seems willing and lustier low-down than previous Wankels. It revs silently and smoothly from its torque baseline of around 3000rpm to nearly 7000rpm. And it never introduces vibration or harshness. Suspension is an Alfa-imitation of independent front layout and live axle/Watts linkage location (not deDion like the Italians). However, the steering is recirculating ball and it has the typical Japanese straight-ahead vagueness and poor responsiveness. The car handles smoothly and progressively, without vicious traits, although it lacks European finesse. What it doesn't lack is luxury. The interior is well appointed with standard air-conditioning and AM/FM deck and complete instrumentation. Brakes are a trifle mushy, the ride can occasionally be pitchy (or you may bottom out on super-rough stretches), and the rear accommodation for luggage is surprising (although the area is rather shallow). Turn-ons include the styling (and those pop-ups), hush-power automotivation, and tie-downs for the luggage (plus that bonded-on frameless window glass). Turn-offs run to the brake fade, body pitch, short seat travel, small fuel range, engine warning beeper (at 6700rpm). The big question mark is rotary durability and, therefore, resale value. Only time will tell, but meantime Mazda has restricted availability, so these machines have a strong black-market appeal.

Engine: 2-Rotor, 2292cc, front-mounted, rear-drive; **Power:** 77kW at 6000rpm; **Torque:** 147Nm at 4000rpm; **Gears, speeds:** 1st 54km/h; 2nd 90; 3rd 137; 4th 188; 5th 188; **Suspension:** Independent front, live rear; **Steering:** Recirculating ball; **Brakes:** Disc front, drum rear; **Power-to-weight ratio:** 13.9kg/kW; **Instruments incl:** Tacho, oil pressure gauge; **Fuel economy:** 13.1-11.5L/-100km (21.5-24.5mpg); **Performance from 0-100:** 11.1secs; **Standing 400m:** 17.4secs; **Costs — Insurance:** (60%NCB) $432.75 + $10.65 s/tax.

holes with extremely well-researched and brilliantly engineered versions of popular vehicles.

Crayford must rank as one of the most successful. Their Estate (or station wagon) version of the Mercedes sedan was so successful that it was exported world-wide. Eventually it forced the hand of the Stuttgart giant which produced its own series of Estates for the first time last year. Crayford also specialises in solidly-engineered Stag-like T-top convertibles on such cars as the Cortina/Taunus. And, as if to give the Germans something else to think about, it has produced an excellent Mercedes convertible.

The hybrid business is actually a large part of the automotive stylist industry. Firms like Moretti, unable to compete head-to-head with the might of the styling giants Pininfarina, Bertone and Ital Design with their multi-million-dollar facilities, struck out into less demanding markets overlooked by the big boys. Moretti now make a tidy living out of vehicles like the Moretti 4 x 4, a handsome mini Range Rover over Fiat Campagnola mechanicals. It's a sort of up-market Double Bay Daihatsu.

Easily the most outrageous example of the wide variety of machinery flowing from the desks of the new generation design studios around the world is the Monocoque Box. In the classic definition of the sports car, the Monocoque Box represents an almost perfect specification; it includes four-wheel independent suspension, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel-disc brakes and rear-mounted transverse engine. Injecting some irony, the designers even added cycle guards over the wide hot-rodder's wheels. Further lip-service to sports car engineering is paid by the lie-down driving position. However, the manufacturers displayed a marvellous sense of satire with the body styling — it is, after all, a simple box-like structure, and you enter by crawling in through a "hole" in the side of the "carton". In the event of a "terminal excursion" one could imagine car and driver being consigned to the crematorium or Mother Earth in a single sweeping gesture. When the performance potential is reviewed, this is not an altogether unlikely possibility — The Box weighs in so light that its souped-up but emission-conforming Honda Accord engine provides a power-weight ratio of less than 10kg/kW — good enough to run a standing 400 metres in less than 14 seconds with a terminal capacity of 200km/h-plus. Truly, a veritable coffin on wheels, which could probably smash most sporties to pulp round a race circuit.

In a way, this way-out wonder-box exemplifies all the profound forces that have come together over the past decade to change the shape and style of the sporty car. The Monocoque Box runs a true monocoque body — a significant step for manufacturers of sporty cars, because the cars were traditionally built around either chassis girders or space frames. The Box features a small, compact four-cylinder engine, producing such a phenomenal performance from its low-weight body that it is almost able to equal the accelerative feats of a Lamborghini Countach, although it gives away 200kW of power and, perhaps more important, some $80,000 in purchase price.

It is built from fibreglass and plastic and it comes from a country not normally associated with production of ultimate sporty machinery. In every way, it represents the changing art of the sporty car and, in a sense, it symbolises our expectations for automotive evolution in the '80s.

Long Live Carozzeria Chaos!

Vengeance in Petersfield

what forces brought him to this strange town out of time, and to the deserted house with its whisperings of unnatural death?

fiction

By Graham McLeod

"BY THE way," I asked the mechanic, "where am I? I mean, what's the name of this place?"

He regarded me peculiarly, seeming puzzled I didn't know where I was.

"This is Petersfield," he said, and apparently regarded that as an adequate explanation. He paused, then added: "Remember – not before three. It won't be ready until then." He turned, and I watched him disappear inside his shed, crammed with the remnants of machinery. I felt no umbrage at his casual dismissal; it was in keeping with my mood, with my odd detachment. I sought no explanation for this. I was aware of the dream-like essence in what was happening, and I was content to go along with it.

It began that morning with an inner prompting to drive. I'd had no destination in mind. Direction was unimportant. The distance fell behind me until I realised I was in completely unfamiliar territory. That was immaterial, because I was deriving contentment from the mere sensation of motion. Then it happened. The motor coughed,

Illustrations by David Higgins

picked up raggedly for a few seconds, then died. Shifting to neutral, I scanned the fuel gauge anxiously. Not that. The needle indicated three-quarters full. I twisted the key. The motor wouldn't fire. As my speed dropped, I asked: "What now?" With just sufficient momentum to breast a low crest, I began coasting down the other side. It was then that I saw the township nestling in the valley below.

I pulled up on the gravel driveway of what seemed to be a garage. It looked unpromising: rust spreading where paint had peeled from corrugated iron. The impression of defeat was heightened by the lone petrol pump, a tall, antiquated contraption topped by a transparent reservoir. I wondered why the stereotyped concrete-and-glass concept of a service station hadn't reached here. I blew the horn. Through the shed's doorway I could dimly see that dejected graveyard of corroding metal. I waited, then the mechanic appeared, unhurriedly wiping his hands on a wad of cotton waste. He eyed me questioningly, listening silently as I explained what had happened.

"I'll open the bonnet so you can take a look," I volunteered, pulling the release. Watching him, I saw he seemed to be having trouble finding out how the catch worked. But once he was peering inside, his manner promised competence. He asked me to try to start the motor. Then, when I joined him he pointed to the fuel pump.

"There's the trouble," he said. "See how the petrol's escaping? The gasket must be leaking." The man's diagnosis sounded sensible.

"Will you be able to fit a new one?"

"I wouldn't have anything like that in stock," he told me, "but I can cut a duplicate from sheet cork. It'll be as good as new."

"Now you're talking. When can I have it?" It was then that he told me to come back at three o'clock.

"Three?" I echoed. "But it's just after midday. Surely it wouldn't take that long?"

He regarded me steadily with very blue eyes. "Sorry," he said. "There are other jobs ahead of yours. When they're finished, I'll work on your car."

I reined my objection. What was the hurry? Why not spend the time looking around the town? From the glimpse I'd had, it seemed a pleasant, sleepy little place. I strolled along what I took to be the main street, revising my first impressions. Petersfield was bigger and far more substantial than I'd imagined. Most of the buildings were of a stone I guessed was mined locally. Obviously, the dilapidated garage and the occasional iron outhouses were the exceptions rather than the rule.

The opinion growing on me was one of prosperous permanence, though this was oddly incompatible with the lack of traffic. The few vehicles I saw were square, dusty old tourers with black hoods, shod with narrow, inadequate-looking tyres. I came to a hotel — the Victoria and Albert Arms — which was in keeping with what I'd already seen in Petersfield: big, sturdy and spacious. In the bar, I was agreeably surprised to find there were no concessions to noisy modernity . . . no juke box blaring, no cigarette machine. It was a haven where a man could enjoy his drink and his thoughts. The floor was thick with sawdust, and walking on it was almost a sensuous pleasure.

The few customers chatted quietly. All bore the marks of farmers who'd come to town to transact business and, that done, were enjoying one or two companionable drinks before setting off home for the evening milking. They regarded me with brief disinterest. The barman asked what I'd like. I told him a beer, and blinked at the foaming pint he put before me. I'd never attempted anything that size. Regarding it doubtfully, I told myself it would save the trouble of ordering a second. I took an exploratory sip . . . this was real beer! An incredible improvement on what I was used to — nuttier, and much more muscular than I found at home.

"A potent drop," I commented. He smiled at my approval. "What's the chance of getting something light to go with it?"

Obligingly, he produced some fresh, crusty rolls, pats of butter, a slab of no-nonsense cheese and a large brown jar of pickles.

"Everything's local," he explained with a touch of pride. "The district's noted for what it produces."

As I sipped and ate, an unusual contentment came over me. The effect of the beer? Hardly. Still, the reason eluded me. Irrationally, it contained an element of you're-back-home-again. But that was absurd; if I'd never heard of Petersfield, it was even more certain I hadn't been here before.

Then I became conscious of something beyond this sense of well-being, of a gently insistent urging to keep moving. It was not a tugging, rather a quiet pleading.

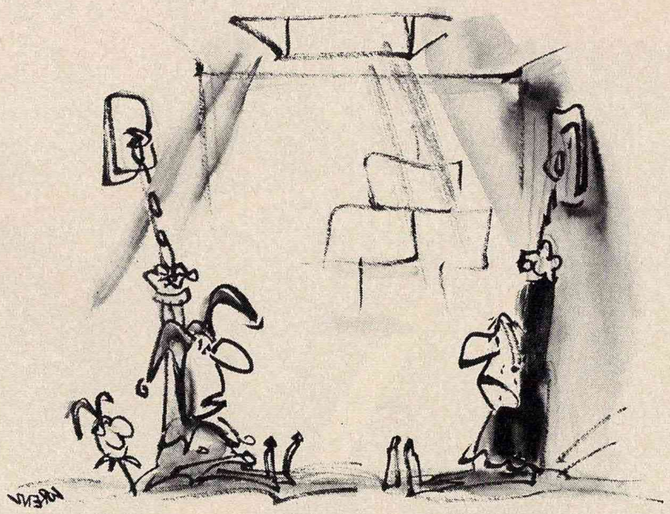
The barman having temporarily disappeared, I left some money on the counter before sauntering out to the brilliant sunlight.

Which way? I found myself moving west. I passed a couple of discreet banks, three stock-and-station agencies and a gaggle of smaller establishments including a bakery which had been the source of my superb rolls.

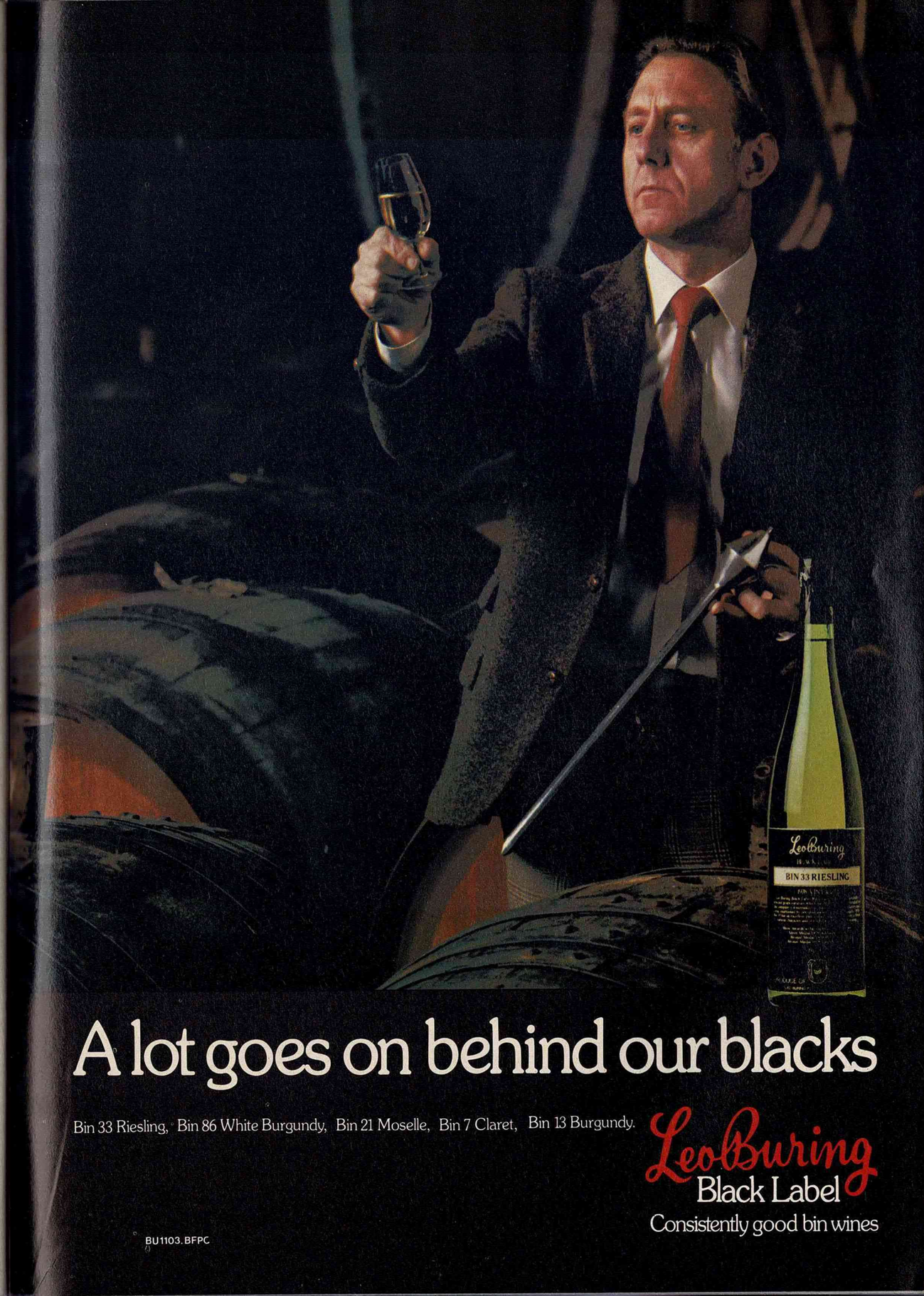
When I reached the residential area, the aura of prosperity was confirmed. The big, solid houses occupied sprawling lots which suggested a casual indifference to the cost of rates. There was an impression of money, old and established, and the smug confidence of ability to weather financial storms.

Then the houses began thinning and I reached a low, arched bridge spanning a stream. Leaning on the parapet, I stared at the dark waters below flowing with silent, inexorable power. Mesmerised, I watched the eddies swirling, imagining a monstrous carp or perch sulking in some protected cranny, waiting with morose patience for an unsuspecting morsel. Despite the sun, I found myself shivering. That torrent exuded a veiled malignancy portending danger.

I was about to retrace my steps when some inner voice beseeched me:



"The hell of it is I don't even write my own material."



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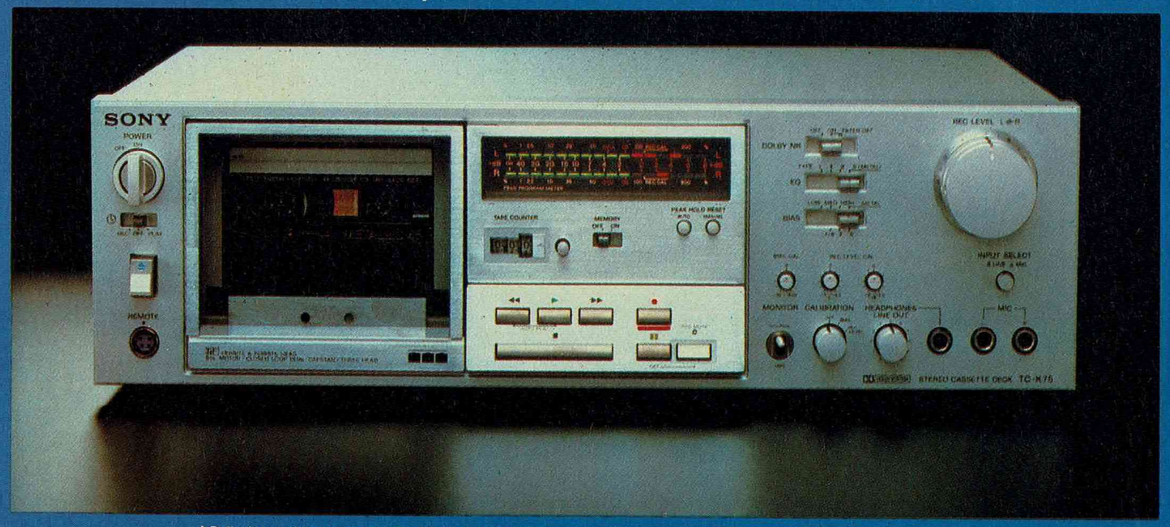


*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

SONY AUDIO

AP3355

"Not yet. A little further, please . . ." It could not be denied.

Crossing the bridge, I wandered further along the road, now narrower and close-lined by trees. I felt a mounting excitement: whatever was drawing me so magnetically was close at hand.

Then I knew I'd arrived.

Two stout stone pillars supported iron gates guarding the weed-infested driveway, winding toward a two-storey house. No, a mansion. I could make it out beyond the trees. Since the fence on either side of the pillars was too tall to attempt scaling, I leaned on the gates. Grating and protesting, they moved back, cutting symmetrical arcs in the soft earth.

I made my way along the driveway towards the building. On either side, the tangle of trees and shrubs grew wild with the neglect of years. Here and there, I saw marble statues gazing sightlessly across what must once have been exceptional lawns.

But something was missing. At first I groped fruitlessly for it. Then I had it. Not only was the place deserted by humanity but, for some weird reason, no bird or insect inhabited the foliage. It was completely bereft of life.

The house stood aloof in its solitude. Weather-warped timbers secured across the lower openings prevented my seeing inside, yet I knew I simply must get in. I circled the building in growing depair until I found what I sought – an unsecured window in what I judged were once the servants' quarters. Straining, I creaked it upwards then, after an undignified, panting scramble, I was inside. I groped along a dark passage until I emerged into an immense reception area with a tall, domed ceiling and an impressive stairway sweeping to the upper level.

The floor was deep in dust. I nudged it with my shoe, exposing the exquisitely laid black-and-white mosaic. Even stripped of its furnishings, little imagination was needed to picture how this house must once have appeared to envious guests. It had been designed with a flair for showmanship, and built with disregard for expense. If the owner's aim had been to out-do his peers, his success must have been total. Even in the shuttered gloom, there was an air of casual opulence.

The voice was prompting me towards that magnificent staircase. I ascended cautiously, testing each step lest there be hidden rot. I was acutely aware of my danger: isolated, nobody knowing my whereabouts. A broken leg could prove fatal; a cry for help would never be heard. But, like the rest of that building, the timber was solid.

I reached the landing. On either side, long corridors connected the wings to the central tower. In unconscious conformity with the silence, I tiptoed along the one on my right, opening the doors. There was nothing in the wing to interest me, but as I made my way back towards the landing I was alerted by a growing awareness that I was getting closer to where I was being drawn.

I knew I'd arrived when I opened the door of that small, pleasant room. On its far side, a bay window looked beyond the trees and over that sinister stream towards the roofs of the distant town, a full-width seat providing an ideal resting spot. Like the rest of the house, this room was unfurnished, but the difference was instantly apparent. Here, the atmosphere of occupancy was undeniable. Nowhere could I see a speck of dust.

Could anybody have cleaned it recently? If so, why here and not elsewhere? And how had they gained entry? From the doorway, I scanned the corridor. The only footprints were mine. The windows? Both were nailed and bolted from the inside.

Then how come this room's near-antiseptic cleanliness?

Despite the eeriness, something assured me I was not in danger, that what was happening was pre-ordained. I made myself comfortable on the window seat as I gazed out at the far slate roofs of Petersfield.

I don't know how long I sat there before I became conscious of a change. Senses keyed, I strained to listen. Something, somebody was with me. Though I couldn't distinguish the words, there were voices in the room. And something more: there was the scent of lavender.

Concentrating, I heard two people talking. One was young, the other much older. Some game seemed in progress, causing delighted giggles from the child. Yes, it had to be a girl. And gentle laughter from what must have been her mother. And I found myself smiling in sympathy with their fun.

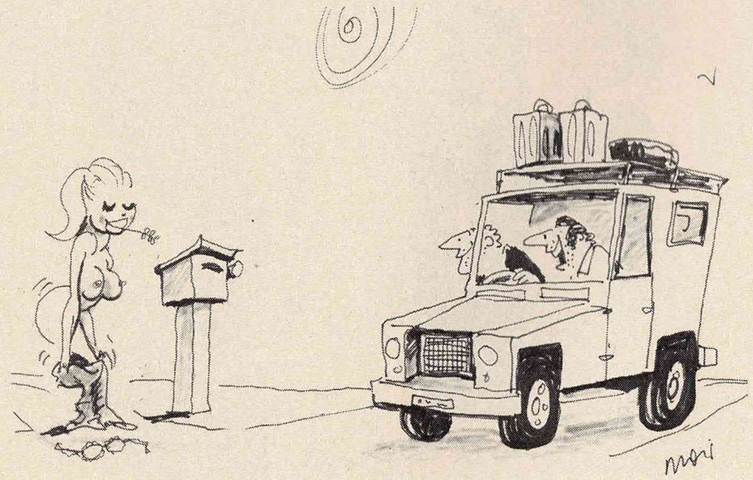
Gradually, the sounds faded. Then I heard the woman's voice again, occasionally pausing while a rustling page was turned. Evidently, she was reading a story to her daughter, for now and then there were excited but blurred interjections from the child. There was one paramount emotion – deep, abiding love; here were two beings who adored each other.

Then the sounds drifted into nothing. When the voices came again, I knew years had passed. While the child had grown to vibrant young womanhood, the mother's tones betrayed an ominous tiredness, and the scent of lavender was fainter. The daughter spoke with determined cheerfulness as she strove to give comfort and hope, but the mother was ill, her coughing soft yet incessant.

Suddenly, the room contained another presence – cold, hard and domineeringly male. The women were cowed and subdued. He was voicing cruel reproval to his wife for her lassitude and illness, ignoring his daughter's attempts to defend her. Then he was gone, and all that was left was the mother's quiet weeping and the daughter's consoling.

Gradually, the voices dwindled. The fragrance of lavender vanished as if wafted away on the wind, and I knew the mother had died . . .

The atmosphere then became electric, brittle. In a conflict of wills, the passion in that room amplified the voices so I could hear with clarity. The father was speaking. "I'll brook no



"They always reckoned outback folks were friendly!"

disobedience, Eliza!" he bellowed. "You will do as I tell you. Marriage between you and young Barton is out of the question. What is he? A clerk, and that's what he'll always be.

"But I love him, Papa!"

"Don't provoke me, girl! You'll wed Henry Ferguson for the reasons I've given you. The families' properties adjoin, so marrying him will consolidate them into something four times bigger than anything else in the district. Moreover, his father and I are old friends and both of us want it. But the best reason is I demand you do it."

"Papa ..." she wailed in futile protest. Then she was alone, and I could hear her agonised sobbing. Then, yet again, I felt the change of emotion in that little room. Love had returned, balanced by a feeling of hopelessness.

"Papa says I must marry Henry," Eliza said dully, "and that it will take place soon. Oh, William, what can I do? Without you, I'll die! I know I will."

A different male voice answered her. "I've a plan, Eliza," he said eagerly. "I've saved a little – not much, but enough. We'll elope to the city. Once we're married, it'll be too late for your father to stop us ..."

"But when, William, when?"

"Tonight, dearest. We'll be poor for a while, but I'll work hard to give you those things you deserve."

Quickly he outlined the rest of his plan. When she was sure her father was asleep, she'd slip downstairs then out the back door. He'd be waiting for her by the big willow at the bend in the stream. There was no Moon, so she wouldn't be seen ...

I felt a sudden premonition of approaching disaster.

"No, William!" I shouted urgently, unable to contain myself. "Not there! It's too dangerous ... the creek!" Remembering that powerful, deadly flow, I knew what was about to happen. Eliza would drown. Of that I had no doubt, but I was helpless to prevent it. They couldn't hear me.

They were gone. It was finished.

•

I left that sad house, the images of tragedy milling through my mind. It was as I stumbled down the driveway toward the road that I saw something in the undergrowth. Wading through the long grass, I came to a low iron railing surrounding two graves. I pulled back the creepers, exposing the headstones. The inscriptions were still very clear.

EMILY FITZMAURICE
2ND MAY, 1915
AGED 42

WILMOTT FITZMAURICE
29TH OCTOBER, 1917
AGED 51

So, despite FitzMaurice's contempt for his wife's frail health, he'd followed her within two and a half years. But where was young Eliza's grave? Surely she'd have been buried beside her parents? Search as I would, I found nothing. So what did that mean? Was she buried elsewhere? Had her father disowned her, even in death? Could this be why he'd also died soon after, the disgrace too much for his magnitude of pride? Or had her body been lost for ever in that dark torrent?

Could it even be that Eliza had not drowned? Then, slowly, a horrifying explanation occurred to me. Supposing Eliza had met her William by the willow without realising she'd been followed by her father, and he'd confronted the lovers in the darkness.

Perhaps he'd lunged at William ... there'd been a brief struggle ... but it had been Wilmott FitzMaurice who'd ended in the stream, thrashing helplessly as he sank slowly in the Moonless gloom. I shuddered involuntarily at this grisly possibility.

Backing from the graves, I turned towards Petersfield.

Why had I been singled out as auditor of these long-past events? And why had I blindly obeyed the lodestar which led me first to Petersfield, then to that isolated, tormented mansion with its dustless little room impregnated by lingering memories?

Something else troubled me: what was it that I had heard which struck a subconscious responsive chord? There was an uneasy stirring of recollection, a feeling of connection.

I hurried along the main street. It was a few minutes after three as I approached that rusty garage with its tattered posters advertising a French-sounding brand of tyre I'd never heard of. My car was still standing on the gravel driveway and, as I neared, the mechanic appeared. "Manage to fix it?" I asked. He nodded. "Then how much do I owe you?"

"Nothing," he said. "I learned a lot, working on your car. I examined it carefully. Very advanced. The experience was worth more than the job. Anyway, it didn't take long once I'd discovered what was involved."

No, he wasn't joking, yet what could be so remarkable about my Falcon? Surely there'd be dozens like it around Petersfield? I couldn't let it go at that. Rummaging in the glove box, I handed him a carton of cigarettes I'd stowed against emergencies.

"Well, keep these," I smiled. "And thanks again for your help."

We exchanged waves and I drove away. Glancing into the rear vision mirror, I saw him turning the carton over and over as he examined it curiously. A strange man.

At the crest, I paused to look back over Petersfield. Already, the winter

"Typical ... they can't get it off their minds."

sun was low in the west, the shadows darkening in the remoter parts of the deep valley. Squinting against the rays, I could just make out the tower of the FitzMaurice house jutting arrogantly above the trees, its windows glinting gold as day died. I felt a perverse regret that I was leaving. Somehow, it seemed that I was severing an unrealised link with long ago.

•

Though work kept me unexpectedly busy during the next weeks, there were intervals when I found myself thinking of Petersfield. Slowly, I accepted that, if for no other reason than peace of mind, I must make an attempt to delve deeper into this mystery. But where to begin my search?

Not long after, I ran into an old friend, a surveyor with an extensive practice, just the man to tell me about Petersfield. But when I asked him what he knew of the town, he looked at me strangely.

"Petersfield?" he said. "No such place. There was, but it disappeared ages ago. Yes, well over 50 years back. About 1925, I think, give or take.

"I do remember reading about the stink it caused in parliament. There was an uproar from the locals, naturally. They put up a hell of a fight, made outrageous claims for compensation and so on. There was a lot of ill feeling, but they lost."

"What are you talking about?" I asked him.

"The dam," he explained. "Petersfield was set in a valley with an excellent water flow, and there was a narrow section where the ranges closed in – ideal for a dam. Plenty of good local stone, as well. So eventually, Petersfield was flooded. It was as simple as that."

I shook my head in disbelief. Could I have been mistaken? No, there'd been confirming evidence, the signs on the shops in the main street – Petersfield Bakery ... Petersfield District Co-Operative ... Petersfield Butchery, with its old-fashioned film of water running down the inside of the front window. I mulled over the problem, but no matter how I looked at it, Eliza FitzMaurice seemed the key.

I'd begin by assuming her father died the night of her planned elopement. If she and William *had* married, that dated it some time after October 29, 1917. And since that was more than 60 years ago, it was unlikely either would still be alive. But if I could trace their children, I might still get a worthwhile lead.

William had mentioned going to the city, so a patient check of marriage and birth announcements in the newspapers of the day might yield something. And while I was on the job, I'd take the opportunity of reading the whole of the Petersfield story.

•

The girl at the library piled a mound of microfilm canisters before me and I started with the Petersfield reports, and confirmed what I'd been told.

After a prolonged rearguard action, the locals had admitted defeat and the dam was commenced. It was completed in 1925, and there was even a picture of some long forgotten dignatory snipping a ribbon at the opening ceremony. So that was that. Unquestionably, the town had been inundated forever. Even so, my conviction that I'd been in the town that day was unshaken.

I continued my search through the daily recordings of long-ago marriages and births, a tedious business which made my eyes ache from scanning the brightly-lit screen. Then, pay dirt! There it was! Eliza had married her William in November, 1917.

That was a bit sudden, within three weeks of her father's death. Even allowing for her dislike of him, she hadn't wasted time on mourning. It struck me as indecently hasty.

But things became clearer in the birth columns six months later with the bald announcement of a daughter, Frances, being born to William and Eliza Barton (nee FitzMaurice). No wonder she hadn't wanted to marry Henry Ferguson! A wedding night spent explaining to the groom how she was already three months pregnant to somebody else could have been more than a little difficult.

Was it possible her father suspected she was *enceinte,* and that was his real reason for wanting to off-load her on unsuspecting Henry? But there was more than that. Again, I was getting the feeling I'd had in Petersfield, that I'd learned something which should have been significant to me. But now it was so much stronger ... I was re-winding the spool when I realised I'd been turning the handle the wrong way, accidentally exposing an issue some months ahead. Then an item on the screen pulled me up short.

TRAGIC ACCIDENT!
Young Parents Killed.

William Barton and his wife, Eliza, died instantly yesterday evening when their buggy was struck by a train at the Compton Road level crossing ...

Hopes buckling, I skimmed through the report, increasingly dismayed.

Mr & Mrs Barton are survived by a baby daughter, Frances, who is being cared for temporarily by neighbors until other arrangements can be made.

It is understood the child has no relatives living.

I couldn't believe the trail would have petered out just like that. Had I

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been wrong in believing that Eliza was the means of unlocking the mystery? With her death, everything stopped. Or did it? What had happened to Frances, and why was her name tantalising me?

I began to think about this unfortunate orphan. Like Eliza, Frances was an only child, which meant she would have been next in line to inherit the FitzMaurice estate. But with no family to care for her, she must have been brought up by strangers who possibly had little or no knowledge of her background. She would have been only seven when the Petersfield dam was finished. Could this mean she never took her inheritance because nobody knew of her entitlement?

If so, what had happened to the money? That shouldn't be too hard to establish. If nothing else, bureaucrats are pernickety about keeping records. The answer would lie somewhere in their archives . . .

It was then that the elusive connection dawned on me. Now I knew why I'd been summoned to Petersfield . . . and why I'd had the eerie feeling of having missed something.

By itself, the sound of Barton had stirred a vaguely responsive chord, but once the given name Frances was added, everything fell into place. In my mind's eye, I again saw it, written in flowing copper-plate on the inside cover of our family Bible, the ink browned by time. I'd never met her, because my mother's mother died before I was born . . .

I felt an icy chill. Something unseen was standing behind me, staring across my shoulder at what was revealed on the microfilm.

"Congratulations!" I felt the sardonic voice say. "So you've worked it out at last. I have been waiting a long time for someone in our family to have sufficient brains. The rest have all been fools. You realise what I want you to do, don't you?"

I nodded silently. It was perfectly clear to me.

Even though he was dead, it would be a brave or foolhardy person who would trifle with the cold demands of Wilmott FitzMaurice.

●

From the other side of his desk, Mr Pendlebury stared at me, his expression pained. "I've read your letter carefully, Mr Hamilton," he said. "Very ingenious, but it is quite futile, I'm afraid."

"Indeed?" I asked. "What makes you say that?"

"Well, even if you can prove your relationship with the FitzMaurice estate, and I can see problems there, you still wouldn't be paid any money. You see, after my predecessors in this department failed to trace any heir or heiress, and we can presume they tried diligently, the funds set aside for compensation would have been transferred to consolidated revenue. Gone forever, unhappily. Moreover, due to the time that's passed, the matter would be statute-barred."

"Ordinarily, I'd have to agree," I said. "However, my solicitor doesn't see things quite that way. He takes the view that, if I was able to dig out the facts, your department should have been able to do it, too, particularly since it was closer to events." I saw no point in mentioning that I'd had considerable unearthly assistance. Why cloud the issue?

I'd hit a raw nerve somewhere in the plump Mr Pendlebury.

"Are you suggesting impropriety on the department's part?" he demanded indignantly.

"Not impropriety, sir, just gross negligence, which my solicitor considers a more than adequate ground for having the whole matter re-opened, particularly in view of the amount of money involved."

"Oh, it wasn't that much," Mr Pendlebury protested.

"Originally, no. However, with the interest compounding, I'm advised the figure now totals something well in excess of half a million dollars."

Mr Pendlebury blanched. "That's preposterous!" he exclaimed. But somehow I'd the feeling he'd make a poor poker player. "Quite out of the question," he added, wiping his forehead, even though the day was cold.

I rose. "My solicitor doesn't agree," I told him. "Apart from compensation, he sees a case for damages as well." I shook my head sadly. "I see a nasty scandal in the making, don't you? Headlines, and all that stuff . . ."

Mr Pendlebury looked ill. I guessed he was thinking it wasn't fair that idiots long dead had landed him in this mess. As I opened the door, I looked back, giving him my nicest smile. "See you in court, Mr Pendlebury," I said, and ran down the steps jauntily, pausing when I reached street level. A crisp morning with a cloudless sky. I looked upward inquiringly.

"Is that what you wanted, Wilmott?" I asked.

"It is," I was told. "I'll rest easier now that justice is about to be done."

There was something else I wanted to know.

"You drowned that night, didn't you?" I asked.

"I did!" he confirmed grimly. "But it was murder, carefully planned by that young swine, Barton. Do you realise what he did? Knowing it would get back to me, he purposely told a friend of mine about the elopement. It was a trap. When I followed Eliza to their tryst, he jumped out from behind that tree and pushed me in the river!"

"But didn't Eliza try to help you?"

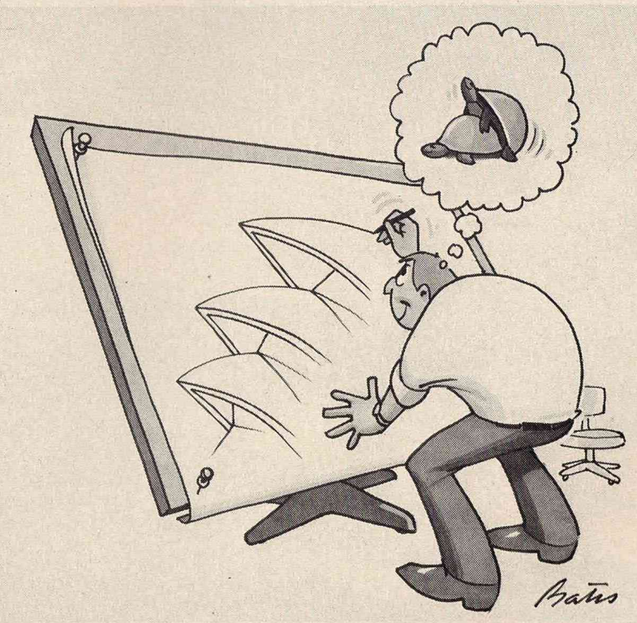
"Help me!" he snorted indignantly. "She was pushing, too."

"That must have disappointed you, Wilmott. By the way, did you have anything to do with that nasty business at the level crossing?"

A girl was watching, puzzled by my apparently one-sided conversation.

"I decline to answer that question on the ground that it might incriminate me," he said blandly.

That was good enough for me.



What sort of man reads The Bulletin?

He's the sort of man, it seems, that attracts women as much if not more than any other kind.

A fact which is hardly surprising when you consider him in the following light.

He's the sort of man who is vitally interested in politics and the powers that shape its destiny. (Show us the woman not interested in power.)

He's the sort of man who is deeply concerned about the world of finance. (Show us the woman not interested in money.)

He's the sort of man who can articulate on almost any aspect of life, from food to fashion. (Show us the woman not interested in the body and what shape it's in.)

In short, he's the sort of man who is attractive as much for his brain as his brawn.

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THE BULLETIN
Australia's weekly news magazine.

MN&C/BLN/1738

MINI INTERVIEW

SHELLEY HACK

charlie's newest angel talks about the earthly joys of being bright and *beautiful*

LOS ANGELES freelance writer David Rensin met Shelley Hack on a typically beautiful Southern California afternoon. His report: "I was waiting in her living room, sipping a glass of wine, when I heard a piano tinkling faintly in the background. The sound was familiar, but before I could determine whether it was Bobby Short or Mel Tormé playing, Shelley breezed in, wearing abbreviated khaki shorts and a simple white blouse. She flashed that smile. I was hooked. . . ."

PLAYBOY: How do you like being a television star?

HACK: I like it. It's wonderful. Someone on the set asked me if I was scared, but it never even occurred to me. Before joining the cast, I thought the show was very well produced. Really, it's a wonderful tongue-in-cheek fantasy – three terrific-looking girls running around packing pistols. And it's funny.

PLAYBOY: Kate Jackson was always called "the smart one". What do they call you?

HACK: Well, I *am* the one from the East, the one who went to Smith College – which I did in reality, too. I can do with my character what I want. We play it in terms of my being well educated, knowing Latin and other languages, but I also try for a little goofiness.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you really overeducated for the show?

HACK: No. I'm educated for life; *Charlie's Angels* is part of life.

PLAYBOY: You majored in history. If you taught contemporary American culture, how would you explain the *Charlie's Angels* phenomenon?

HACK: It is a product of reflex thinking in a culture that is working harder and harder for the dollar. During the Depression, we went to the movies; now we watch TV. The show has something for everyone. Women watch because they want to look like the Angels. The show represents a total fantasy that isn't so far out that it's science fiction. I mean, the Angels aren't the kind of invulnerable beauties you see in fashion magazines.

PLAYBOY: But haven't *you* had your picture in fashion magazines?

HACK: Yes, but I never looked quite so haughty. Once, on a promotional tour, I was talking with a guy at a radio station, and he wanted to know why my Charlie perfume commercials for Revlon were so successful. I suggested we make it the call-in question, because I was curious myself.

PLAYBOY: What was the response?

HACK: The women respondents said that this girl walking into a restaurant alone seemed like somebody they would like to know or to be. I was their idea of a modern, liberated but not threatening woman. The men thought I was someone they would like to go out with – again, modern, not brassy and someone who would talk. Men complain about women who can't talk.

PLAYBOY: How did you get to the top of your profession?

HACK: If you mean modelling, I was a success because I was hard-working, professional, bright. I looked at the business and identified the markets. I knew the key was that they *always* wanted someone new. I decided to hit one market one year, then cut my hair and hit another, then let it grow and hit television. I thought it through. The game plan can apply to any business, but especially to one where you're the product. You just have to become objective about yourself.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been dumped by a man?

HACK: Yeah. I'm always the one who sticks it out in a relationship after I should leave. By the time he says that we should end this thing, it's always a good idea. I guess I'm ready, too, but I find it hard to hurt a guy's feelings.

PLAYBOY: Are any of the guys who left now calling back?

HACK: I don't know how they'd get my telephone number.

PLAYBOY: What's your idea of a really fun date?

HACK: A fun person to have dinner, or lunch, or go to the beach with. I can have a good time just sitting in the living-room talking to someone. I've never felt the need, especially after I became successful, to have men take me out to a fancy dinner or something. I'm just as happy eating a hamburger and having some good laughs.

PLAYBOY: What kind of guy do you like to date?

HACK: Offbeat, bright, funny ones – never macho types. I find intelligence and a certain sexuality intriguing in a man. I like someone who knows where he's going and has a sense of himself.

PLAYBOY: Television is high-pressure. What do you do to blow off steam?

HACK: I jog, I read. I like European and ancient history the best. My thesis at Smith was on the plan drawn up by Count von Schlieffen that got Germany into all that trouble in World War One, when they violated the neutrality of Belgium . . . .

PLAYBOY: Ah, yes . . . when did you first realise you were good-looking?

HACK: What a strange question! When I was younger, I was taller than all of the boys. I've really never thought of myself as anything special. I became a model at 14, so I must have looked okay, but when you do it for so long, you get very objective about your looks and you don't sit around thinking: "Gee, I'm attractive."

PLAYBOY: Gee, you're attractive. Is it tough to be smart *and* beautiful?

HACK: Thank you. I don't know quite how to answer that. It's nice, but I think it odd that people find it a strange combination for an attractive woman also to be well-educated, well-read, intelligent and have an inquiring mind. Of course I can speak in words with more than one syllable!

PLAYBOY : What kind of music do you like to listen to?

HACK: Classical. I enjoy Telemann, Beethoven, Bizet. I like Mozart in the morning. I also like opera.

PLAYBOY: What is romance to you?

HACK: A friend of mine lit up the Eiffel Tower for five minutes at midnight on my birthday. I wasn't even there. I was working in California on a *Charlie's Angels* episode. But that was the whole point. It was just about the most romantic thing I'd ever heard of. I just loved it!

PLAYBOY: What gets you mad?

HACK: Seeing people who can't fight back get kicked around and hurt – old people, children, animals. No one ever kicks me around. I can fight back.

PLAYBOY: How does a girl like you get to be a girl like you?

HACK: Wheaties for breakfast.

Les femmes n'aiment pas les hommes anonymes...
...TED LAPIDUS LANCE
SA LIGNE DE TOILETTE POUR HOMME.
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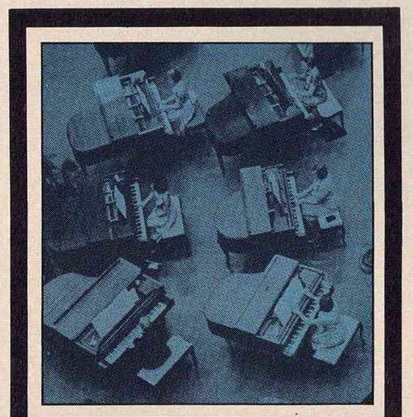
PLAY WITH YOUR MONEY – BUY A PIANO



Playboy's Pipeline

IT'S IN GREAT demand, brings joy to most people's hearts, and its basic looks haven't changed in 100 years; today's model should last another century, and it's still a good investment. Not gold, but the piano.

In keeping with the world trend, Australia is experiencing a piano boom, and, while we no longer manufacture them commercially, retailers are ordering all they can from overseas suppliers, and still face a waiting list.

Pianos are increasing in value to the extent that popular brands have almost doubled in price in recent years. Dealers find they are buying back pianos for more than they were sold. Among them, Japan's Yamaha uprights – the world's most popular pianos, having captured some 34 percent of the market – have leapt from $1750 at the end of 1975 to nearly $3000 today.

American figures surprised the industry last year. For every 100 electric organs sold, there were 113 pianos, and the trend is world-wide. In Australia, pianos are catching up fast. A few years ago, says Warren Murray of the big Sydney piano retailer Paling's, they amounted to only 60 percent of organ sales.

Over the past 10 years, Japanese, Korean, Chinese and Russian pianos have been imported in increasing numbers. The choice is amazing – from robust Russian and petite Chinese shorter-keyboard (six octave) models, to British, German and American uprights and grands. Prices vary from the low-priced Chinese models – some only $95 – to $4500. Grands start about there, and finish with a concert Steinway (the Rolls-Royce of pianos) at around $41,000.

Hiring pianos is a growing business. Some theatres and hotels, overseas visitors on limited residences and private families rent for their special needs (honky tonk pianos, concert grands for a week, and so on). One of Sydney's biggest hirers, Reg Hutchings, has up to a month's waiting list for ordinary uprights. He charges $20 to $30 a month for private use of an older upright, and from $65 to $100 for a grand. Customers pay their own delivery and return costs, and are advised to consider distance and the number of stairs involved.

Buying second hand can be a trap for the unwary. One major Sydney retailer issues a list of what to look for, including cracked frames, tired and tubby bass strings, sounding boards with lost crowns, broken ribs, split bridges and loose tuning pins. To the inexperienced eye or ear, many of the damaged areas are concealed, and a major overhaul can cost up to $500.

Most of the problems which cannot be cured show in old worn-out pianos going from one home to another, according to tuner A. P. Andersen. "I'm always meeting the same old piano in some other house," he says. "In one day, I've come across three such pianos doing the rounds." Disillusioned buyers have put the hopeless wrecks back on the market, often through auctions.

One of the great pitfalls is pianos with wooden frames. They haven't been made since around the turn of the century, but there are a few still around. The bogy is their failure to cope with the tremendous tension – some 20 tonnes – of the strings, and humidity in particular has played havoc with wooden frame pianos in the southern hemisphere.

On the recommendation of any reputable retailer or dealer, you can contact an experienced tuner and arrange a pre-sale inspection of a secondhand piano for up to $30, just as motoring organisations do with used cars. The investment can be just as important. The tuner will check the whole system, and give you an idea of the life expectancy. Some disreputable dealers may try to cover up evidence of borers, and shrewd tuners use a small mirror, running it under the lower edges of an instrument looking for tell-tale holes in the wood.

And *don't* try adjustments yourself. If a note sticks, or squeaks, call the tuner – or the retailer if it is still under service warranty.

Keep the piano out of direct draughts, and keep both lids shut when not in use. Don't worry that the keys might go dark if the instrument is new – they should have plastic tops (they don't shoot elephants for keyboards any more).

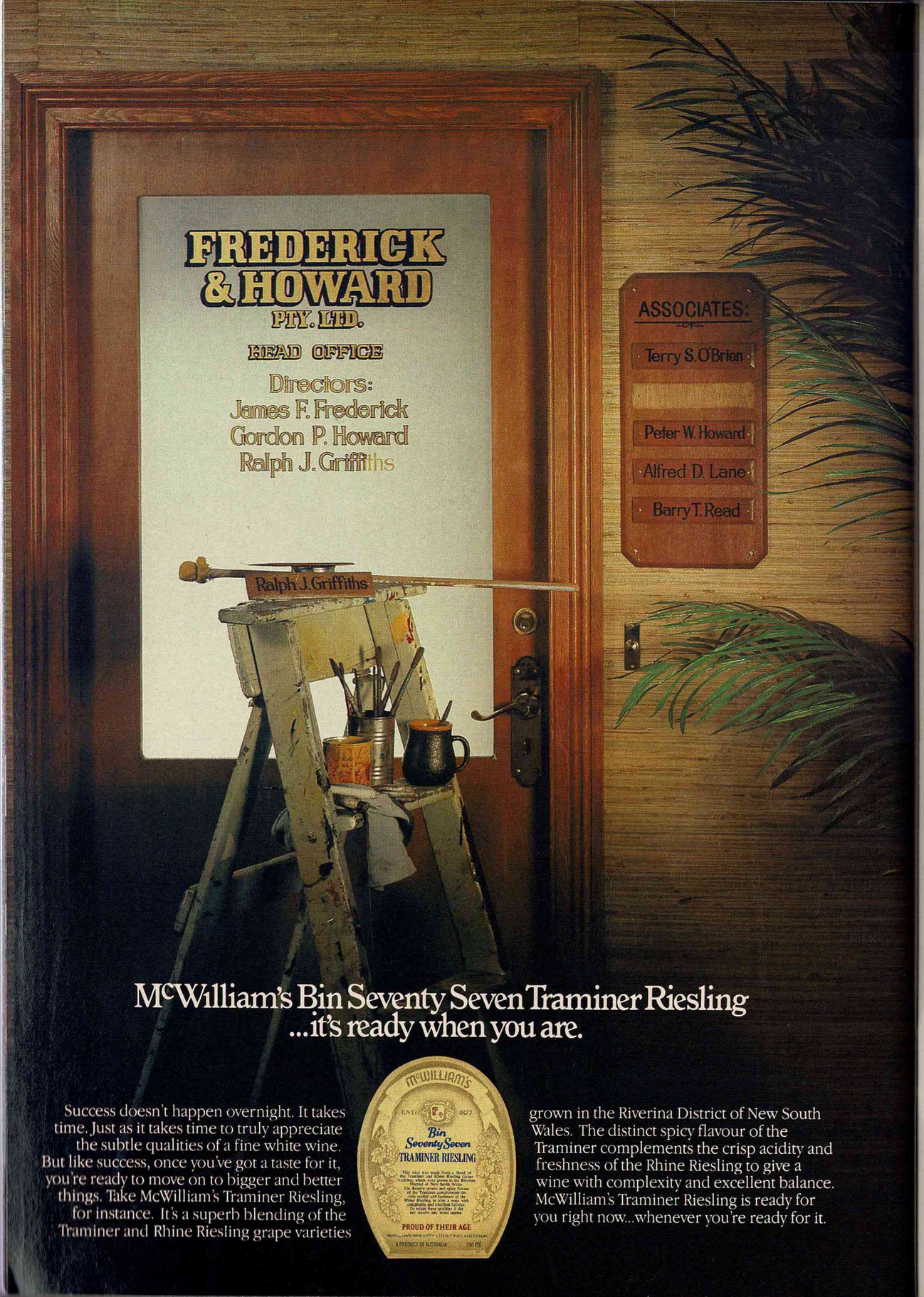
A new piano should be tuned within six months of purchase, then about once a year. Tuning costs about $30 if trouble free, and will take about one and a half hours.

Guarantees on new pianos are usually for five years, but some go as long as 10. Free service for adjustments extends over a year, and generally includes an extra tuning.

Secondhand player pianos (Pianola is a trade name) of the traditional pedal kind in good order can still be picked up for $1000 or less, and for nostalgic reasons, many people are now spending hundreds of dollars on reconditioning them. New, much smaller player pianos with both pedal action and electric drives are available for about $3000. Rolls are still made (by the sole manufacturer in the southern hemisphere, the Mastertouch Piano Roll Co, of Petersham in Sydney, at prices ranging from $3.95 for a single title to $8.95 for six).

And, for about $2000, you can buy an electric device which, when attached to your piano, will act much like a roll. The piano, controlled by a cassette, will ring to the touch of a master.

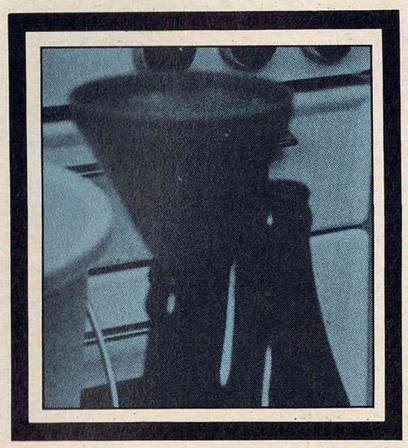
– JANE GRAHAM



McWilliam's Bin Seventy Seven Traminer Riesling
...it's ready when you are.

Success doesn't happen overnight. It takes time. Just as it takes time to truly appreciate the subtle qualities of a fine white wine. But like success, once you've got a taste for it, you're ready to move on to bigger and better things. Take McWilliam's Traminer Riesling, for instance. It's a superb blending of the Traminer and Rhine Riesling grape varieties grown in the Riverina District of New South Wales. The distinct spicy flavour of the Traminer complements the crisp acidity and freshness of the Rhine Riesling to give a wine with complexity and excellent balance. McWilliam's Traminer Riesling is ready for you right now...whenever you're ready for it.

MAKE IT ON YOUR OWN



Playboy's Pipeline

AS EVERYBODY'S FRIEND, Federal Treasurer John Howard, dips deeper and deeper into your pockets, the good old Aussie pastime of quaffing great draughts of beer is fast becoming an expensive way of filling your idle moments. But there is an entertaining and rewarding alternative – brewing your own.

In the past couple of years, the number of outlets supplying commercial home brewing kits has proliferated to the extent that they are now sold in most department stores and health food shops. And to go with them are simple, easy-to-use packs of ingredients which have successfully taken the gamble out of making a brew that will set your friends agog. What's more, you'll find it costs only around 18 to 20 cents to produce a standard 738ml bottle, ranging from light pilsener to heavy, dark ales. Most commercial kits are the closed variety, ensuring there is no contamination, and reducing brewing to a no-gamble level. Their big advantage over open fermenters is that, being protected from the air, the beer can safely be left for two or three days after fermentation, allowing excess yeast and other solids to settle, giving a drink with little sediment.

Open fermenters, which are simple, cheap and give good results, can be made from any big container. The most popular is the polythene garbage bin, but if you opt for something else, metals should be avoided. The fermenter should be covered, but not too tightly – just enough to allow the carbon dioxide produced during fermentation to escape while, at the same time, hindering the entry of air.

All you need is a good recipe, the right equipment and the ingredients. These can come as a pre-packed kit in which you simply follow the directions, or as a stock of yeast, malt and other grains which you mash yourself.

According to John Cook, author of *Brew Your Own Beer,* (R. J. Cleary Publishing, Sydney), many people find there is a natural progression in home brewing. They start with beer packs and end up with a miniature brewery.

Cook, a principal research scientist with the CSIRO, says most commercial packs produce acceptable brews. Basically, brewing is the conversion of a sugar solution by fermentation to alcohol and carbon dioxide. To be labelled beer, the source of the sugar must be a malted grain, which gives beer its unique taste. After fermentation, the yeast and solids will sink to the bottom, and the almost colorless liquid can be drawn off and bottled.

By adding a little sugar to each bottle before capping, a secondary fermentation is started which produces the carbon dioxide gas that is so necessary for a head and good sparkle. In commercial brewing, carbon dioxide is induced at the time of bottling, thus eliminating the process of secondary fermentation in the bottle.

When bottling, the home brewer must be careful to add the correct amount of sugar – too little and the beer will be flat, too much and there is the danger of bottles bursting. If you like a smoother, rounded taste to your beer, use dextrose, a fully-fermentable sugar. Raw sugar will add more color and a little more taste but will be hardly detectable. It is more normal to use white sugar. Brown sugar, on the other hand, will add quite a lot of taste and color to a brew. If you're making stout, black sugar should be used because it adds more color and taste. Used in lighter beers, black sugar will produce a slight molasses tinge which many people like.

It is impossible to stress too much the need for cleanliness. The most common cause of failure in home brewing, of producing beer that is sour or with a fungus on its surface in the bottle, is improper sterilising.

While cleanliness may be next to godliness in personal hygiene, in brewing it is the beginning and the end. Just about every step in brewing creates an ideal medium for the growth of bacteria, most of which are airborne. Avoid as much as possible setting up your equipment in an area where there is a lot of dust, make sure *all* your gear is sterile, and rinse your bottles thoroughly. An ideal disinfectant is the chemical *sodium metabisulphide,* a white powder often included in the ready-mixed packs. Most chemists stock it.

Particular care should be taken to ensure your bottles are clean, first by soaking them in water containing detergent, brushing, rinsing then sterilising in the sodium metabisulphide solution. Make sure your siphoning hose has been similarly treated, and use only new crown caps.

A great adjunct for the home brewer is an hydrometer which is used to tell the strength of your brew and also to check whether the fermenting process has finished. A simple formula will determine the alcohol content by weight if you wish to amuse your acquaintances, but it will usually come out around five percent, on a par with most commercial brews.

As you become more expert, there are many ways you can show your product. National competitions are now being held, and competition is becoming stiffer. Beer-making clubs are springing up all over the country, and if there is one in your area, you are well on your way towards expanding both your interest in brewing, and your range of recipes.

– JOHN COCKERILL

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

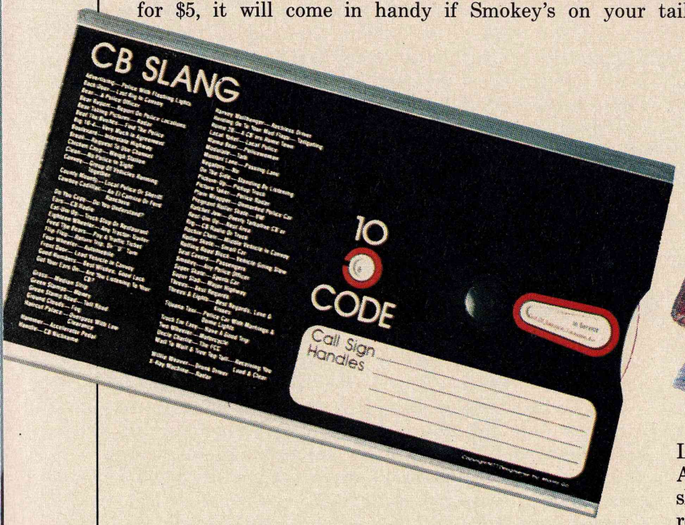
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

GAS-TRONOMICAL DELIGHTS

Air France is up, up and away with their Great Balloon Adventure. Every Sunday, from April through October, four passenger balloons leave Paris for a week-long pleasure flight made up of gourmet food, grand service and champagne views of Burgundy. Cost of the tour is $2400, all-inclusive.

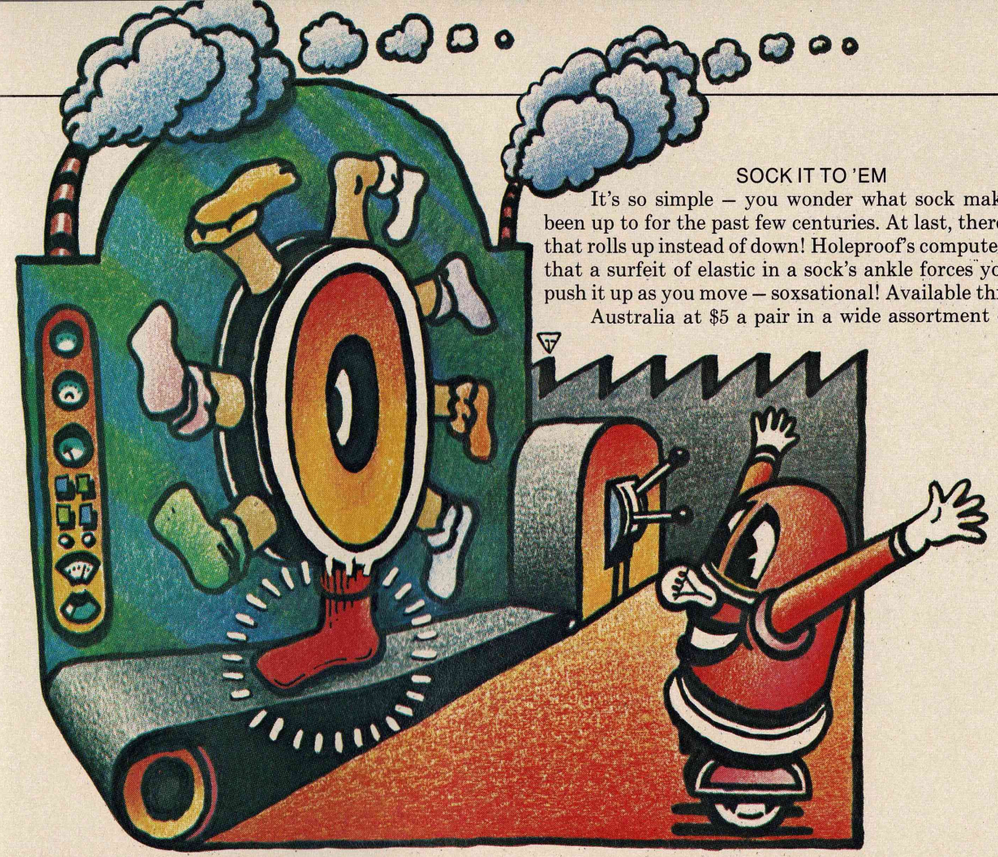
WALL TO WALL AND TREE TOP TALL

If you don't receive this message loud and clear (which is what it means), you had better rush out and pick up a CB slang directory that clips to a car visor to help you to translate 10 codes of CB jargon. From Why Not & Co, Sydney for $5, it will come in handy if Smokey's on your tail.



PADDINGTON'S BEARS

Love animals but bored with the run-of-the-mill Lhasa Apso or Blue Rex? May we suggest a bat, kangaroo or sheep? If you have the necessary space and obtain the required free licence, the RSPCA supplies unusual pets.



SOCK IT TO 'EM

It's so simple – you wonder what sock makers have been up to for the past few centuries. At last, there's a sock that rolls up instead of down! Holeproof's computer reckons that a surfeit of elastic in a sock's ankle forces your leg to push it up as you move – soxsational! Available throughout Australia at $5 a pair in a wide assortment of colors.

TWO-WHEEL TURNOUT

More than 12,000 motor bike fans will roar into Bathurst during the Easter weekend for the Australian Grand Prix meeting. The Arai 500, held on Mt Panorama, will see 80 competing for the $10,000 purse.

POETRY IN MOTION

T'ai Chi, the ancient Chinese answer to yoga, is gaining popularity in the West. In Sydney, the T'ai Chi Growth Centre offers eight-week beginners' courses for $35. Contact Gary Khor on [02] 922 6833

The Porsche 911SC.

It's not just that Porsche is the only true sport car . . . nor is it the unique power unit and transmission . . . nor even the basic design of the car. Its 'Carisma' is really the result of the select few people who drive Porsche – who, when pressed, tell the truth about the vehicle.

And you can forgive them, perhaps, for not being able to say exactly why Porsche is so good.

They'll say Porsche has total response, that Porsche leads in the design of motor cars – and keep the best ideas to themselves, or that Porsche wins all the races, or that Porsche designs cars for other companies.

But what they're really saying is that Porsche is out-of-this-world.

We call it – Porsche 'Carisma'.

And remember, Porsche is an investment, Porsche holds its price. Most Porsche owners change into a new Porsche at very little cost.

Porsche design minimises service, and service costs.

Porsche 911SC . . . the car for today – and for the future. A legend in its own time, Porsche 911SC has reached a new peak of practicability and power.

This 'Carisma' surrounds every Porsche vehicle, and it's something you get at no extra cost. Drive into the future in Porsche 911SC, or any of the Porsche range of sport cars, 930 Turbo, 924, 928.

Porsche *only* build sport cars – so there is no compromise

PORSCHE CARISMA

ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

TAKE A RAIN CHECK

Those April showers will come your way, so take cover – under one of the new wave of beautiful brollies. A decided improvement over the traditional, staid black number that you usually associate with bowler hats and British bankers, these umbrellas cut a bright swathe of color through the cloudiest day. Elegant enough to take to a garden party (just in case) and functional enough to carry along to the football – the umbrellas shown here prove that, while there may not be anything new under the sun, there's a lot of originality out in the rain! Don't let your enthusiasm – or anything else – be dampened: these umbrellas are available at David Jones and Myer department stores all over Australia.

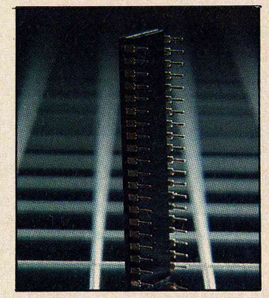
Photography by Luis Martin

Pictured above, clockwise from lower right: his and hers – a beige automatic twin hood, $60 by Clifton. She's holding a bright yellow Sesame Street brollie that costs only $4 and is great for kidding around. The brown and white bird in flight print umbrella is by Knirps, $45. For footie enthusiasts, the striped umbrella comes in favorite club colors, $60 from Clifton. Prices approximate. Oriental paper parasols from Casco, Sydney.

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

these little bleepers are too clever by half

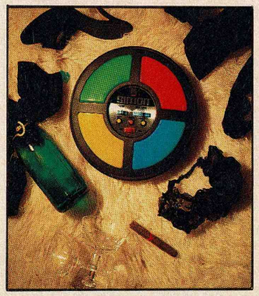
First there was the vacuum tube, then the transistor and, a few years ago, the microprocessor hit the scene and was soon installed in everything from calculators to home computers. And because microprocessors occupy so little space and can store and retrieve enormous quantities of data, they were perfect for another type of format: hand-held games. Some of the games shown can be played solo, with you competing against the computer; others pit you against a human opponent – and all are as addictive as a bowl of peanuts. So stock up on batteries – the time as well as the bleeps will fly!



ABOVE: Test your reflexes with Blip, a game for one or two players. Each player must press one of his blip buttons to send an LED missile towards the opponent's goal before it crosses his own. By Toltoys for around $19.95.

BELOW: Simon may look simple, but just try duplicating the sequence of flashing lights, signals and tones by pressing the corresponding colors and you'll see how challenging it really is. By John Sands, Simon sells at about $39.

ABOVE: Bridge Challenger, a space-age bridge game that can play one, two or three hands and even replay your own hand to show you where you went wrong. By Fidelity Electronics and available at Myer stores for $500.



ABOVE: Electronic soccer has all the features of a real playing field with a goalie who can steal the ball and opposing players who'll try to block your efforts. The game has two playing speeds, depending on your ability. By Mattel, for around $35.

BELOW: The mighty Merlin can challenge you in six different ways – with tic-tac-toe, blackjack, echo contest, magic square and a mind bender. For a rest it lets you make your own electronic melodies. By Toltoys for $42.95.

ABOVE: This 60 Ways Microprocessor TV Game is for one or two players and takes a wide variety of cartridges, with anything up to 60 games on them. They include war games, blackjack, maths, maze and various sports contests. By Hanimex for about $199.

Photography by Luis Martin

SHARP CARDS

at last . . . somebody is making cards which say what you really think!

Psst! Wanna buy some feelthy postcards? Well, greeting cards, actually. The latest bit of erotica still comes through the mail, but not in a plain, brown wrapper. You might say the Australian card has finally arrived. Some subtle, some not . . . at last we have cards that say what we mean. Costing from $1.10 to $1.50, they're available from: Sydney – Blanche and Baby Jane, Paddington; Lifestyle Imports and Michael Feller (both of Sussex Street); and Eloise Thunder Puss Parlor, Darling Street, Balmain. Melbourne – House, Lygon Street, Carlton. Brisbane – Plantation Decor, Racecourse Road, Hamilton. Perth – Designer, Bayview Terrace, Claremont.

SHOWBIZ

the fleetwood knack for fame and fortune brings the supergroup down under

ISN'T IT amazing what a couple of million bucks can do to seal an emotional rift or two? Take, for instance, Fleetwood Mac, that ever-fashionable pop quintet about to complete a tour of Australia. Before the band's arrival, the daily blats had a wonderful time detailing who, so to speak, was up whom. Stevie Nicks, the good-looking lady singer who hates being a sex symbol and a pop star (poor thing), used to live with Lindsey Buckingham, the guitar player and enthusiastic wearer of eye make-up. And Christine McVie, the keyboards player, was once married to John McVie, the hirsute bass player. But now, and this is where it starts to get complicated, Stevie and Lindsey are no longer getting at it, John has divorced Christine and married a model, and Christine is about to tie the knot with Dennis Wilson, the Beach Boys' drummer. As far as we can make out, Mick Fleetwood, the band's manager-cum-percussionist, looks for his emotional entanglements elsewhere, but just keeping the act together presumably leaves him little time for such activities. And that's where all the money comes in. Album sales, plus the fortune the band makes touring, provide more than enough incentive to keep all hands friendly. It makes one wonder what the Beatles were on about when they recorded that song, [Money] Can't Buy Me Love.

•

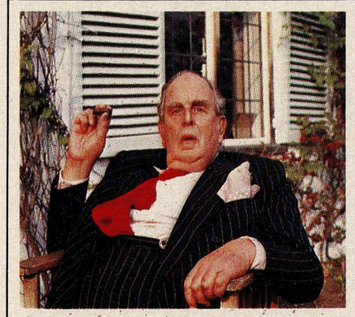
Fanciers of good sorts (and what PLAYBOY reader isn't?) will be pleased to hear of the impending arrival of Susan Anton, the young lady tipped to succeed Farrah Fawcett, and Cheryls Ladd and Tiegs, as America's most lusted-after blonde. And for those interested in a girl's personality as well as her body, we can report that Susan hates nude scenes and exercise, but approves of chips, hamburgers and plastic surgery. She will appear in Adelaide, Sydney and Melbourne to promote her new film, *Goldengirl,* an epic about a lady runner who is programmed to win three gold medals at the Olympics. It's said that her costume in the picture led to the world-wide popularity of satin running shorts for women, and that, if nothing else, should assure her a warm place in the heart of every bored male jogger.

•

After 15 years of non-stop bucketing by the Australian press, it looks as if Don Lane is about to have the last, very profitable laugh. According to the Lane show's long-time producer, and current TV whiz kid, Peter Faiman, the bi-weekly variety extravaganza will make Donald Morton Isaacson a star in America within two years. When PLAYBOY went to press, New York TV producer Hal Golden was finalising negotiations with a major American network which wants the show for late-night screening. "What people don't seem to realise," said Faiman, "is that *The Don Lane Show* is one of the best of its kind anywhere in the world. I've just come back from America, and believe me, the stuff they're doing is rubbish compared with what we do. Johnny Carson saw it, and flipped. He started pressuring to do his own show live, but the US networks will not take the risk. But they're amazed over there by what we can do with live television." Well, judging by the standard of imports like *The Gong Show* and Dinah Shore's appalling daily chat session, Don baby won't have much in the way of competition.

•

Almost 72 years old, the noted British actor Robert Morley has two passions in his life: worrying and gambling. He writes and lectures about the former to pay for the latter, and between engagements does a little acting to, ah, keep his hand in. He's almost completed his latest tour of Oz in the highly successful play *The Old Country,* and there's every chance the proceeds will help finance one of his regular trips to Las Vegas. It sounds a hectic life. Does he feel he's doing too much? "My dear chap, of course not. Las Vegas is a wonderful place to relax and one meets such nice people there. Anyway, gambling is very good for you," he told me over a modest breakfast of a single egg and two rashers of bacon. "If I lose a large amount one day, I am up early the next wondering if I can flog some sort of article to an unwary editor. And of course, one produces one's annual commercial for 'Mr Heinz'.



Betting and fretting are two keys to longevity, says Robert Morley.

"People should live beyond their means and capabilities; it extends them. There's absolutely no point in saving up for a rainy day if you have no intention of going out in it."

•

David Frost, the toothy interviewer with the penchant for chatting to deposed shahs and presidents, is quietly proving that the average Oz is an enthusiastic consumer of up-market "kultcha". Since taking over promoters AGC Paradine a year or so ago, Mr Frost has brought out a string of successful tours, including Julian Bream, the distinguished guitar fancier, and the outrageous all-male ballet group, *Les Ballets Trockadero De Monte Carlo.* At present, he's got a team of communist artistes, the *Berlin Komische Oper Ballet,* packing houses around the country. Fanciers of the occasional *pas de chat, pirouette, plie* or *jeté* (we all know they're ballet steps, don't we?) will be pleased, even excited, to hear the group is doing the original version of Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake.* According to choreographer Tom Schilling, the seven productions seen in the antipodes so far had nothing to do with what the composer with the impossible-to-pronounce name had in mind. And what's more, the lady dancers don't wear tutus. Strip club patrons about to rush out and buy tickets can relax; the girls wear tights.

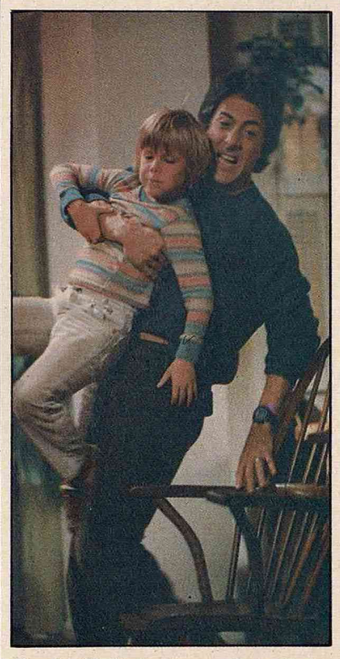
•

Former mid-'60s draft dodgers who stay at home with the kids in the afternoons may have noticed a familiar face on the tube around 4pm. It's a little chubbier than it used to be, and the never-ending smile may seem unfamiliar. However it's still Simon Townsend, the man who started a national uproar when he told the army to go out and get nicked during conscription for Vietnam. These days he's the producer, originator and host of *Wonderworld,* a highly successful kids' show which looks like being sold in America. For five years, Simon lumped his pilot from station to station, harassing network executives until Channel 10 finally relented, and the result is high-rating and extremely innovative television. Thank God he didn't decide to join the army – he'd have made general in a year, and we'd probably be running half of southern China by now.

– ANDREW SAW

MOVIES

a tug-of-love tearjerker, kramer is tipped to scoop the oscar pools

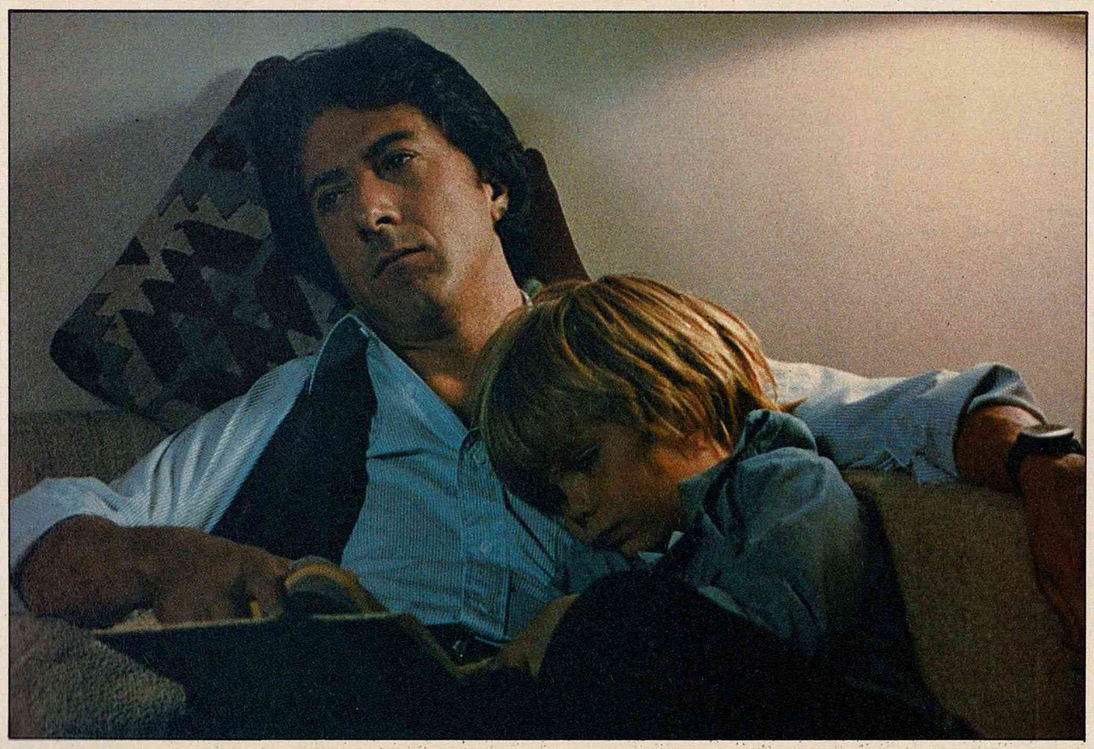


Dustin Hoffman learns how to be both mother and father to eight-year-old Justin Henry, making his film debut in *Kramer vs. Kramer.*

MY FIRST reaction to **Kramer vs. Kramer,** which I'll tell you now is going to make a lot of money and win a lot of prizes, was a renewed sense of gratefulness and admiration for Mr Justice Murphy. This may seem odd: apart from appointing Junie Morosi's husband a film censor, the former Federal Attorney-General is not noted for many contributions to the movie industry. But it was the same Lionel Murphy, as you may remember, who introduced the Family Law Bill into Federal Parliament in 1974, and after watching Robert Benton's brilliant new film about the agonies of a broken marriage, it struck me how much saner and more benevolent are Australia's divorce laws than those of the United States. It is good to know that, in one area at least, Australia may be more enlightened than the rest of the world.

The climax of *Kramer vs. Kramer* is a court hearing to decide the custody of the child. Courtroom dramas, of course, have been a tried and true suspense formula in movies for nigh on half a century – with their human confrontations, verbal conflicts and emotional lacerations played out, like a sporting contest, according to set rules in an atmosphere of precise and rigid formality. But the formula has never been worked better than it has here. Husband and wife face each other in a bleak and chilly chamber. There are no histrionics, no flashes of oratory. One or two idle spectators observe from the visitors' gallery, while a bored court stenographer takes it down. The lawyers manage a certain amount of synthetic indignation for the benefit of their clients, but we know the whole business is routine, predictable – and useless. The judge, the spectators, the attorneys have heard it all before. And, as the case drags on (at a cost to the petitioner of some $15,000), the fight becomes more and more perfidious. Under cross-examination, Ted, the husband, is tricked and humiliated; a good and caring father is made to seem devious, vindictive and incapable. The wife is grilled remorselessly about her love life, her emotional stability and her maternal competence. "Did you have to be so tough on her?" the husband whispers to his lawyer. The rejoinder is quite brutal: "Do you want the kid or don't you?"

It is a saddening reminder of how matrimonial justice used to be meted out in Australia. But the court scene, although the climax of the film, is not the heart of the story. It simply makes the point that, in matters of human relationships – or, if you like, in the business of loving people, which is what human relationships usually get down to – nothing is simple or obvious. The rules of justice, however meticulously applied, have very little to do with the intricate realities of human nature or the infinite subtleties and shadings that make up a real personality, let alone the complexities that shape a relationship between a pair of mature human beings. There are no heroes or villains in this story. Indeed, it is hard to think of a film that has done more to undermine one of the central dramatic conventions of our culture – not only in movies but in Western literature – that story-telling is basically about the conflict between good and evil.



The amazing thing about *Kramer vs. Kramer* is that, while we are made to see both sides of the story, and the film avoids any trite black and white characterisations, its tension never slackens and its grip on our interest and emotions never falters. It opens with a tight, silent close-up of Joanna Kramer (Meryl Streep) in her New York apartment. She is looking down. She speaks her first words: "I love you." It occurs to us briefly that she is addressing a lover. When the camera pulls back, we see that she is speaking to her sleeping son. She is about to leave her husband. We first meet Ted (Dustin Hoffman), a young advertising executive, as he's leaving his office. He gets home late, flushed with the news of a promotion; there's an awkward, fumbling encounter when he first announces his good news and Joanna, simultaneously, breaks the news that she's leaving him.

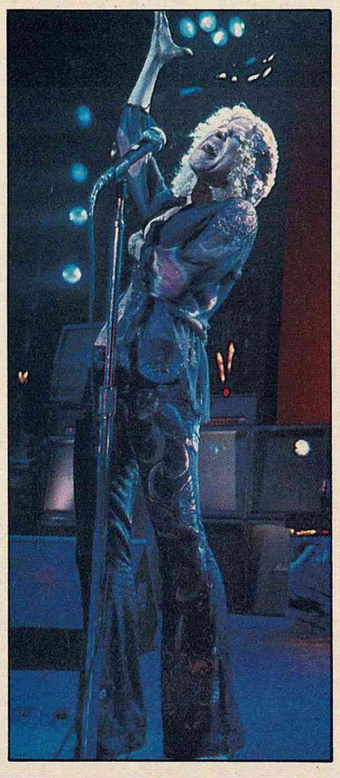
The relationship between father and son, as Ted is left to take care of the small boy, Billy, is the core of the film. At first, our sympathies are with the wife: leaving her child, it seems, was an act of desperation, unforgivable in a way, but somehow understandable. Emotionally, Joanna is unready and probably unfit for motherhood, and Ted had been a selfish and thoughtless husband. But the responsibility of caring for the boy brings about a change in Ted and a slow shift in our feelings for him. Ted's deepening love for Billy comes to dominate his life. His work suffers: a big advertising contract is bungled and he loses his job. After a spell with an analyst in California, Joanna returns to New York and wants the boy back.

The screenplay, adapted by Robert Benton from a novel by Avery Corman, adroitly stops short of the cuteness and sentimentality to which lesser movies would have readily succumbed. The film is faultlessly acted, and Dustin Hoffman's performance has an emotional intensity and a forlorn, stoic valor that surpasses anything I have seen before from this wise and richly-talented actor. But the miracle of the film is the performance of Justin Henry as the child. He has little to say; he's an expert at the tiny smile and the long, unaccusing stare – attributes that give all children their peculiar physical charm. Once or twice it occurred to me that the film would have played fairer with us if the boy had been a little less appealing. But I don't suppose we can blame a director for discovering a child actor with quite remarkable gifts, and making full use of him on the screen.

Kramer vs. Kramer, I believe, is the best American film since Coppola's *Conversation* – a beautifully crafted and richly compassionate work, brim-full of the pains and pleasures of surviving in our increasingly harsh and dehumanised urban wasteland. Simply as a study of the single-parent family, it has an abiding documentary value, but it succeeds triumphantly as an investigation of the mysteries of love in all its forms.

•

Grateful as I am for the hospitality of the movie companies, I would rather see a film in a cinema with a real audience than in one of the trade theatrettes with a bunch of critics. It's



A *Rose* is a *Rose* is a *Rose,* but, as Midler camp followers will find, the Divine Miss M isn't the same sort of bloom as the sublime Janis.

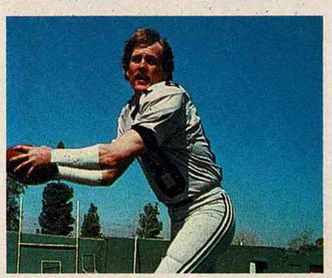
not only that – with a film like **The Rose,** we need to savor the lavish splendor of a 70mm print. We also get an audience reaction which can tell us something about the film that we mightn't have known ourselves. And when the film is a vehicle for a popular entertainer, we have the added illusion of participating in a real performance, since most of the cinema audience, especially at the early screenings, will have come from the ranks of local fans. The night I saw *The Rose,* Bette Midler's local fans were out in force. It was hard to tell who was making more enthusiastic noises – the crowd in the cinema or the crowds in the filmed concerts. Well, I exaggerate a little: the cheers were louder from the screen. But I picked up a choice remark from the lady beside me – that the late Janis Joplin, on whose sad and short life this film is loosely based, was Scott Joplin's sister. That really surprised me.

The Rose, a grand, zestful and sporadically impressive effort from Mark Rydell, is not the only film about the legendary Janis, whom I first saw in *Woodstock* back in 1969, shortly before she died of a heroin overdose. Rydell's film doesn't purport to be a biography, but the parallels between Bette Midler's Rose and the real Janis are sufficiently close, and a car radio news reader quickly establishes the mood and period with a reference to Vietnam. Midler, though her songs are middling, carries the film with a performance of irrepressible gusto and energy. A rock singer's life, we quickly gather, is not meant to be easy: an endless round of exhausting concerts, flights, press receptions and interviews; a money-grubbing bully of a manager (Alan Bates); and little in the way of moral support apart from the syringe and the bottle. After a helicopter flight to Atlantic City, Rose is insulted by a redneck country and western singer and promptly runs off with her chauffeur for a madcap affair. Frederic Forrest is quietly effective as the laconic lover who dumps Rose on the eve of a concert in her hometown in the Deep South. The film has its raw, touching moments: the exhausted Rose being literally pushed and carried to the microphone, an ugly encounter in a sleazy diner, Rose's lethal overdose in a phone booth while the lights go out (symbolically) over the high school football field across the way. Midler has just the same sort of appeal as Streisand and Minnelli: an unconventional profile, a boisterous inner vitality, and a voice like magic. The rock concert scenes are staged (and photographed by Vilmos Zsigmond) with thunderous éclat.

•

When a Stranger Calls, a first film by Fred Walton, takes an old suspense formula and reworks it to very cunning effect. Jill (Carol Kane) is a babysitter who receives a series of increasingly unnerving and menacing phone calls. At first she treats them as a practical joke. When the calls persist, she responds rationally – phoning the parents (who have just left their restaurant) and finally the police (who are reassuring but sceptical). When the calls are eventually traced, Jill is shatteringly aware of her danger.

Years later, married and having children of her own, she goes out one night and leaves a babysitter behind in her own house. And you've guessed it. Or have you? Actually, I doubt if you will, but I strongly urge young couples who see this thoroughly frightening movie to leave the kids safely with their grandparents. There are some very alarming moments. In spite of a truly heart-stopping climax, nothing for me quite matched the power and menace of those first 20 minutes in the house at night. The middle of the film sags somewhat, but I suspect it's here that Walton is making his serious sociological points about alienation and psychosis. *When a Stranger Calls* has been done on the cheap, but good ideas and craftsmanship are always the least expensive parts of a producer's budget, and fortunately this movie has plenty of both.



Nick Nolte stars as a professional gridiron player at a crisis point in his career, rebelling against the system in *North Dallas Forty.*

•

I am sorry that my review of **The Lady Vanishes,** in the January issue, appeared so far in advance of the film's release. I return to it briefly (with a renewed recommendation that you see it) in order to clear up the question of the frosted window. It seems that Miss Froy would have been able to write on the *inside* surface of the glass only if the temperature inside the carriage was greater than that on the outside. Since the events took place in summer (apparent from the verdant Alpine scenery), it is a moot question whether the condensation would have formed on the inside or outside of the train window. In the Hitchcock version, the story was set in winter, which put the issue beyond doubt. But if so, why were Naunton and Wayne, the cricket freaks, so anxious to get back to London for the Test Match? Surely cricket wasn't played in winter. In the remake, this inconsistency was resolved. Truly a film of mysterious subtlety. – EVAN WILLIAMS

•

Guzzling beer and popping pills. That's how America's football heroes keep going. "Better football through chemistry," quips the hero of **North Dallas Forty,** adapted from Peter Gent's novel. As a former member of the Dallas Cowboys, Gent probably knows the score. He views the game quite correctly as Big Business, with the players mere pawns – expendable items of equipment, good for a certain number of seasons and out on their arses unless they learn to become good company men. That's not exactly a revelation in the world of big-time sports, and *North Dallas Forty* seems more effective as ribald entertainment than as fuel for controversy. Several American professional gridiron players appear in the movie and, to date, have not been sacked by their clubs for conduct unbecoming (some of 'em walk around practically nude, too!).

Under Ted Kotcheff's uneven direction, *North Dallas'* high scorer is Nick Nolte, playing a beefy wide receiver with more aches and pains and legitimate gripes than the law of averages allows. This movie runs on negative energy, using locker-room humor to take the pressure off. As if a pinch or a gag could transform bad vibes into positive thinking.

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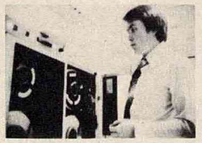

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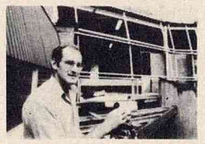

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What a woman takes off you is going to be more important in the '80's.

Remember when Mum knitted your jumpers? Remember white shirts; blue, brown or grey suits; only brown or black shoes? If you do, you'd probably like to forget.

These days men aren't grey personalities when it comes to clothing. They like colours. They like style. They like to look sexy; even elegant in a casual, comfortable, sort of way.

And yet men don't want to be slaves to fashion's whim. One word sums up the attitude of men to clothing in the 80's– individual.

You should be able to create your own style; not be dictated to.

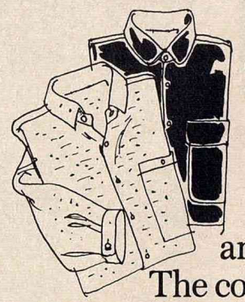
It's *your* personality, not the fashion that counts.

Strike 1 feel just the same way, so they've designed a range of clothes that co-ordinate; allowing you to create your own fashion statement. Pants, shirts, jackets, vests. Colours are muted– navy, browns, tans, fawns, burgundy, greens and earthy, rich, warm tones. The fabrics- Donegals, Tweeds, Herringbone, Flannels– some imported from France and Italy, and all are the finest available in Australia this year.

Strike 1 pants are made for comfort as well as sexy rugged styling. This year the leg narrows toward the ankle. Fronts sometimes pleated, but it's nothing outrageous, rather stylish and elegant.

Jackets too reflect the casual elegance of the new decade. Strike 1's collection follows the European trend, in principle, with unstructured jackets; yet all are fully lined. A deep centre vent, patch pockets, and inserted top pocket make the Strike 1 interpretation of Europe's design almost a necessity for your 80's wardrobe.

Shirts are a whole new ball game to Strike 1. That means the styles haven't been weighed down by years of boring tradition. Rather, the designers have come up with fresh, invigorating concepts. Small cuffs. Small collars– cut away, square, round, even button down. The fit is loose, for comfort and raunchy good looks.



The colours are a co-ordinate dream while the textures range from plain, through surface interest to checks.

Also new to the Strike 1 collection are waistcoats. In stunning colours that co-ordinate. They feature deep V-fronts and fob pockets. Tailored well in rich corduroy.

That's the 80's.
That's Strike 1.
We're sure it's you.

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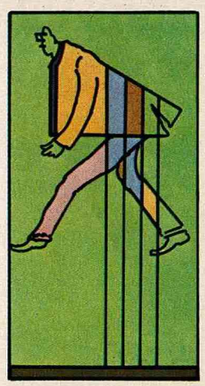
BOOKS

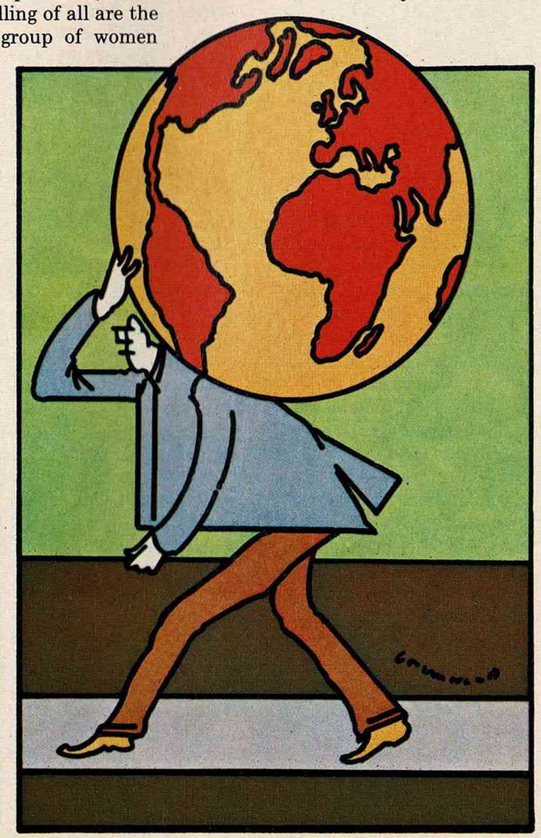
the precarious course of a writer through a crazy world of his own invention

NOVELS with writers as their main characters are plentiful in the extreme. Usually they indicate that the author has lost touch with the world at large and become so absorbed in the literary sphere as to see it as intrinsically of interest to those outside. Thankfully, John Irving's *The World According to Garp,* (Gollancz), though ostensibly the life story of a writer, is so full of energy and invention that it bursts out into something much wider: a complete, crazy world of its own.

The Garp of the title is T. S. Garp, named not for the poet, but for his father, Technical Sergeant Garp, a brain-shattered war victim whom Garp's mother bestrides in a hospital bed shortly before his demise. The mother, a quietly belligerent rebel who never takes off her nurse's uniform, goes on to write an autobiography that becomes a feminist best-seller. In doing so, she attracts hordes of female losers, victims and freaks around her and her son. Some are comic, like the huge transexual footballer Roberta Muldoon, others sadly pathetic, even repellant. Most appalling of all are the Ellen Jamesians, a group of women who have cut out their tongues as a gesture of solidarity with a 12-year-old rape victim, whose tongue has been torn out by her attackers.

From this environment springs Garp the writer, and it is his rumbustious progress that gives the book its thrust. In plotting Garp's course, Irving presents a convincing analysis of the intimate relationship between a writer's life and his work. Garp, beginning with a natural, instinctive talent and an endearing lightness of touch, finds himself increasingly compelled to write about the black side of life, as the events of his own life degenerate into black farce. Coming at him from all directions are violence, horror and hatred, and it is his triumph (and the book's) that he learns to value passion in every form that it takes. The final expression of that passion rockets Garp to best-sellerdom and the status of celebrity, something Irving goes to great lengths to depict in the most scathing of terms.





The distance between Irving and his hero Garp seems to vary. Irving encourages speculation about this by cannibalising his own previously published work and attributing it to Garp. There are stories within stories and books within books. This complexity of form is handled deftly, never sinking to mere cleverness for its own sake. The overall impression, despite a slightly long wind-down at the end, is of a large, exuberant talent that justifies all of *The World According to Garp's* considerable length. – **GORDON GRAHAM**

•

What happens when H. G. Wells, the famous 19th century author, rational thinker and advocate of free love, gets a chance to see all that he has dreamed about come true? For one thing, the amorous advances of a modern-day divorcee are too much for H.G. when he stumbles out of his time machine into the hurly-burly of present-day San Francisco.

Certainly, he'd shocked 19th century Britain by telling young women they should enjoy sex – but he never really expected them to. This is running through H. G.'s head as Amy, flushed with desire, advances on him.

But this is a rather more pleasant problem than most of those he has to face as he struggles to come to grips with a scientific, rational age he'd imagined would be Utopia, in *Time After Time* (Granada) a brilliantly funny first novel by American Karl Alexander. In fact, H.G. is in hot pursuit of none other than Jack the Ripper, who turns out to be a distinguished surgeon and friend who has ripped off Wells' time machine and driven it into California, 1979. There are some superbly funny scenes as Wells sees through new eyes the sights we take for granted. For example, what it feels like to sample the delights of a McDonalds burger bar or go for a ride in a taxi ("the grunts and groans of the driver were quasi erotic, and H.G. realised the man was in the middle of a private sexual form of ritual"). But he is horrified to learn that, although the innovations he only dreamed about have come true, people are still just the same.

He confronts The Ripper to take him back to 19th century London and justice, and the mass murderer gleefully tells him: "1979 is overrun with people like me. Rapists, murderers, arsonists, *ad infinitum.* This is my world, Wells! You're a misfit and a relic of the past."

And to prove his point, The Ripper goes on a bloody binge which has San Francisco more terrified as each mutilated body is found. Poor Wells

seems powerless to stop the carnage wrought by his friend.

Eventually, The Ripper, in his bid to get rid of Wells for good, turns on the delectable Amy, with whom by now H. G. has fallen hopelessly in love. The whole thing revs up to a beautiful climax. Let's hope the upcoming film of the book is as good. – ROSS FARQUHAR

•

With summer's madness given way to the football codes, *Thommo* (Angus and Robertson), by David Frith, might not stand as compelling winter reading. But the events of the past cricket season and the realisation that Jeff Thomson – the world's fastest bowler – has conclusively passed the pinnacle of his achievements, brings the story into the focus of relevancy. The book is essentially biographical in the "tells-his-own-story" sense, with large sections of passage being Thommo's straight-from-the-shoulder delivery. It is the frankness of cricket's ex-wild boy which illuminates the most revealing items, such as Thomson's confrontation with Viv Richards in a World Series Cricket Supertest in the West Indies – a fastest bowler v fastest bat showdown – which had Richards saying: "Jesus, man, you're bowling quick." Thomson replied: "Yeah, I'm bowling quick at the moment, mate, but I'd better make the most of it because I'm going down hill fast!" The reference was obviously in the context of the match, but it contained deep irony in the light of Thomson's battle with injury, the courts, the Australian Cricket Board and his own form.

The Thomson story has been well documented in other areas but, till the appearance of Frith's book, nothing had convincingly tapped the psyche of one of the game's great characters. The player, as portrayed by Frith, is an uncomplicated sort of fellow who enjoyed cricket, fishing and surfing and detested the complexities of being a public figure. If life away from the game was as straightforward as the cut-and-thrust of the on-field battle, Jeff Thomson would have been known purely for his cricketing ability. Sadly, the game's politics and the upsets of his personal life have detracted from the fact that Thomson rattled up 100 Test wickets in only 22 Tests, that, even in the midst of strife, he was capable of returning for a State game to capture six wickets for only 18 runs, and that, with Dennis Lillee, he formed one of the greatest pace partnerships of all time. It was the greatest single factor in promoting Australia to world cricket leadership. The book's foreword is by Lillee, whom Frith describes as Thommo's partner-in-homicide.

Frith's style has made this not merely an entertaining read for the cricket lover, but in *Thommo* he has captured the universal sense of theatre which surrounds the more impressive public figures. – NEIL JAMESON

•

We've all got at least one friend who insists, in a large gathering, on solving instantly those match-moving problems on matchboxes; the mathematical genius whose conversation is limited to: "Did you know that . . ." or "That problem's so simple . . ."

For such people, *Puzzles for Super Brains* (Muller) is an ideal April Fools gift. It is compiled by Steve Odell, a member of the British branch of the society of brains, MENSA. The idea for the book came from a series of newspaper competitions using similar problems. Visual, logical, mathematical and cryptographic problems abound. And they are all guaranteed to give most of us a headache simply working out what the problem is all about, let alone solving it.

But, before you give the book to your genius friend, study a few of the problems, look up the answers and, when he is developing his headache, simply shrug and say: "That problem's so simple . . . " – DENBY BROWNING

•

In 1973, Australian-born Lillian Roxon died from a long suffered asthma complaint, four years after the first edition of her *Rock Encyclopedia* was published. As an indication of the frustration of compiling this massive work, Lillian once noted: "Trying to get the rock world to keep still long enough for me to take its picture was one of the most difficult tasks in putting this book together. Groups split even as I wrote of their inner harmony, and got themselves together just as I had acknowledged their tragic demise. Baritones turned sopranos overnight; bands expanded and contracted their personnel like concertinas; fine performers degenerated swiftly and inexplicably while supposed second raters found their promise all too late to make our deadlines."

The second edition just released (Angus and Robertson) has been much updated and revised by Ed Naha. He says in the introduction: "Most observers agree there has been a lot of changes in the rock scene over the past years. It has become eclectic, traumatic, and as silly as the real world around it. I've tried to reflect rock and roll as it is today, spotlighting the contemporary artists as well as prototypical type ravers."

The book covers a comprehensive range of artists, and it includes definitions of terminologies referred to in the industry. For example, we are briefed on the daunting task of an A&R (artists and repertoire) man. Each artist or band has a biography and a list of their records. The book ends with a complete index. – JON VIDLER

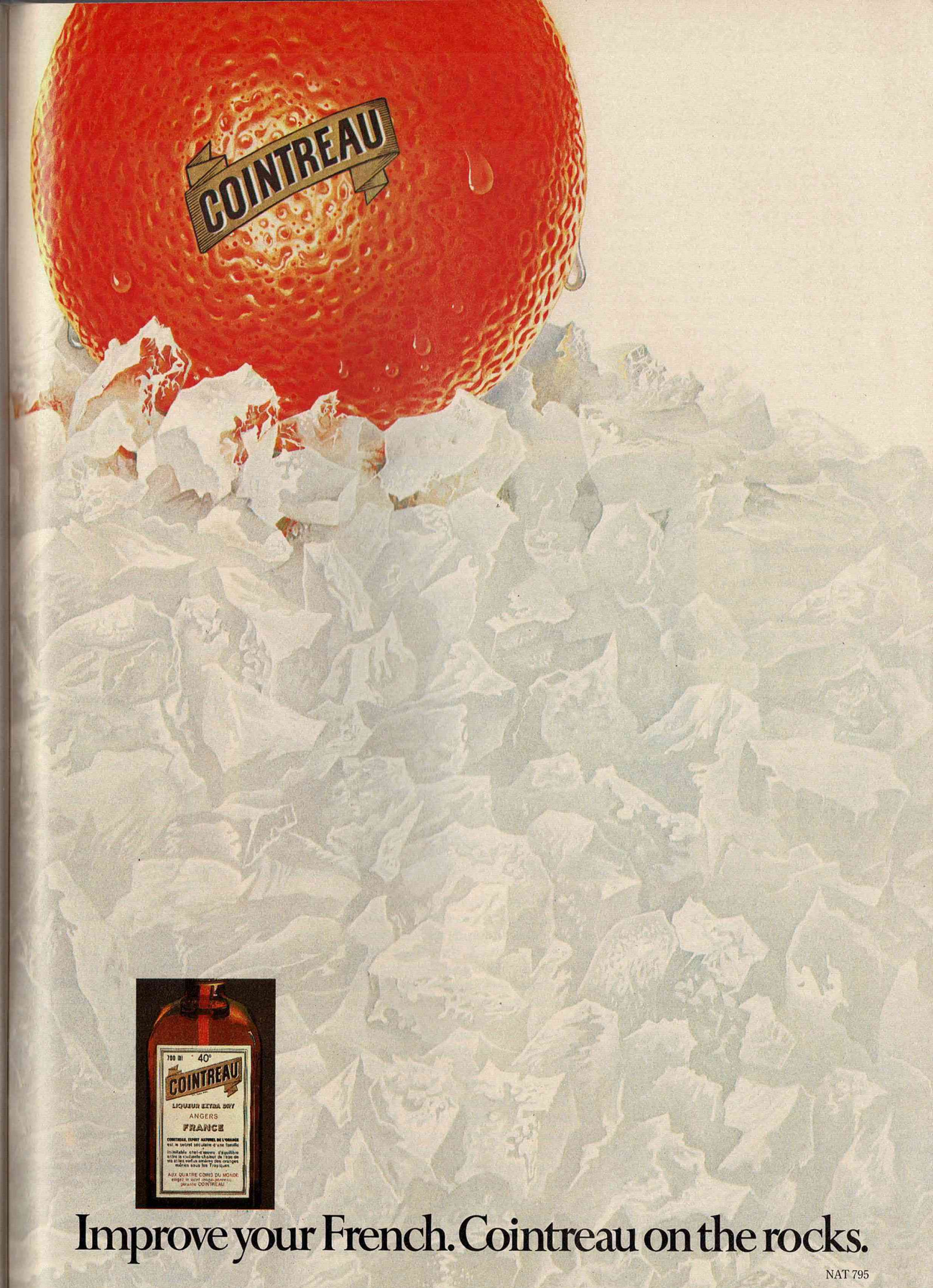
BOOKENDS

The magic sparked by Bette Midler on her knockout concert tour last year will be rekindled with the release this month by Angus and Robertson of the first few incredible chapters in the life of The Divine Miss M. Robb Baker's book on the lady the influential magazine *Cashbox* votes as the female entertainer of the '70s is more an existential journey into a showbiz phenomenon than an autobiography. Miss M, however, will put the autobiographic record straight herself with *A View from A Broad* which A and R will release in Australia later in the year.

Graham Greene's latest offering in pursuit of that elusive Nobel Prize for literature is due for world-wide release under the Bodley Head imprint in about a month. But no matter how the judges in Stockholm react, the multitude of Greene fans will welcome the imminent *Dr Fischer of Geneva* and its study of human greed.

All those ladies – and the doubting Normans – who have been wondering and/or fantasising all about John Newcombe can now find out all about the sexual secrets of Newk's success. Mr Tennis is one of a succession of international celebrities who have stayed to answer a question posed by English author Wendy Leigh: *What Makes a Man Good in Bed?* The constant Newcombe joins multi-married luminaries Richard Burton and Rod Steiger in sharing their bedroom secrets. On the distaff side, international nightclub empressario Regine, Blondie lead singer Debbie Harry, and Sylvia Kristel, who set the celluloid alight as *Emmanuelle,* discuss what they seek from a man. *What Makes a Man GIB* will be released under the Muller imprint soon.

The memory of one of Australia's most desperate criminals, around whom a female cult-following built up in the '60s, Kevin Simmonds, will be revived this month. The rise and fall of Simmonds will be retold by his sister, Jan, whose biography of the young man who hanged himself in Grafton Jail in 1966 is due in the book stores any day. The book, *For Simmo,* not only retraces Simmonds' notorious escape from Long Bay in 1959 and the longest, most publicised manhunt in the State's history, his recapture and death, but examines at first hand the shadowy line into which the life of a child of the Depression and the criminal merged.



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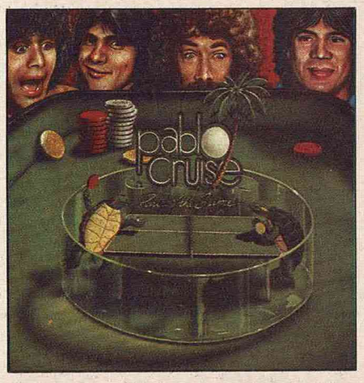
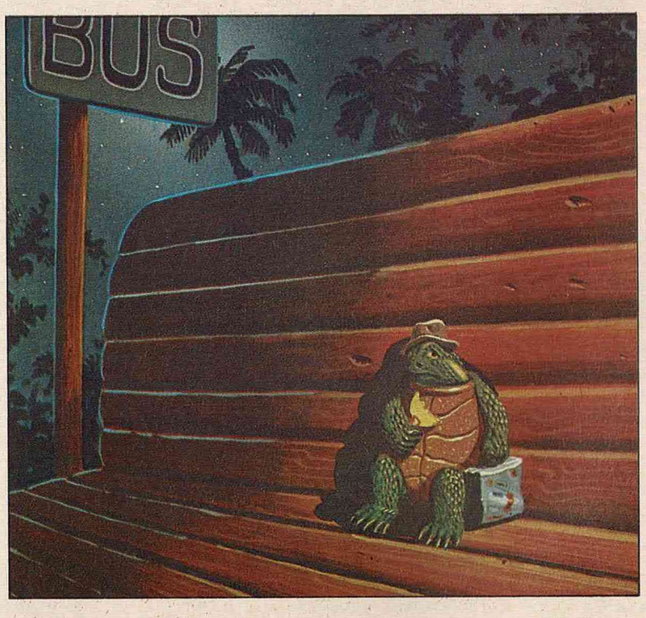
MUSIC

throw out your pop music rule books – the new hope of the '80s is madness

SMOOTH as ever, Pablo Cruise hit the seas with *Part of the Game* (A & M), their fifth album for the label. In a market that vaguely imposes on the Doobie Brothers and the Eagles' territory, Pablo Cruise don't exactly have a rails run on all the headline-billing. What the hell, they make nice music with much more muscle than might have been expected. They've pulled this off with the addition of a few musicians to put a little more on the rhythm end of the scale and a touch up top, with Gene Meros' sax in evidence on a track called Givin' It Away – which, incidentally, is one of the best on the album.





In contrast, the abstract opening of Tell Me That You Love Me provides a different dimension that leads into some rockier material on side two. That's good news for the Cruise crew when it seemed that a one-track course would put their popularity polling on the rocks.

•

There is a marvellous production line somewhere on the US West Coast, and it's punching out a regular stream of beautiful female vocalists. *Restless Nights* (CBS) is Karla Bonoff's contribution to the lady legion and, though the formula is pretty well defined by now, there's no sign that anybody is yet getting tired of it.

Trouble Again, which Bonoff co-wrote with Kenny Edwards, is an ear-grabbing opener, but the real rage on side one is Jackie De Shannon's 1963 hummer, When You Walk In The Room, complete with Jackie De on backing vocals! One suspects that Bonoff has a dimension or two over some of her contemporaries, because the quality of her songwriting suggests that good looks and a nice voice are no longer enough to crack this field. What an album needs is something to stand it apart from the rest, and *Restless Nights* has just that in the final cut, a silky adaptation of the traditional The Water Is Wild.

•

The vague promise that Judy Tzuke's *Welcome To The Cruise* (Rocket) would carry some new, exciting cargo was torpedoed by simply playing the album. If this is the lady who would inherit Kiki Dee's title as Elton John's latest protégé, then the Rocket boss must have lost his usually immaculate judgment.

•

One of the oddities of songwriting in this country is that most of the creative forces are reserved for commercials. So it comes as good news that G. Wayne Thomas and Peter Bailey have temporarily discarded the soft-drink-and-soap-ads to ink out a fine album together which they have called *Missing Persons* (Polydor).

The 19-year-old Bailey, and Thomas, 32, seem an unlikely partnership, but the result of their labors stands out as one of the brightest points on the Australian recording vista. Thomas's grasp of catchy melody was hinted at on his 1973 single Open Up Your Heart, and on the *Morning of the Earth* surf-film soundtrack. But an educated guess says that his earlier work may have been only the tip of his creative iceberg. His Outlaw Song, complete with the Ric Formosa-arranged string backing, is as good as anything he's done, and is just one of any of the 10 cuts which could have qualified for single release.

Thomas has found a rare foil in Bailey. The boy refuses to be outdone on the writing scale, and his voice gives the harmonies and leads heaps of variety. In fact their harmonies are best on the little-known Lennon-McCartney song, I Don't Want to Spoil the Party. To sum up: as a debut album for this exciting duo, I think that *Missing Persons* is one of the better Australian buys. Let's hope for a follow-up release.

•

Steve Hackett's guitar stands as the principally memorable item on *Spectral Mornings* (Charisma). That is no reflection on the craft of his backing band, but an indication that Hackett's role as the creator signals him as the guiding light. However, the skill with which the band has picked up this complex score still leaves me wondering why the tagline wasn't The Steve Hackett Band rather than the man receiving solo billing.

Nick Mangus's keyboards and John Hackett's flutes can swing the theme from English pastoral on The Virgin and the Gypsy to the Chinese-influenced The Red Flower of Tachai Blooms Everywhere. Yes, you've probably guessed by now that this is no dance album, but shapes more as a force which might send memories back to the early '70s inventiveness of Emerson, Lake and Palmer or even Pink Floyd. However, the diversity on *Spectral Mornings* suggests the music possesses its own timelessness.

•

Putting a classification on Madness, the London band, has been driving reviewers crazy of late; their new album, *One Step Beyond* (Stiff) is just too vast a concept to summarise in a clutch of clichés. If we said that Madness are from North London and are heading up the ska revival with a dose of humorous nostalgia that mixes the guile of Ian Dury with the '60s ska thing that never quite reached Oz dance floors, we'd just be scratching the surface. Anyway, catch some ska this time from this six (or is it seven?) man band. Actually, Chas Smith makes it seven, although his only contribution is as a fancy dancer, backing vocalist and circus busker.

Musically, Madness do not trail far behind Dury's Blockheads. The live act is billed as a standing-room-only madhouse rage that somehow captures the growing-up-in-London mood right from the youth club dance floor where the kids first get their licorice all-sorts feel for music. Yes, if Madness is the thing, then there's hope for the '80s. Throw out the pop music rule book; this group is one step beyond. – **NEIL JAMESON**

SHORT CUTS

X-Static (RCA Victor) by Daryl Hall and John Oates has the Philly Flyers sounding as slick as ever on an album that has a bit more than the average load of clever rhythm tunes to make it swing.

A crusty compilation of droppings from the humor of Fred Dagg is bound to be of interest to regular listeners of ABC radio. *The Fred Dagg Tapes* (Festival) is not the man's best but, for those not familiar with the strain, it might prove a good lead-in to this unflappable Kiwi.

West Australian bands which finally make their way east usually turn out to be something of value. Loaded Dice are just that, and so is their first major work, *No Sweat* (WEA). Unpretentious rockers in the strict sense, Dice have spruced up their act with the engineering of Richard Lush and Christo Curtis.

Don't throw Sad Cafe's *Facades* (RCA Victor) on to the reject pile without giving the Manchester outfit of rock and rhythm a good listen. They have produced 10 fine tunes.

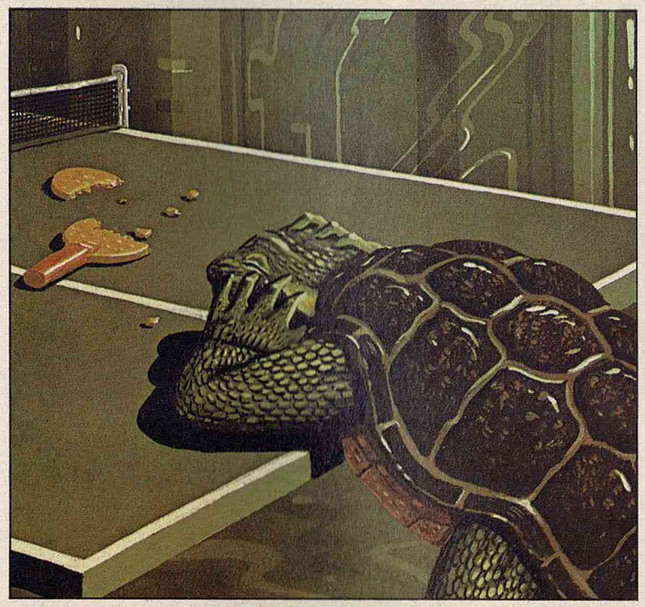
•

Coinciding with Herbie Mann's third Australian tour are a flurry of records, his latest, *Yellow Fever* on Atlantic (his most boring ever) and two re-issues – both twofers what is more. Perhaps the most interesting is from Roulette's *Echoes Of An Era* series, shared by the Herbie Mann and Maynard Ferguson groups of the late 1950s and early 1960s.

This virile, inventive music came from a period that I often suspect may have been my favorite time in jazz. Herbie was just becoming known by the public, with his muscular South American-style playing. And, on this album, he is backed by the formidable percussionist Machito and his Afro-Jazz Ensemble.

Other soloists are trombonist Curtis Fuller and the mighty Johnny Griffin on tenor. The tunes range from the pretty Love Chant to the frenetic To Birdland And Hurry, while Calypso John stands as a pointer to a direction that was to earn him world acclaim.

Ferguson was also building a personal following at this time, after his stratospheric years leading the Stan Kenton trumpet section. His orchestra boasted names like brass men Don Ellis, Don Rader, Slide Hampton and Don Sebesky, and reed players Don Menza, Joe Farrell and Willie Maiden who did most of the charts. Jaki Byard was on piano. Together they made some powerful and exciting jazz that adds up to a highly recommended double release.



•

Another double is Milestone's *Let Me Tell You.* It is all small-group jazz and, in the main, beautifully relaxed and enjoyable.

Herbie had just done a stint with that remarkably under-rated Dutch accordionist Mat Mathews, and several of the same instrumentalists can be heard here, particularly the fine guitarist Joe Puma and superlative bass player Oscar Pettiford. Originally released on Riverside label under an album title of *Sultry Serenade,* the line-up also boasted the smooth if sometimes soulless trombone of Urbie Green, Jack Nimitz (baritone saxophone and bass clarinet), and Charlie Smith, an unswinging drummer who, predictably, seems to have vanished from sight thereafter.

When The Sun Comes Out is as languid as they come, with Mann in magnificent form, while the trombone, flute and bass clarinet combine stunningly on Hoagy's Lazy Bones with an excellent solo from Green.

Pettiford imbues the original album title tune and his own Swinging Till The Girls Come Home with that personal stamp that established him as among the most influential bass players of all time, only a few short years before his untimely death in Europe. Little Man, You've Had A Busy Day was never one of my favorite tunes. I find it the least interesting track on this album, with the leader's solo tending to ramble a bit.

Sides three and four use a different line-up and are superior. No wonder, with Tommy Flanagan contributing his tastefully swinging piano, especially on the extended Tel Aviv and Puma's Somewhere Else. Wendell Marshall is almost as good as Pettiford, while Bobby Donaldson is light years ahead of Smith.

The Belgian tenor player and flautist

Bobby Jasper contributes greatly to this latter session, especially on Aviv, one of five tunes recorded for Prestige and released under an album title of *Flute Souffle*. Jasper and Pettiford both died at about the same time. This LP reveals the loss to jazz by their passing. Another great set!

•

The less said about Les McCann's *Tall Dark and Handsome* (A & M) the better. When I think how great this guy was as a swinging pianist back in his Pacific Jazz label days, I could cry. With Leroy Vinnegar on bass and Ron Jefferson drums, he made some of the most lively jazz to come out of California in the 1960s.

I suppose one cannot blame him for seeking the pot of gold following his years of comparative neglect, but this new music is just boring and nondescript. Back then he made his first vocal record accompanied by the exciting Gerald Wilson Orchestra and it, too, swung. But this is all so bland and awful that my heart cries out that such a fine musician has forsaken jazz for junk – and that is what this is – undistinguished pap unworthy of his proven talents.

I bet it cost a ton to produce, too, with all that brass, those strings and those heavenly angels, not to mention the star-studded backing group. It is moments like these that I despair for our beloved jazz. But I suppose it could be my ears? – KYM BONYTHON

•

The music game has played a pretty nasty old round of snakes and ladders with Ian Matthews, and there are no signs on *Siamese Friends* (Polydor) to indicate that he's ready to get off the treadmill. For a guy who's had his name on 16 albums, including 1968 Fairport Convention material, Matthews has not made the sort of sales his backers hoped for. Perhaps that explains why he has done the round of the labels which, 10 years after his first effort with Fairport on Polydor, brought him back to square one. This is his second work for the label, but we're not expecting a chart-ripper. It's not that *Siamese Friends* is bad. In fact, it's quite good. The problem is, when the punter goes to spend his hard-won bucks, he has plenty from which to choose, and many of the alternatives are much better. – A. D. AIRD

•

The Radiators hauled themselves through their final dues instalment early this year with the release of their debut album, *Feel The Heat*.

Staying alive long enough to make it to the studio has been hard for the Sydney boys who flogged themselves through a gig a day for their 1979 run. When PLAYBOY caught the Radiators in Brisbane recently, the band had just completed 31 engagements on the trot. "It's incredible that our health hangs in as well as it does," lead guitarist Fess Parker said. "We don't get sick. We can't afford to."

The Radiators have been burning up that sort of energy for the 14 months since they got rid of their original name of Big Swifty in favor of something more reflective of their heat-generating qualities. With frontman Brian Nichol, Chris Tagg (drums), Geoff Turner (bass), Brendon Callinan (keyboards) and Parker making five, the Radiators throw out their own brew of rock which has a definite early '60s feel. Songwriters Nichol and Turner want the good times to roll, and they pen their tunes with a bit of fun in mind. "We don't see any point in making an audience want to cry or punch each other out," Parker says.

The Radiators have heaps of single potential which justifies their faith in the album. The recording started last October at the Music Farm, and the job was finished in January. February found Nichol and Turner on a New York-bound jet to push the album through the better mixing and cutting facilities in the US.

The Radiators aren't rich, but have gained the sort of comfort that comes from working hard. The success of their first single, Comin' Home, has jacked up the expectancy level for their live gigs and the punters have responded.

Says Turner: "I have a browse through the books every now and again, just to check. Money is a big thing. If you work hard, you've got to get something out of it. You like the life, but you've got to have some money." – CATHIE SHARPE

NEWSBREAKS

Welcome to the real world . . . . albums from advertising jingle giants have brought **Mike Brady** (*Up There Cazaly*) and **G. Wayne Thomas** in from the cold. **Thomas** and **(Peter) Bailey's** *Missing Persons* has fared well from reviewers while Brady's **Invisible Man** shows he's got more to his kick than a plain drop punt.

Tours: If World War Three or the next Depression don't arrive first, we might see **10cc** in Australia later this year. Before their arrival, **The Kinks** and a few other notables may have passed through our Customs barriers. The Kinks should have been here more than a year ago (in the company of Peter Frampton), but a 1980 tour to support a long-awaited live album should hold much more promise.

The state of the tour business to Australia is uncertain in view of the record sales problems, plus a loss of faith by promoters in the Oz market. If that sounds bad, then their might be some hope in the **Stiff** package. Five (yes, five) of Stiff's finest should be here in May, with **Ian Dury** heading up a team comprising **Lene Lovich, Rachel Sweet, Madness** and **Reckless Eric.** The Oz leg follows Europe and America with the Stiff-types accompanied by a film crew to record the finer moments.

More tours . . . rumored for **The Stranglers, The Knack, Boomtown Rats** and **Status Quo** (aimed for June). **Ellen Foley** (whose debut LP, *Niteout,* went gold in a few weeks) is coming here for a promotional tour in the near future.

NSW's **The Reels** haven't been completely turned off by overseas response to their *Pre-Fab Hearts* release, while **Flowers'** venture into the charts should not be far away following their early-year signing to Regular Records. – JENNY HUNTER-BROWN

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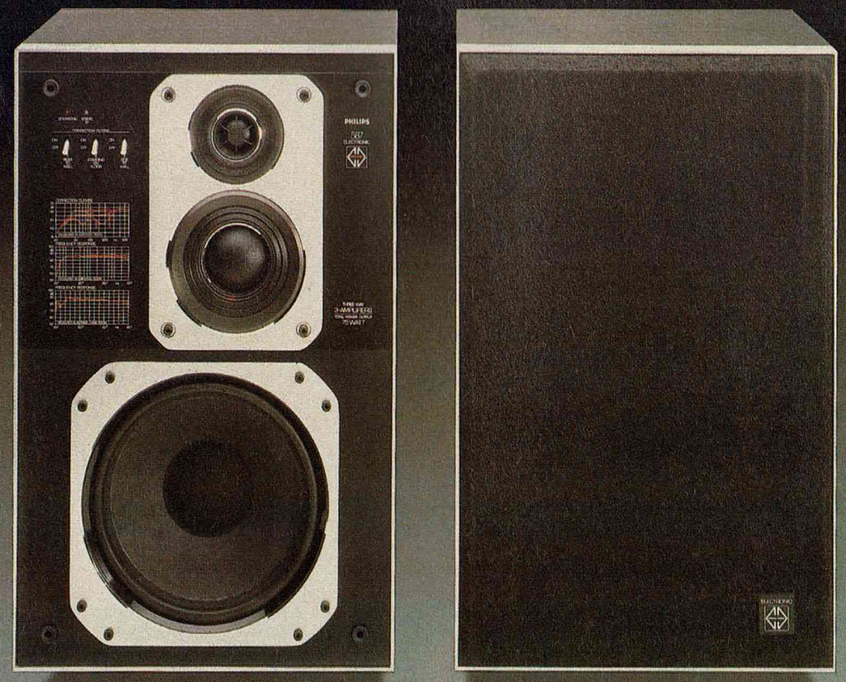

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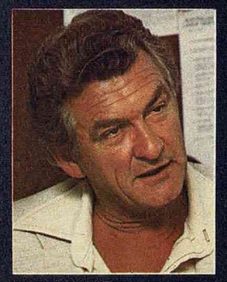

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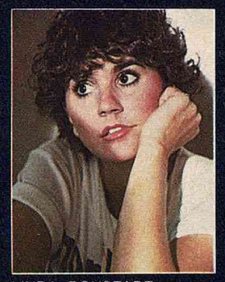

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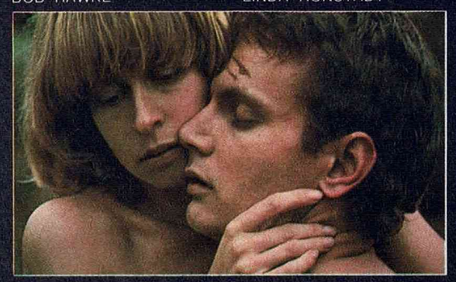

SEX IN THE AUSTRALIAN CINEMA

KHMER ROUGE

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOB HAWKE — AUSTRALIA'S MOST CHARISMATIC POLITICIAN TALKS FRANKLY AND FORCEFULLY WITH **ANDREW CLARK** ON A WHOLE RANGE OF SUBJECTS — FROM POLITICAL LEADERS AND PARTY IN-FIGHTING TO WOMEN, HIS PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICAL AMBITIONS

OUT ON PATROL WITH THE KHMER ROUGE — IN A DOWN-THE-GUNBARREL GLIMPSE AT THE DESPERATE INDO-CHINESE CONFLICT, **JOSEPH MURPHY** RUBS SHOULDERS WITH POL POT'S DREADED FORCES, AND RETURNS WITH A STARTLING STORY

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IRAN'S STRANGE RELIGIOUS LEADER, **AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI,** LAYS DOWN HIS WEIRD SEXUAL CODE FOR MEN, WOMEN, ANIMALS — EXCLUSIVE

POWER FROM SPACE — BILL CONGREVE TAKES A TRIP INTO THE NOT-TOO-DISTANT FUTURE WHEN SATELLITES WILL BE USED TO HARNESS THE SUN'S POWER

LINDA RONSTADT REVEALED — CAMILLA BEACH AND **JEAN VALLELY** TELL THE STORY BEHIND THE VOICE WHICH HAS DONE MORE TO STIMULATE THE MALE LIBIDO IN THE '70S THAN A COMPOUND OF APHRODISIACS

CAN AUSTRALIA STAND ON ITS OWN? AUSTRALIA'S RETIRING AMBASSADOR TO THE USA, **ALAN RENOUF,** PRESENTS THE CASE FOR NEUTRALITY, BUT WONDERS IF WE HAVE THE GUTS TO DO IT

AND WE CONTINUE THE HILARIOUS ADVENTURES OF **DAVE THE RAVE,** BY CARTOONIST **TERRANCE HARRISON**

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